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VOL. V

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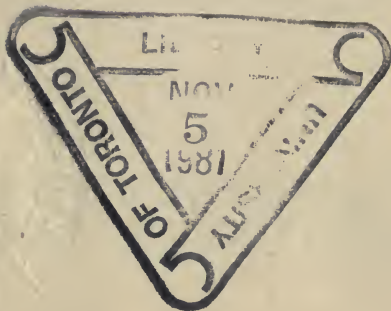
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THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

RACE THEORIES AND EUROPEAN POLITICS.

THE discovery of Sanscrit and the further discovery to which it led, that the languages now variously known as Aryan, Aryan, Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, Indo-Celtic, and Japhetic are closely akin to one another, spread a spell over the world of thought which cannot be said to have yet wholly passed away. It was hastily argued from the kinship of their languages to the kinship of the nations that spoke them; the student of comparative philology, or, as we may more briefly call him, the glottologist, projected a common parent-speech, from which the individual Aryan languages known to history were treated as derived. This, though beset with difficulties, was legitimate; but not so much can be said of the pendant to it in the supposed existence in primeval times of a tribe of which the Aryan nations, so-called, were to be regarded as the historical branches. The question then arises as to the home of the *holethnos*, or parent tribe, before its dispersion and during the pro-ethnic period, at a time when as yet there was neither Greek nor Hindoo, neither Celt nor Teuton, but only an undifferentiated Aryan. Of course, the answer at first was—where could it have been but in the East? And at length the glottologist found it necessary to shift the cradle of the Aryan race to the neighborhood of the Oxus and the Jaxartes, so as to place it somewhere between the Caspian Sea and the Himalayas. Then Doctor Latham boldly raised his voice against the Asiatic theory altogether, and stated that he regarded the attempt to deduce the Aryans from Asia as resembling an attempt to derive the reptiles of this country from those of Ireland. Afterwards Benfey

argued, from the presence in the vocabulary common to the Aryan languages of words for bear and wolf, for birch and beech, and the absence of certain others, such as those for lion, tiger, and palm, that the original home of the Aryans must have been within the temperate zone in Europe. The same line of reasoning was adopted by Lazar Geiger, and improved upon by the production of further evidence. Then it was contended that the Aryans had, after all, come from Asia, but from a spot in the central highlands of that continent, near the 49th parallel of latitude and Lake Balkash; to which it was pertinently replied, that it was contrary to probability and analogy to search for the cradle of the Aryans in a Mongolian land and among a people linguistically quite unlike them; a people, in fact, who speak agglutinative languages and use a vocabulary absolutely different from that of the Aryans. In England and America few have of late troubled themselves about the Aryan question, and most of those who have had occasion to touch upon it have been content till recently to repeat some form of the Asiatic view; but it is a fact not to be overlooked that the European theory has been rapidly gaining ground in Germany, especially among the more devoted students of anthropology and ethnology. One of the most remarkable books dealing with the subject is by a glottologist who has studied it also from the ethnological point of view, whence the importance of his work. I allude to Doctor Penka, in his *Origines Ariacæ*, Vienna, 1883.

As might be expected in the case of such a difficult question, those who are inclined to believe in the European origin of the Aryans are by no means agreed among themselves as to the spot to be fixed upon. Latham placed it east, or south-east, of Lithuania, in Podolia or Volhynia; Benfey had in view a district above the Black Sea and not far from the Caspian; Peschel fixed on the slopes of the Caucasus; Cuno on the great plain of central Europe; Fligier on the southern part of Russia; Pösche on the tract between the Niemen and the Dnieper; L. Geiger on central and western Germany; and Penka on Scandinavia. But the question of the original home of the Aryan nations is hardly the most important one connected with their pre-history; and certainly it is not the first in the proper order of discussion, for before coming to it one may be asked what is meant by Aryans or Aryan nations, although I make no allusion here to any merely verbal difficulty of deciding between such adjectives as Aryan, Indo-European, and the like. There is

no doubt as to the meaning the glottologist has been in the habit of attaching to the term: he has understood by it, as a rule, a certain group of nations speaking kindred languages and descended from a common stock. For a time the student of man, charmed and dazed by the brilliant discoveries of his fellow-researcher, fancied himself at one with him. But, gradually recovering from the effects of the spell, he returned to his own studies; he looked again at his skulls and skins, deliberately made up his mind, and now we may suppose him to address the glottologist substantially as follows: "You may go on speaking of Aryan languages, but if you persist in using also the term Aryan nations, I must be allowed to give it my own interpretation. It may be all very well and desirable for politicians to talk of the Anglo-Saxon, whoever he may be, and the Hindoo, as brothers, but for my part, as a student of man, I cannot possibly regard them as belonging to the same race, except in so far as I may have reasons to think it not improbable that all mankind come from a common origin. It is your business and mine to find out which of the nations in question represents most closely the Aryan stock; but, as for the others, they must in the main be Anaryan, that have adopted Aryan speech; so I shall understand by the term Aryans a particular group of nations comprising an Aryan people or two, with many more merely Aryanized." So far the student of man; but a similar note of warning has occasionally of late been heard from the student of speech, and notably in this country from Professor Sayce, while Penka's work, already mentioned, may be viewed as one sustained protest against the fallacy of regarding race and language as synonymous and coextensive.¹

A distinction has been suggested between Aryan and Aryanized, or Anaryan; but nothing has been said, so far, to indicate the absolute meaning which ought to be attached to any one of these terms, and I now proceed to do so by giving the reader a sort of summary of such portions of Penka's theory as may appear to be to the purpose. It is found, he says, that the nations of Europe which are Aryan in speech fall, in point of bodily characteristics, into five groups. First comes the tall, light-haired, blue-eyed, long-skulled Teuton, to be met with in North Germany, and still more commonly and markedly in Sweden; this type is known in works on archæology and anthropology by a variety of names; but Penka himself usually calls it the *germanisch-skandinavisch* type, which I cannot render more briefly than by calling it Teuto-Scandic. Then comes the

Slavonic type, characterized by a shorter skull, a darker complexion, and a smaller stature; and lastly, there are to be seen in Celtic countries, besides the tall Celt of the Teuto-Scandic type, who, by-the-bye, is ignored in this work of Penka's in so far as regards the Celts of the British Isles at the present day, two other types, of which the one is distinguished by dark hair, a short skull, and small stature, while the other has a long skull. But this last, since it may be regarded as inclusive of the ancient Iberians, Japygians, Siculi, and other peoples Aryanized in speech only within historical times, is to be eliminated, as being obviously not Aryan. It is sometimes spoken of as the Cro-Magnon type, so called from a remarkable skull, supposed to be a good example of it and of very ancient date, found at Cro-Magnon, in the Valley of the Vézère, in the Department of the Dordogne. I take the liberty, as a rule, of following those who call it Iberian. We have now remaining, as more or less Aryan, three types, one Teuto-Scandic, one Slavonic, and one Celtic; but it is found that they admit of being further reduced, for the Celtic type in question appears to resemble the Slavonic one so thoroughly that the two may be regarded as forming but one type, which may, therefore, be termed Slavo-Celtic, and considered to include not only a large element in the population of Celtic countries and the bulk of the Slavs, but also to preponderate considerably throughout southern Germany, Switzerland, and the neighborhood of the Alps generally.

Now that we have only two types more or less Aryan left to be considered, the question that first arises is whether they may be regarded as varieties of one and the same original stock. This is thought improbable; for there appears, as we are told, to be no reason to date the beginning of the migrations of the Aryans more than some three thousand years before the Christian era, and in the space of four or five thousand years a race is not expected to show any very appreciable change of type—witness the case of the Jew and the negro, as represented on the ancient monuments of Babylonia and Egypt. If this may be regarded as in the main correct, it only remains for us to ask which of the two types, the Teuto-Scandian or the Slavo-Celtic, best represents the original Aryan stock. The answer is—the former; and various reasons are given for it. In the first place, it is argued that light hair, blue eyes, and a long skull form well-marked characteristics of a distinct race, to be found nowhere outside the Aryan world, with the

exception of those of the Ugrian peoples in the neighborhood of the Baltic who have a fair complexion; but the exception is, according to Penka, only apparent, for he would regard them as probably a mixed race. He, further, ventures to treat as Aryans the whites of North Africa, who were known to the ancient Egyptians; and he would probably regard the modern Kabyles as their descendants. Comparing the Teuto-Scandic and Slavo-Celtic types with one another, he proceeds on the well-established generalization that a nation only adopts the language of another nation on account of some superiority belonging to the latter; and in the distant past, to which he refers, that superiority need not have consisted in anything but greater strength in war. This makes for the Teuto-Scandian race, since the purer specimens of it must have had a great advantage in point of physical strength and stature over those of the Slavo-Celtic type, which is proved by what ancient authors tell us about the Germans of their time, and by the skeletons discovered in their burial places. So it is found that to this day the Teuto-Scandic element forms a much larger percentage of the nobility and property-holding classes than it does of the lower and poorer ones in Germany and Switzerland, in France and Spain, to which we need not hesitate to add the United Kingdom. It is not probable that this can be altogether treated as a result of invasions in historical times; and the same view is countenanced by the fact that, besides plentiful instances of crossing, one finds more or less perfect specimens of the Teuto-Scandic type, here and there, all over the countries where Aryan speech prevails. For instance, Cato the Elder is said to have had red hair and blue eyes and, similarly, Sulla is described as a decided blond, while Ovid ascribes to Lucretia fair hair and a snow-white skin. Moreover, it is so well known as to need no mention, that *ξανθός*, or blond, is a standing description of a great many of the leading characters of both sexes in the great epics of Greece, where men had the habit, at an early date, of coloring their hair so as to give themselves the appearance of blonds—a practice continued to some measure on the Greek stage. According to Adamantius, a Hebrew physician of the fifth century, the Greeks of purely Hellenic descent were *μεγάλοι ἄνδρες, εὐρύτεροι, ὄρθιοι, ευπαγεῖς, λευκότεροι τὴν χροάν, ξανθοί*;* and among modern Greeks the truest representatives of the ancient stock are supposed to be the Sphakians of Crete, who have been described as tall, and

* *Adamantii Sophistæ Physiognomicon* (Basle, 1544) II., pp. 24, 185.

characterized by a proud walk, blue eyes, fair hair, and a blooming countenance. Though it cannot be said that the modern Hindoos make any approach to the Teuto-Scandian type, the Sanscrit word for caste is *varna* or color, which seems to testify to a racial classification, especially as the higher castes are distinguished from the lower ones by a lighter color of the skin; and here I may add a mention of the remarkable people of the Kafirs, or Siaposh, of Kafiristan, north-east of Cabul, who speak a language nearly akin to Sanscrit, and are said to be distinguished by their stature, fair skin, blue eyes, prominent eyebrows, and features of almost Greek regularity.

It will be necessary to go back several steps in the reasoning in order to do a little more justice to Penka's theory, and to direct attention to another important point in connection with the Teuto-Scandic Aryans. It is of no great consequence here whether he and the authorities he cites be right or wrong in believing that all mankind form but one species in the sense naturalists are otherwise wont to give to the term, but it is necessary to dwell a little on the conclusions of those who have set themselves to account for the physical characteristics of peoples of the Teuto-Scandic type. In the first place, the blueness of the iris is found to be an optical phenomenon of the same kind as the color of the sky, and is to be traced to the same lack of pigment which leaves the hair fair and the skin white. But the hair and the eyes are supposed to retain their supply of coloring matter more tenaciously than the skin, and, on the whole, the absence of it dates later than its presence; that is to say, there were dusky races in the world long before the first white man stepped on the scene, and he must have been descended from ancestors who had dark skins and dark eyes, and not the other way about—a supposition corroborated by the fact that all the lower races, all anthropoid apes, and mammals generally, have dark eyes. It is advanced that the warm air of the tropics contains within the same space less oxygen than the colder air of the temperate or frigid zones; that the native of the tropics does not, however, breathe the oftener for this reason, but that the tone of the action of his lungs is lower, and that the carbon which, owing to this lower action of his lungs, is not exhaled, remains secreted as pigment, giving his skin, hair, and eyes a dark color, while the white man of a colder zone, with his higher activity, breathes it more or less completely away. If this theory be well founded, as it seems in the main to be,

the dark-complexioned races of the North, such as the Esquimaux, cannot, it is accordingly hinted, have lived long enough under the effects of the cold climate with which they are associated to have completely undergone the process of bleaching; but this is a question which cannot by any means be considered as settled. On the other hand, it is suggested that the Teuto-Scandic Aryans must have been subjected to it for many millenniums before it could have resulted in the very pronounced characteristics of the race as known to history from the days of Aristotle to our own. Moreover, the hard conditions of life which this theory presupposes would also account for the fine stature which still distinguishes it; though this must have formerly been far more remarkable, when ancient authors loved to expatiate on the large frames of the Germans with whom they occasionally came in contact, and when Sidonius Apollinaris, Bishop of Clermont (Auvergne) in the fifth century, chatted of Burgundians seven feet high, who are now known to have been no mere creatures of the imagination, as some of their graves and skeletons have been found in the neighborhood of the Rhine. In selecting the savages, few and mighty, that were to be the ancestors of such a race, nature must have been at it with a relentless hand for countless ages, nipping in the bud myriads of weaker lives; and the most striking parallel known is to be found in the extraordinary physical development of the Patagonians of South America and their great power of standing the effects of exposure; while among other instances, far less remarkable but not greatly less instructive, as Penka thinks, is the contrast in point of stature between the various peoples of the Austrian Empire. There the Dalmatians, who inhabit a comparatively poor and hilly country, are found to be the tallest, while the Magyars and the Poles rank as the shortest; and of the latter the most stunted are the Mazurs in a flat part of Poland, who are considerably shorter than their kinsmen who lead a harder life in the Carpathians.

The Teuto-Scandic type had possibly been fully developed by the end of the great Ice Age, and till that epoch its home was possibly somewhere in central Europe; but as the Ice Age drew to its close and the glaciers grew gradually smaller with the rise in the temperature, a change began to take place in the fauna of Europe. Some of the animals, as the chamois and others, were content to seek the climate they had been wont to live in, by ascending to a greater height on the Alps and the Pyrenees; but others gradually

withdrew northward, among which may be mentioned the reindeer, the sloth, several kinds of foxes, the white bear, the musk-ox, the elk, and other animals now at home within the Arctic Circle. But the retreat of the animals must have brought about that of the men who lived on them; it is guessed that this may have led them as far as Scandinavia, which was not then separated by sea from what is now North Germany. While the Teuto-Scandic Aryans had settled in the most northern part of Europe which was then inhabitable, a race of black-haired, dark-eyed, and short-skulled people spread westward from the highlands of Asia and took possession of central Europe. When the time came for the Aryans to send their conquering hordes southward, these latter were subdued and Aryanized by them, and they constitute what I have called the Slavo-Celtic element; in fact, they form the bulk of the population of modern Europe from the mouth of the Volga to that of the Rhine. They were not all, however, Aryanized, and those who were not are sometimes called the Ugrian family of nations, of which the best known to us are the Finns and the Magyars; but there are a great many nearly related peoples in Russia and Siberia. The group, taken as a whole, is sometimes treated as forming, with the Mongolians, a much larger and harder to be defined family, called Turanian; a term, however, which is no longer in favor. Another, and third, type was supplied by the Iberian element, to which reference has been already made, and which crept from the shores of the Mediterranean northward over France, the Netherlands, and the British Islands, for these last continued connected with the Continent long after the Ice Age. The three types of men, the Teuto-Scandian, the Slavo-Celtic, and the Iberian, together with the crosses produced by their intermixture, form the population of European Christendom. But the early limits of their respective domains in the west of Europe are exceedingly uncertain, and involve many and great difficulties.

Few of the states of modern Europe have not had their history profoundly modified by the Scandinavian conquests of the Wicking period; the hardy northerners not only reached Gibraltar and the shores of the Mediterranean by the ocean paths of the West, but also made the great river arteries of Russia help them on their way to the Euxine and Constantinople. Centuries previously the tall multitudes of the Cimbri burst on the terrorized South, and a remarkable tradition is recorded by Jordanes when he says: "*Ex hac igitur*

Scandza insula, quasi officina gentium, aut certe velut vagina nationum, cum rege suo nomine Berig, Gothi quondam memorantur egressi." The terms *officina gentium* and *vagina nationum* are most probably not of Jordanes's own invention, but borrowed from some lost work of such an author as Pliny, who also speaks of Scandinavia as an island *incomptæ magnitudinis* and as an *alter orbis terrarum*. Florus goes so far as to say of the Gauls, the ruling class of whom, as described in the Greek and Roman classics, must have been very Aryan, that they also came from a sea-girt country, whereby he probably meant the same northern peninsula: "*Hi quondam ab ultimis terrarum oris, cum cingerentur omnia Oceano, ingenti agmine profecti,*" etc. Moreover, the words of Tacitus seem to point in the same direction, when he assigns this reason for thinking the Germans indigenious: "*Ipsos Germanos indigenas crediderim minimeque aliarum gentium adventibus et hospitibus mixtos, quia nec terra olim sed classibus advehebantur, qui mutare sedes quærebant.*" His allusion to navigation is also borne out by what he says of the Suiones, the ancestors of the Swedes and the Norwegians: "*Suionum hinc civitates, ipsæ in Oceano, præter viros armaque, classibus valent.*"

This theory of Doctor Penka makes it necessary to return to the supposition that the Aryans were an essentially northern race, or, at least, belonged to a cold climate—a consideration of capital importance. He has, therefore, collected facts which indicate that the purely Aryan type labors under a climatic law which operates to make it become gradually extinct in southern countries, and which explains how it is that nations which now appear to be only very slightly Aryan in physical characteristics are nevertheless Aryan in speech. It is well known, among other things, that Frenchmen can live in warm countries where Englishmen or Dutchmen cannot do nearly so well; and that Frenchmen from the northern departments of France get on worse in a hot climate than the darker Frenchmen from the more southern departments; while Spaniards, Portuguese, and other Mediterranean peoples are exceptionally favored in the matter of the power they possess of acclimatizing themselves. And the difficulties of climate which the English have to face in India, and the Dutch in the Sunda Islands, are so well known as to require no comment. But it is also notorious that Icelanders who move to Copenhagen are wont to die of lung diseases, and the reader of the classics need hardly be reminded of what the ancients have left on record regarding the effects of the climate of their own lands

on the Germans and the Gauls. Of the former the words of Tacitus are: "*Minime sitim æstumque tolerare, frigora atque inediam cælo solove adsueverunt*;" while Callimachus compares the disappearance of the Gauls who plundered Delphi to the melting of snowflakes in the sun, and Florus in like manner likens the Insubres in the same respect to the snow on their mountains. Similarly, there are various reasons for thinking that the Teuto-Scandian type has been steadily disappearing in France and South Germany, in Switzerland and Italy, ever since the Middle Ages; but not so in Scandinavia, where it forms the largest percentage of the population. It forms the next largest population in North Germany: even in that district, however, it is giving way to the climatic law of its destiny, since we are told that blue eyes and light hair have come habitually to be regarded there as marks of constitutional weakness, which is countenanced by the fact that far fewer people reach an advanced old age in North Germany than in England, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; and as to France, it is notorious that the description given by ancient authors of the Gauls has ceased almost wholly to apply to the inhabitants of that country. In fact, the more you go south the fewer people you find of the Teuto-Scandian type, and the conclusion is strengthened that no country more south than Scandinavia can have been their original home. Such is Doctor Penka's pre-history of the Aryans, and such, one might say, is the map he has drawn of the Aryan world in his first book on the subject; for it is right to add that he has quite recently devoted another volume to it. This time the title is, in German, *Die Herkunft der Arier*, Vienna, 1886; but it leaves the author's theory in the main the same, though the argument has been considerably strengthened at some of its weaker points.

One or two remarks of a general nature may be made before we proceed further. In the first place, it may be said that Doctor Penka's reasoning completely shifts the point of view from which the Aryan languages should be considered. Hitherto we have ransacked them in quest of the secret of their history mainly from a purely glottological position, and studied them, so to speak, *in vacuo*, shutting our eyes to the kind of men who speak them, their faces, their eyes, their hair, their skins, their skulls, and their bodily frame generally; but in future the glottologist will have to prosecute his researches more or less under the eye of the anthropologist. The student of language has usually been much preoccupied with the Aryan element as the all-in-all of his study, but the student of man

steps forward to show him that the Aryan world is greatly, nay, perhaps mostly, non-Aryan. This touches fundamentally his method, for instance, of regarding the great changes of sound to which most of the Aryan languages give evidence; for it makes a great difference whether these changes were made by nations who always spoke Aryan, or by Anaryans in the attempt to acquire the language of another race. In the former case, the modifications would be looked upon as falling under the very comprehensive head of phonetic decay, which, in the majority of examples, means that the cause of the change is unknown; for it is still an expectation rather than an induction, that changes of sound proceed from harder to easier, though it cannot be denied that laziness counts for a good deal in phonology. In the latter case, changes of sound would rank among the results of imperfect imitation, which might perhaps be conveniently called phonetic adaptation—an important process, to which the facts seem to point from all quarters; in a word, it seems to be the key to much that is still enigmatic in the sound-laws of the Aryan languages.

It will possibly be objected that Penka's view is too flattering to the Germans; but that would be a silly and superficial way of looking at it, for the question is, whether it does more justice or not to the facts of the case than the views of previous writers on the subject. Moreover, the utmost that his hypothesis suggests is that the Aryan element is more strongly represented in the people of North Germany than it is in the English, in the English than it is in the Celtic nations, and than it was in ancient Italy or Greece. And nobody would for that reason call the Greeks of old a contemptible people, or deny that the ancient Romans formed one of the greatest nations the world has ever seen. In the future, the prospects of the pure Teuto-Scandic Aryans are, according to him, not very bright, and they have had no monopoly of all that is excellent in the human race in the past; in fact, the idyllic view of the race, which has usually filled so great a place in works on Aryan subjects, must now be given up. What did the early Aryan do for the advancement of mankind? He brought with him southwards his great capacities, but no civilization or culture worth mentioning; and it would have been surprising if he had—surprising, that is, if it be right to regard him as emerging from a cold region, where the conditions of life were very hard. When he came in contact with the more sentimental and easy-going races of the South, the results were remarkable, among

which may be reckoned the culture and civilization of India and Iran, of Greece and Rome. But, to show to the best advantage, it was necessary, apparently, for the Aryan element to be combined in certain definite proportions with others with which it had to amalgamate. In the East it was probably too inconsiderable, and where, on the other hand, it happened to be comparatively strong, it had a tendency to retain its militant character, and defy all the longer the influences that made for a higher civilization; at any rate, this is the lesson which Greece, with its Doric warriors and Ionian rabble, would seem to teach. The former were, in all probability, a much more Aryan people than the latter, and the contrast between the rude, soldierly habits of the Spartan and the refined manners of the Athenian is a commonplace of history which need not be here dwelt upon. It is still more striking if we take the more extreme terms in the series. Thus, the Athenians rid themselves of kings of the type described in the great epics of Greece, too early for Greek history to chronicle the change, and the Romans, long before our era: while the Prussians, who of all nations outside Scandinavia show the strongest proportion of the Aryan element, have the credit, rightly or wrongly, of being still ruled by a potentate reigning by divine right; and the English, who come next in point of Aryan blood, so lately enjoyed the rule of kings of the same sort that some of the fictions which thrive in their atmosphere are still on the lips of English jurists, as the comforting maxim that "the king can do no wrong." The Aryan king of antiquity was, as a rule, superseded by an Aryan oligarchy, which in several instances took, for reasons never very clearly made out, a dual form—witness the two kings and the ephors at Sparta, the two consuls at the head of the senate in Rome, and the two *vergobreti*, or judges, who ruled in some of the Gaulish states, with the aid, likewise, of a senate, at the time when the progress of Roman arms cut short the processes of political change which Cæsar found Gaul undergoing. The substitution of an oligarchy merely meant, at the time, that the exercise of the will of the ruling race was no longer to be intrusted to a family, but transferred to the politically less rude organization of a caste or guild. It proved, however, in most cases, a real step towards liberty and equality; and so far the Aryan was willing to go, but no farther, for in all countries south of the Baltic he may be supposed to have regarded himself originally as a conqueror, since he always appears as the consistent and determined enemy of liberty. Owing,

however, to the climatic law to which reference has been already made, he found himself forced by degrees to admit the conquered races into some of the privileges which he failed wholly to retain. Such was the protracted struggle between the patricians and the plebeians in Rome. At length the fall of the Roman Empire was brought about by the incursion of nations which were comparatively pure Aryans; and we next read of the struggle for liberty being carried on by the towns as against the ruling Teuton, on whom the adverse influence of the climatic law began in due time to tell. Germanic kingdoms founded in Italy rapidly melted away, and Germanic speech failed to conquer in France or in either of the peninsulas to the south of it. But once more the Aryan element was recruited by the great invasions of the Danes and Norsemen in the Wicking times. The discovery of America has since directed the tide of Aryan emigration westwards, and the non-Aryan elements in the populations of the west of Europe have steadily been gaining ground. In France this came to a crisis one day about a century ago, when the heirs of those who framed the feudal system found themselves unable to uphold it. The terrible collapse which ensued is known as the French Revolution; and such is the account which its causes, as described by the historian, warrant the ethnologist in giving, from his point of view, of the greatest effort, if one may speak of it in the singular, ever made in the direction of liberty and civil equality. Its influence, which is not yet spent, helped on a struggle which has ever since been proceeding in the United Kingdom, between parties bearing various names but virtually representing the population of the towns and the hereditary lords of the soil, respectively; a conflict in many respects strikingly like that between the plebeians and the patricians of ancient Rome, where the one party demanded and re-demanded, while the other resisted and gradually gave way, fighting over every inch of the ground contested. This duality may be detected in the composition of every one of the great nations of Europe, past and present; nay, it is probably the key to the secret of their greatness, and the explanation of the fact that the most advanced ideas of liberty and political independence realized at Athens and Rome, Paris and Washington, have never been equalled by the highest efforts of the more homogeneous nations of Semitic or Mongolian origin. Ask an Arab why his camel behaves in such and such a fashion, and he will reply that it is because that camel's father and mother did so before him. Ask

him a similar question as to his own religious or social observances, and you will get a similar answer, the fact of his ancestors having acted in such and such a manner being enough to satisfy him. In the same way the Chinese thinks that his system of political and social life is perfect, and that it has been so for thousands of years, so that he not only sees no reason to make a change, but would regard any change as an impiety and a crime. How, then, is it that the Aryan-speaking nations of Europe are so different, and how is it that they do not hopelessly stagnate, as the nations of the East? The answer is doubtless to be sought, to some extent at least, in the ever-acting stimulus supplied by the antithesis between the Aryan and the Anaryan elements in the composition of all the great nations of Europe. This will be seen more clearly from a summary of what may be inferred concerning the respective characteristics of the two.

The pure Aryan, if we may venture to judge from his remains and the account given by Tacitus of the ancient Germans, was, as was also the ancient Gaul, a man of great stature and great strength, while his eyebrows were so developed as to give his face a most ferocious appearance. He was inured to the struggle with nature, and was never in a hurry to shut himself up in walled towns. He was above all things a warrior and hunter; he was always ready to fight, and little inclined to be considerate of others, so that he would not have been by any means a pleasant person to meet. He possessed great independence of mind and personal initiative, but he was not imaginative; so no priesthood could wholly subdue him or turn him away from his allegiance to his natural leaders, who were in the first instance his successful captains, and later his princes and nobility; and after he had slowly and reluctantly adopted Christianity, he eventually broke loose from the older forms of it, and developed a very different one in the Protestantism which, making less of the priestly element, now prevails in all the countries where the Aryan blood is most copious. Very different were the non-Aryans whom he conquered in central and western Europe; they were of small stature, and provided with a nervous system more highly strung, as well as more delicate feelings—man for man they could have been no match for the Aryan invaders. The struggle with nature had also more terrors for them, and, as fear is the father of phantoms, their imagination peopled the dusk of the forest and the darkness of the night with all kinds of horrors. All these were considerations calculated to bring into relief the comparative powerlessness of the indi-

vidual, and to aggravate his timidity ; the result was a twofold process of defence, which consisted, on the one hand, in acting in masses that counted but little on individual initiative, and in congregating in places of safety, which they constructed for themselves. The historian, accordingly, finds that most of the memorable impulses in the direction of civil equality and freedom emanated from the multitudes in the towns, that is on the political and social side ; and on the other, namely, that of religion, the gods and demons to whose interference they ascribed the untoward accidents of wind and weather, and the destructive action of disease and famine, required the aid of skilled and initiated men to propitiate or outwit them. One result is that they have had the imaginative side of their character so fostered and schooled as to develop a genius for the fine arts never surpassed in its productions by any other efforts of the human mind. The racial features, to some of which allusion has been made, are to a certain extent discernible still in the peoples of the British Islands. The Aryan element is, at any rate, represented by a well-known type of Englishman belonging mostly to the property-holding class ; he is usually tall, muscular, and light-haired. He is brave, and celebrated for the useful quality which the popular voice places among the virtues and calls pluck. He is characterized by great love of adventure and by his restless energy ; he is a born soldier, and his fondness for field-sports is so well known that the wit of a neighboring nation pictures all Englishmen, when enjoying a holiday, as always having on their lips the one question, "What shall we kill?" He is withal fond of the country, while the shorter men of darker complexion muster in their greatest force in the towns, whither they flock partly of their own accord and partly because they are compelled by the lords of the soil, who, as a class, are comparatively Aryan. The mixture of races in England has curiously stamped its duality on the history of the English Church, which is such that it can neither be called a Roman Church, nor altogether ranked with the Protestant ones, since it belongs to both : on the one hand, the great place the monarch and his court have occupied in it emphasizes its kinship with Protestantism, while the position of the English clergy more and more reminds one of the priesthood in countries of the Roman Catholic faith.

It has already been suggested that it is to the presence face to face, in the Aryan-speaking nations of Europe, of this remarkable antithesis of race, and the restlessness which it begets, that we are

to trace their greatness, with the wonderful progress which the idea of civil freedom and the practical arts of life have made among them and their American kinsmen, beyond and in advance of the highest tide-mark of civilization ever reached in Egypt, Babylonia, or China. For thousands of years their lands have been the scene of a great struggle, the ideal close of which is the triumph of freedom over slavery and of justice over brute force ; and in point of historical interest attaching to some of the most memorable scenes in this secular drama, the countries inhabited by the Celtic nations rank second to none. It is needless to repeat that it was on Celtic ground that the French Revolution took place, among the wide-spread and remoter influences of which may be classed the assertion of the principle of nationalities ; which went for a good deal in the union of Italy and the expulsion of a rabble of princes claiming to be the heirs of the Teuto-Scandic invaders of former ages, and in the successful demand for independence by various down-trodden peoples, more or less Anaryan, within the Austrian Empire, as against the more thoroughly Aryan element represented by the so-called apostolic rulers of German origin. But the last act here in point has not had much time as yet to become history ; it also was played on Celtic soil, that of Ireland, namely, when the descendants of the ancient population of that country succeeded, by virtue of Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation, in wresting from the House of Lords some sort of a right to their homes ; for we are warranted in referring to it here by the fact, that measures for the more liberal treatment of Ireland have for a long time past been pretty commonly negatived, whether proceeding from Whigs or Tories in the House of Commons, by the hereditary House of Peers, who represent a race different from the bulk of the Irish people. It may, however, be objected that in point of importance the Irish Land Act referred to is not to be mentioned in the same breath as the French Revolution ; but it is to be borne in mind that its influence for better or for worse is not likely to be confined to the lesser island, since it begins already to serve as a new departure for movements certain to result, sooner or later, in profoundly modifying throughout the whole of the United Kingdom the position occupied by the landed aristocracy.

Nothing could be farther from me than any desire to step into the arena of political strife, but it is an almost inseparable accident of the order of facts here in question that they dictate to the writer words and phrases capable of being construed in a political sense,

with a direct reference to contemporary struggles. But this is, unfortunately, not the only disadvantage under which they labor; for, though language, nationality, and race are by no means to be treated as synonymous, the ordinary way of speaking deals with them much as if they were, and it would be necessary to indulge in somewhat tedious circumlocutions if one wished to be certain of avoiding at all times the possibility of being misunderstood. A few instances will serve to show that the facts, owing to their overlapping one another, have to be scanned more closely than would at first sight seem to be necessary. The Swiss, for example, are politically one nation, and the bulk of them are of the same race; but linguistically they are divided into four groups, speaking German, French, Italian, and Romansch. On the other hand, the Alsatians are linguistically allied with the people of North Germany, while they are anthropologically akin with the French, which is supposed, in a great measure, to account for their strong preference for political union with France instead of with Germany; and the inhabitants of the northern part of Italy, though forming one nation with those of southern Italy and Sicily, and speaking dialects of the same language, differ from them in point of race, as do also the natives of South Germany from those of the north-west of the same land. In many cases the deeper facts of race count for more than the more separable accidents of language or geographical collocation; and the politicians who fostered, until they at length found it inconvenient, the principle of nationality in the case of nations speaking the same tongue, took no very profound view of history. They proceeded on a perfectly intelligible principle, and succeeded in leaving the impress of their ideas indelibly stamped on the map of Europe; but in this they were helped by the enthusiasm roused by the young and vigorous science of comparative philology, to which the lesser nations of Europe owe a deep debt of gratitude. Instead of continuing to exist as the mere playthings of kings and diplomatists, of popes and bishops, they began to acquire fresh interest, and to be thought worthy of being coaxed to tell the tale of their existence, by contributing to the student of language and mythology what materials of speech and saga they could supply. The strangling hand of the Philistine who only counts battalions let go for a while its grip of their throats; they breathed once more the air of freedom, and they grew apace in dignity and self-respect.

JOHN RHYS.

THE DREAMS OF THE BLIND.

MAN is a visual animal. To him "seeing is believing"—a saying which we can imagine a dog translating into "smelling is believing." We teach by illustrations, models, and object-lessons, and reduce complex relations to the curves of the graphic method to bring home and impress our statements. Our every-day language, as well as the imagery of poetry, abounds in metaphors and similes appealing to images which the eye has taught us to appreciate. One grand division of art is lost to those who cannot see. The eye is the centre of emotional expression, and reveals to our fellow-men the subtle variations in mood and passion, as it is to the physician a delicate index of our well-being. There are reasons for believing that it was the function of sight as a distance-sense that led to its supremacy in the lives of our primitive ancestors. Whatever its origin, the growth of civilization has served to develop this "eye-mindedness" of the race and to increase and diversify the modes of its cultivation.

The eye, thus constantly stimulated in waking life, and attracting to its sensations the focus of attention (possessing, as it does, in the retinal fovea a most powerful instrument of concentrative attention), does not yield up its supremacy in the world of dreams. The sight-centres subside but slowly from their long stimulation, and the rich stock of images which these centres have stored up is completely at the service of the fanciful imagination of dream-life. In fact, we speak of a dream as a "vision."

Though as a race we are eye-minded, individually we differ much with regard to the rôle that sight plays in our psychic life. Under one aspect a good index of its importance is to be found in the perfection of the visualizing faculty, of which Mr. Galton has given an interesting account. Mr. Galton* (whose results have received a valuable verification at the hands of Doctors McCosh† and Osborn) asked various persons to describe, amongst other things, the vividness of their mental picture when calling to mind the morning's

* Francis Galton : *Inquiries into Human Faculty*, pp. 83 sq.

† James McCosh : *The Cognitive Powers*, pp. 105, 106.

breakfast-table. To some the mental scene was as clear and as natural as reality, lacking none of the details of form or color; to others the resulting mental image was tolerably distinct, with the prevailing features well brought out, but the rest dim and vague; while a third group could only piece together a very vague, fragmentary, and unreliable series of images, with no distinct or constant picture.

Similar differences can be observed with regard to memories,* some persons firmly retaining what they read, while the memory-forte of others is in what they hear: and pathology supports this subdivision of the sense-memories by showing, for example, that all remembrance for seen objects may be lost while that for sounds remains intact. A case remarkable in several aspects is recorded by M. Charcot.† The gentleman in question could accurately call up in full detail all the scenes of his many travels, could repeat pages of his favorite authors from the mental picture of the printed page, and could add long columns of numbers in the same way. The mere mention of a scene in a play or of a conversation with a friend immediately brought up a vivid picture of the entire circumstance. Through nervous prostration he lost this visual memory. An attempt to sketch a familiar scene now resulted in a childish scrawl; he remembered little of his correspondence, forgot the appearance of his wife and friends, and even failed to recognize his own image in a mirror. Yet his eyesight was intact and his intellect unimpaired. In order to remember things he had now to have them read aloud to him, and thus bring into play his undisturbed auditory centre—to him an almost new experience.

The function of vision in dreams is doubtless subject to similar individual variations, though probably to a less extent. Seeing is,

* M. Binet, *Psychologie du Raisonnement*, pp. 16-32, proposes a classification of mental types according to the predominating sense-images. There is the "visual type" of mind, in which the sight-centres assimilate most of the mental acquisitions; examples of this are the chess-players who play blindfolded, the orators who "see" the words in their manuscript as they speak, the artists who paint portraits from memory, and the like. There is an "indifferent type," to which all the avenues of sense are almost equally attractive and important. Again, there is the "auditory type"; represented by those who must calculate out loud; those who, in describing a scene, imagine themselves of the "audience" and not of the "spectators"; by Blind Tom, playing a musical selection after a single hearing, and Beethoven, composing symphonies after his deafness. Finally, there is the "motor type" of mind, predominant in those to whom the muscle-feelings accompanying action form the central bond of memory. Actors are, perhaps, likely to develop this last kind of memory.

† Cited by Binet, *op. cit.*, pp. 21-25; also by Dr. H. Wilbrand: *Die Seelenblindheit* (1887), pp. 43-51.

with rare exceptions, the typical operation in dreams; it is this sense, too, that is most readily stimulated into morbid action under the influence of drugs or other excitement, and most easily made the basis of delusions and hallucinations in a disordered mind. The dependence of the nature and content of dreams upon the waking experiences is so clearly proven that it would be surprising not to find in them individual characteristics of mind, especially if Aristotle is right in saying that in waking life we all have a world in common, but in dreams each has a world of his own.

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With regard to the blind much of what has been said above is entirely irrelevant. However intimately we appreciate the function of sight in our own mental development, it is almost impossible to imagine how different our life would have been, had we never seen. But here, at the outset, a fundamental distinction must be drawn between those blind from birth or early infancy and those who lose their sight in youth or adult life.* "It is better to have seen and lost one's sight than never to have seen at all," is quite as true as the sentiment which this form of statement parodies. Expressed physiologically, this means that to have begun the general brain-building process with the aid of the eye insures some further self-development of the visual centre, and thus makes possible a kind of mental possession of which those born blind are inevitably deprived.†

* A noted blind teacher of the blind says: "Wenn wir . . . den Einfluss der Blindheit auf die geistige Thätigkeit des Blinden beobachten, so haben wir Blindgeborene und Blindgewordene . . . streng auseinander zu halten."

† This applies mainly to intellectual acquirements. The emotional life of those who have lost their sight is often, and with much truth, regarded as sadder and more dreary than that of the congenitally blind; the former regretfully appreciate what they have lost: the latter live in a different and more meagre world, but have never known any other. It is interesting in this connection to trace the influence of the age of "blinding" (*sit venia verbo*) on the mental development of eminent blind men and women. Of a list of 125 blind persons of very various degrees of talent, which I have been able to collect, the age of blinding was (approximately) ascertainable in 114 cases. Of these about 11 are really very distinguished, and 10 of them (the exception is the wonderful mathematician, Nicholas Saunderson) became blind either in advanced youth, middle life, or still later; of the group next in eminence (about 25) the average age of the onset of blindness is in early youth, at nine or ten years, and those earliest blind are generally musicians, who least of all require sight for their calling; the average age of blinding of the rest of the list—whose achievements would for the most part not have been recorded had they not been those of blind persons—is as low as seven years, while that of the musicians (about 15 in the group) is little over three years. All this speaks strongly for the permanent intellectual importance of sight in early education.

A fact of prime importance regarding the development of the sight-centre is the age at which its education is sufficiently completed to enable it to continue its function without further object-lessons on the part of the retina. If we accept as the test of the independent existence of the sight-centre its automatic excitation in dreams, the question can be answered by determining the age of the onset of blindness which divides those who still retain in their dreams the images derived from the world of sight, from those who do not. The data that enable me to answer this question were gathered at the Institutions for the Blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore; and I desire to express my gratitude to the authorities and teachers of these Institutions for the courtesy and privileges extended to me in my research. Nearly 200 persons of both sexes were personally examined, and their answers to quite a long series of questions recorded. All dates and ages were verified by the register of the institution, and the degree of sight was tested.

Beginning with cases of total blindness (including under this head those upon whom light has simply a general subjective "heat-effect," enabling them to distinguish between night and day, between shade and sunshine, but inducing little or no tendency to project the cause of the sensation into the external world), I find on my list fifty-eight such cases. Of these, thirty-two became blind before completing their fifth year, and *not one* of these thirty-two sees in dreams. Six became blind between the fifth and the seventh year; of these, four have dreams of seeing, but two of them do so seldom and with some vagueness, while two never dream of seeing at all. Of twenty persons who became blind after their seventh year *all* have "dream-vision"—as I shall term the faculty of seeing in dreams. *The period from the fifth to the seventh year is thus marked out as the critical one.* Before this age the visual centre is undergoing its elementary education; its life is closely dependent upon the constant food-supply of sensations, and when these are cut off by blindness it degenerates and decays. If blindness occurs between the fifth and the seventh years, the preservation of the visualizing power depends on the degree of development of the individual. If the faculty is retained, it is neither stable nor pronounced. If sight is lost after the seventh year, the sight-centre can, in spite of the loss, maintain its function, and the dreams of such an individual are hardly distinguishable from those of a seeing person.

I had already entered upon this research when I discovered that

I had a predecessor. So long ago as 1838 Dr. G. Heermann * studied the dreams of the blind with the view of determining this same question, the physiological significance of which, however, was not then clearly understood. He records the answers of fourteen totally blind persons who lost their sight previous to their fifth year, and *none* of these have dream-vision. Of four who lost their sight between the fifth and the seventh year one has dream-vision, one has it dim and rare, and two do not definitely know. Of thirty-five who became blind after their seventh year *all* have dream-vision. The two independent researches thus yield the very same conclusion. Doctor Heermann includes in his list many aged persons, and from their answers is able to conclude that, generally speaking, those who become blind in mature life retain the power of dream-vision longer than those who become blind nearer the critical age of five to seven years. He records twelve cases where dream-vision still continues after a blindness of from ten to fifteen years, four of from fifteen to twenty years, four of from twenty to twenty-five years, and one of thirty-five years. In one case dream-vision was maintained for fifty-two, and in another for fifty-four years, but then faded out.†

With regard to the partially blind, the question most analogous to the persistence of dream-vision after total blindness is whether or not the dream-vision is brighter and clearer than that of waking life; whether the sight-centre maintains the full normal power to which it was educated, or whether the partial loss of sight has essentially altered and replaced it. To this rather difficult question I have fewer and less satisfactory answers than to the former inquiry, but the evidence is perfectly in accord with my previous conclusions. Of twenty-three who describe their dream-vision as *only as clear* as wak-

* "Beobachtungen und Betrachtungen über die Träume der Blinden, ein Beitrag zur Physiologie und Psychologie der Sinne" (in *Monatsschrift für Medecin, Augenheilkunde, &c., von Dr. Ammon*. I., pp. 116-180. Leipzig, 1838), an excellent article, written in a spirit in advance of that of his day, and extremely valuable and suggestive. He records 101 cases, and on the few points where it was possible, I have either incorporated his answers in mine or corroborated mine by his. I owe much to this article. I also found two other articles on this topic by teachers of the blind—one by Mr. Johns (*National Review*, May, 1885), the other in a rare tract by Friedrich Scherer—neither of much value for me.

† Doctor Heermann's observations also enable us to trace the anatomical conditions underlying the power of dream-vision. From ten cases in which post-mortem examinations were held, he concludes that, allowing for much individual difference, after about twenty years the optic nerves degenerate, and often as far back as the chiasma. This shows that the nerve is not necessary for dream-vision, and thus goes to prove that the process is dependent on cerebral organs—a valuable piece of evidence fifty years ago. Esquirol records a case of sight-hallucinations in a blind woman, again indicating the same conclusion.

ing sight, *all* became blind *not later than* the close of their *fifth year*; while of twenty-four whose dream-vision is more or less markedly clearer than their partial sight, *all* lost their full sight *not earlier* than their *sixth year*.* The age that marks off those to whom total blindness carries with it the loss of dream-vision from those whose dream-vision continues, is thus the age at which the sight-centre has reached a sufficient stage of development to enable it to maintain its full function when partially or totally deprived of retinal stimulation. The same age is also assigned by some authorities as the limiting age at which deafness will cause muteness (unless special pains be taken to prevent it), while later the vocal organs, though trained to action by the ear, can perform their duties without the teacher's aid. This, too, is assigned as the earliest age at which we have a remembrance of ourselves. This last statement I can directly test by one hundred answers which I have to the question, "What is your earliest remembrance of yourself?" The average age to which these memories go back is 5.2 years, seventy-nine instances being included between the third and the sixth years. At this period of child development—the centre of which is at about the close of the fifth year—there seems to be a general "declaration of independence" of the sense-centres from their food-supply of sensations. Mr. Sully† finds sense, imagination, and abstraction to be the order in which the precocity of great men reveals itself, and the critical period which we are now considering seems to mark the point at which imagination (and abstraction) can come into play. M. Perez‡ likewise recognizes the distinctive character of this era of childhood by making the second part of his "infant psychology" embrace the period from the third to the seventh year.

* A further interesting question regarding the dream-vision of the partially blind is, how much must they see in order to dream of seeing? In answering this question the blind give the name "seeing" to what is really a complex of sensations and judgments, and this same complex may enter into their dreams. Cases occur in which there is only the slightest remnant of sight, and yet this forms a factor in dream life. It is a very imperfect kind of vision, and acts more as a general illumination and anticipatory sense. Generally speaking, those who know color have more frequent and brighter dream-vision than those who distinguish light and shade only. For example, of those partially blind from birth, such as see color tolerably well (there are sixteen such) have regular dream-vision, of course, no clearer than their best days of sight. Of eleven who have some faint notion of color three have dream-vision regularly, six have it rarely, while two (almost never or) never have it. Of eleven who can see no color at all ten have no dream-vision, and one has it occasionally.

† James Sully: "Genius and Precocity." *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1886.

‡ *La Psychologie de l'Enfant: L'Enfant de Trois à Sept Ans*. Par Bernard Perez. Preface.

This general fact, that the mode in which a brain-centre will function depends so largely on its rudimentary education, but that, this education once completed, it can maintain its function, though deprived of sense-stimulation, is sufficiently important to merit further illustration.* The fact, though very clear and evident when stated from a modern point of view, was not always recognized. So ingenious a thinker as Erasmus Darwin inferred from two cases, the one of a blind man, the other of a deaf-mute, in which the wanting senses were also absent in their dreams, that the peripheral sense-organ was necessary for all "perception," subjective as well as objective, entirely neglecting the age at which the sense was lost. Such noted physiologists as Reil, Rudolphi, Wardrop ("when an organ of sense is totally destroyed, the ideas which were received by that organ seem to perish along with it as well as the power of perception"), Hartman, more or less distinctly favored this view; while some teachers of the blind, and the physiologists Nasse and Autentreith rightly drew the distinction between those born, and those who became, blind. An experimental demonstration of the original dependence of the perceptive and emotional powers upon sense-impressions was furnished by Boffi and Schiff, who found that young dogs the olfactory bulbs of which were removed failed to develop any affection for man.

What is true of the visual is doubtless equally true of the other perceptive centres. The dreams of the deaf-mute offer an attractive and untouched field for study. The few accounts of such dreams that I have met with fail to give the age at which deafness set in; in one case, however, in which deafness occurred at thirty years, the pantomimic language had replaced the spoken in the dreams of thirty years later. Similarly, cripples dream of their lost limbs for many years after their loss, though here stimulation of the

* That even a comparatively slight disturbance of vision, affecting only a small portion of the visual experience, can leave a permanent trace upon the sight-centre is made very probable by a most valuable case recorded by Doctor McCosh, *Cognitive Powers*, p. 106. A young man was suffering from seeing everything double, a defect which a subsequent operation removed. "If I attempt," he writes, "to recall scenes that I saw while my eyes were out of order, I invariably see them as they appeared during that time, although I may have seen them many times since the operation. For instance, in the case of the minister in the pulpit at home, I see two images of him, no matter how much I may try to get rid of one of them. . . . My recollection of the office in which the operation was performed, as also of everything in it, is double, although I saw it only twice before the restoration of my sight, and many times after. The objects which I have seen since the operation are always single when recalled."

cut nerves may in some cases be the suggestive cause of such dreams. A man of forty, who lost his right arm seventeen years ago, dreams of having the arm. The earliest age of losing and dreaming about a lost limb, of which I can find a record, is of a boy of thirteen years who lost a leg at the age of ten; this boy still dreams of walking on his feet. Those who are born cripples must necessarily have these defects represented in their dream consciousness. Heermann cites the case of a man born without hands, forearms, feet, or lower legs. He always dreams of walking on his knees, and all the peculiarities of his movements are present in dream-life.

The dreams of those both blind and deaf are especially instructive in this regard. The name of Laura Bridgman at once suggests itself; many of her dreams have been recorded, and an unpublished manuscript by Prof. G. Stanley Hall places at my service a very full account of her sleep and dreams. Sight and hearing are as absent from her dreams as they are from the dark and silent world which alone she knows. The tactual-motor sensations, by which she communicates with her fellow-beings, and through which almost all her intellectual food is brought, are also her mainstay in dreams. This accounts for the suddenness and fright with which she often wakes from her dreams; she is perchance dreaming of an animal which to us would first make itself seen or heard, but to her is present only when it touches and startles her. She lacks the anticipatory sense. Language has become so all-important a factor in civilized life that it naturally is frequently represented in dreams. We not only dream of speaking and being spoken to, but we actually innervate the appropriate muscles and talk in our sleep. This Laura Bridgman also does. "Her sleep seemed almost never undisturbed by dreams. Again and again she would suddenly talk a few words or letters with her fingers, too rapidly and too imperfectly to be intelligible (just as other people utter incoherent words and inarticulate sounds in sleep), but apparently never making a sentence." * So, too, all the people who enter into

* From Professor Hall's manuscript. Professor Hall had the opportunity of observing her during three short naps, and has incorporated a part of his manuscript into a paper on Laura Bridgman, republished in his *Aspects of German Culture*, pp. 268-270. From this manuscript I take the following illustrations of her dreams, and her method of describing them. They are recorded verbatim.

"Question. 'Do you dream often?' Answer. 'Very often, many things.' Q. 'Did you think hard yesterday to remember dreams for me?' A. 'I did try, but I always forget very soon.' Q. 'Did you ever dream to hear?' [Her idiom for 'that you could hear.'] A. 'Only the angels playing in heaven.'

her dreams talk with their fingers. This habit had already presented itself at the age of twelve, four years after her first lesson in the alphabet. "I do not dream to talk with mouth; I dream to talk with fingers." No prettier illustration could be given of the way in which her fancy builds upon her real experiences, than the fact recorded by Charles Dickens, that on picking up her doll he found across its eyes a green band such as she herself wore. The organic sensations originating in the viscera, though often prominently represented in dreams of normal persons, seem especially prominent in her dreams. She often tells of feeling her blood rush about, and of her heart beating fast when suddenly waking, much frightened, from a distressing dream. One such dream she describes as "hard, heavy, and thick"; terms which, though to us glaringly inappropriate in reference to so fairy-like a structure as a dream, form an accurate description in the language of her own realistic senses. In short, her dreams are accurately modelled upon the experiences of her waking life, reproducing in detail all the peculiarities of thought and action which a phenomenal education has impressed upon her curious mind.

I have had the opportunity of questioning a blind deaf-mute, whose life-history offers a striking contrast to that of Laura Bridgman, and illustrates with all the force of an experimental demonstration the critical educational importance of the early years of life. The young man in question is now twenty-three years of age, earns a comfortable living as a broom-maker, has an active interest

Q. 'How did it sound?' A. 'Very beautiful.' Q. 'Like what?' A. 'Nothing.' Q. 'Was it loud?' A. 'Yes, very.' Q. 'What instruments?' A. 'Piano.' Q. 'How did the angels look?' A. 'Beautiful.' Q. 'Had they wings?' A. 'I could not know.' Q. 'Were they men or women?' A. 'Don't know.' Q. 'Can you describe their dress?' A. 'No.' Q. 'Was the music fast or slow?' A. 'I cannot tell.' On another occasion she was asked, 'Did you ever dream to see?' A. 'I could see the sun.' Q. 'How did it look?' A. 'Glorious.' Q. 'What color?' A. 'I cannot tell' [with a sign of great impatience]. Q. 'Was it very bright?' A. 'Yes.' Q. 'Did it hurt your eyes?' A. 'Yes, they ached.' Q. 'What was it like?' A. 'Nothing. I saw it with my eyes' [much excited, breathing hard and fast, and pointing to her right eye]. Some days later, after some promptings from her attendants, she renewed the subject of her own accord, as follows: 'I remember once a dream. I was in a very large place. It was very glorious and full of people. My father and mother were standing by. The glorious piano was playing. When I heard the music I raised up my mind so' [standing and pointing impressively upward and forward with the index finger, as the letter g is made in the deaf and dumb alphabet] 'to my heavenly Father. I tried to say God.' Q. 'With your fingers?' A. 'Yes.' Q. 'Where was God?' A. 'So' [pointing as before]. Q. 'Far away?' A. 'No.' Q. 'Could you touch him?' A. 'No.' Q. 'How did you know he was there?' A. 'I cannot tell.' Q. 'How did you know it was God?' A. 'I cannot explain.' Q. 'What was he like?' A. [After a pause] 'I cannot tell everything to everybody' [half playfully, whipping her right hand with her left, and touching her forehead significantly, to indicate that she was unable adequately to express what was in her mind]. Q. 'Could he touch you?' A. 'No. He is a spirit.' Q. 'Did he see you?' A. 'He sees everything. See how melancholy I look because I do not feel interested.' On another occasion she said, 'I often dream that Doctor Howe is alive and very sick,' but no details could be elicited. Again, after imitating the gait of different people, she said, 'I dream often of people walking. I dream many things, but do not remember what I really dream. I used to dream of animals running around the room, and it woke me.'

It is evident that her dreams of hearing and seeing are either merely verbal, or the substitution and elaboration of kindred sensations (sense of jar and heat) which she experiences. For further examples of her dreams see her *Life and Education*, by Mrs. Lamson, pp. 88, 154, 166-168, 218, 223, 224, 226, 286, 290, 303, 304.

in the affairs of the world, and dislikes to be considered peculiar. His eyesight began to fail him in early childhood, and in his fifth year the sight of one eye was entirely lost, while that of the other was very poor. After a less gradual loss of hearing, he became completely deaf in his ninth year. At the age of twelve, when admitted to the institution for the blind at Baltimore, he was (practically) totally blind, deaf, and nearly mute. The small remnant of articulating power has been cultivated, and those who are accustomed to it can understand his spoken language. He also communicates as Laura Bridgman does, and has a further advantage over her in possessing a very acute sense of smell. He remembers the world of sight and hearing perfectly, and in a little sketch of his life which he wrote for me, vividly describes the sights and sounds of his play-days. He usually dreams of seeing and hearing, though the experiences of his present existence also enter into his dreams. Some of his dreams relate to flowers which he smelled and saw; he dreamt of being upset in a boat; shortly after his confirmation he dreamt of seeing God. When he dreams of making brooms his dream is entirely in terms of motion and feeling, not of sight. His history thus strongly emphasizes the importance which M. Perez attributes to the period of childhood from the third to the seventh years.

Before returning to the characteristics of the dreams of the blind, I will here insert certain facts with regard to dreaming in general, which the statistical nature of my inquiry enables me to furnish, and which it would be valuable to see corroborated by a similar study upon the dreams of normal individuals.

We seldom, if ever, meet with a person who has never dreamed, although many dream very rarely indeed. Of the 183 answers to the question, "Do you dream?" the percentage of those who simply say "Yes" (*i. e.*, when I could get no further information) is 25.7; of those answering "No," is 1.1; "Seldom," 43.2; "Frequently," 22.4, and "Every night," 7.6. From a general impression and in the absence of further statistics for seeing persons, I would judge that the blind are, on the whole, not such good dreamers as the sighted, the latter probably including more "frequent" and less "occasional" dreamers than the former. With regard to sex, the gentler sex furnishes the better dreamers. While of the males 54.5 per cent. dream seldom, 19.2 per cent. frequently, and 7.1 per cent. every night, similar numbers for the females are 29.8, 26.2, and 8.3 per

cent., *i. e.*, the latter have more "frequent" and fewer "occasional" dreamers. This favors the view that it is the vividness of the emotional background elaborated by the imagination that furnishes the predominant characteristic and tendency to dreams; for it is in the development of just these qualities that women excel men; the same view is favored by the relation of the prevalence of dreams to age. In my tables there is a loss of the total amount of dreaming in passing from the period of five to nine years to that of from ten to fourteen years. A slighter decrease is noted in passing from the latter period to that of the next five years, and this very gradual decrease seems to continue from then on. Childhood, the period of the lively imagination and highly tinged emotional life, brings the richest harvest of dreams.*

It was noticed that the blind and deaf young man mentioned above, though seeing in his dreams, never thus saw the shop in which he worked. This suggests the question of the distinguishability of the pre-blindness from the post-blindness period, as represented in dream-imagery. It is easy to imagine that the more or less sudden loss of sight, the immersion in a strange and dark world, would for a time leave the individual living entirely upon the past. His remembered experiences are richer and more vivid (we are supposing his blindness to occur after childhood) than those he now has; he is learning a new language and translates everything back into the old. His dreams will naturally continue to be those of his seeing life. As his experiences in his new surroundings increase and the memory of the old begins to fade, the tendency of recent impressions to arise in the automatism of dreaming will bring the events of the post-blindness period as factors into his dreams. I find in my list only seven who do not have such dreams; and in these the blindness has been on the average of only 2.8 years stand-

* I can add a note on the frequently discussed question whether impressions derived from recent or distant experiences predominate in dreams. Of 113 answers, 42 make "recent" dreams more frequent, 27 speak in favor of "distant" dreams, while 22 dream equally of both, thus supporting the view that dreaming is largely the dying out (*Abklingen*) of recently stimulated centres. The function of taste and smell in dreams is variously estimated, though the statement is usually and truly made that they furnish the smallest item of dream life. 33 remember dreams of smelling or tasting, while 95 do not; and of the former many have such dreams rarely. They usually occur as part of that complex of sensations accompanying eating, probably of a favorite dish (cake, ice-cream, and fruit predominate in the answers before me). Often this is not really smelling or tasting to a great extent. Five persons mention smelling (usually of flowers) as more frequent than tasting, and five say the reverse.

ing (the average age of "blinding" of the seven is fifteen years), making it probable that the adaptation to the new environment has here been a slow one and that such dreams will occur later on. On the other hand, cases occur in which, after three, two, or even one year's blindness, when the persons so afflicted were young, events happening within that period have been dreamed of.*

Whether there is a difference in the vividness, or any other characteristic which sight would lend, in the dreams of events before and after blindness, is a question to which I could obtain few intelligent and satisfactory answers; but, as far as they go, the tendency of these replies is to show that when blindness ensues close upon the critical period of five to seven years of age, the power of vivid dream-vision is more exclusively limited to the events of the years of full sight, and, as Heermann pointed out, this power is often subject to a comparatively early decay. Similarly, I find that those who lose their sight near the critical age are not nearly so apt to retain color in their dream-vision as those who become blind later on. The average age of "blinding" of twenty-four persons who have colored dream-vision, is 16.6 years, including one case in which blindness set in as early as the seventh year. (All who see enough to see color, have colored dream-vision.)

I also asked those who became blind in youth, or later, whether they were in the habit of giving imaginary faces to the persons they met after their blindness, and whether they ever saw such in their dreams. Some answered in very vague terms, but several undoubtedly make good use of this power, probably somewhat on the same basis as we imagine the appearance of eminent men of whom we have read or heard, but whose features we have never seen. When we remember how erroneous such impressions often are, we can understand how it often misleads the blind. Such imaginary faces and scenes also enter into their dreams, but to a less extent than into those of the sighted. Doctor Kitto† quotes a letter from a

* Heermann cites a case of a man of seventy who never dreamed of the hospital in which he had been living for eighteen years, and to which he was brought shortly after his blindness. This and other cases suggest that the more mature and settled the brain-tissue, the more difficult is it to impress upon it new conditions sufficiently deeply to have them appear in the automatic life of dreams.

† *The Lost Senses*, by John Kitto; a valuable book, unfortunately out of print. Doctor Kitto draws an ingenious inference from the sonnet addressed by Milton to his deceased (second) wife, whom he married after the onset of his blindness. From the lines, "I trust to have | Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint," and "The face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight," etc., he argues that the poet was unable to imagine the face of his

musician who lost his sight when eighteen years old, but who retains a very strong visualizing power both in waking life and in dreams. The mention of a famous man, of a friend, or of a scene, always carries with it a visual picture, complete and vivid. Moreover, these images of his friends change as the friends grow old; and he feels himself intellectually in no way different from the seeing.

This leads naturally to the consideration of the power of the imagination in the blind. It is not difficult to understand that the blind are deprived of one powerful means of cultivating this faculty, that the eye is in one sense the organ of the ideal. Their knowledge is more realistic (*handgreiflich*), and so their dreams often lack all poetical characteristics, and are very commonplace. Ghosts, elves, fairies, monsters, and all the host of strange romance that commonly people dreams, are not nearly so well represented as in the dreams of the sighted. What is almost typical in the dreams of the latter is unusual in the dreams of the blind.* Many observe that such dreams grow rare as they outgrow their youth, which is probably also true of the sighted. When the blind dream of ghosts they either hear them, and that usually not until they are close at hand, or they are actually touched by them. A blind man, describing a dream in which his friend appeared to him, said: "Then I dreamt that he tried to frighten me, and make believe he was a ghost, by *pushing me down sideways*," etc. By some the ghost is heard only; it has a rough voice and its bones rattle; or it pursues the victim, humming and groaning as it runs.

Contrary to the opinions of some writers, I find hearing, and not the group of tactual-motor sensations, to be the chief sense with the blind, both in waking and in dreams. That hearing owes very much of this supremacy to its being the vehicle of conversation, goes without saying. Many of the blind dream almost exclusively in this sense, and it is quite generally spoken of as the most important. Even those who see a little often regard hearing as their most useful sense; those who see color, however, almost without exception claim for their partial sight an importance exceeding that of hearing. This seems to be due not to any peculiar attractiveness or importance in color of itself, but to the circumstance that this degree of sight makes possible a sufficiently clear perception of

wife, which he had never really seen, and so saw the face veiled; but hoped in the future world to have "full sight of her without restraint."

* This is especially true of those early blind.

objects to cultivate the use of sight as a "distance" and an "information" sense. Next in importance to hearing is the group of sensations accompanying motion. An important item in the dreams of the sighted is furnished by this complex of sensations, and the same is true of the blind; almost all remember such dreams, and some make this their most important avenue of sensation. Reading the raised type with the finger almost never occurs in dreams. The boys dream of playing, running, jumping, and so on; the men of broom-making, piano-tuning, teaching, and similar work; the girls of sewing, fancy work, household work, and the like, many having accompanying sensations of other senses.*

There is often ascribed to the blind a somewhat mystical sense, by which they can tell the presence and even the nature of objects, and can feel their way. As far as such a power exists it is nothing more than the cultivation of an "irradiation sense," which we all possess. It is not at all difficult to tell whether a large object is within a few inches of the hand, if its temperature is somewhat different from that of the room, or if it be an object like metal, which rapidly exchanges its heat. In sunlight the shadows of stones and posts can be thus detected; and the illumination of a room, both its source and extent, can be judged. This sense the blind carefully, though often unconsciously, cultivate, and I have heard it spoken of by them as "facial perception," because the face seems to be most sensitive to this kind of change. Many mention that the power fails them under the influence of a headache or similar nervousness. The question whether the position of a door, whether open or closed, could be told at a distance was variously answered. Ninety-six could tell and twenty-six could not. Of the ninety-six, forty-one could see well enough to make sight the chief guide in the process; ten judged mainly by the sound, while forty-five have a "facial perception" more or less strong. This enters in a vague way into their dreams, but seldom plays an important rôle.

The stories attributing to the blind rather wonderful notions of color have, on careful examination, been readily explained by natural means; the use of words referring to color is often merely verbal (of this Laura Bridgman furnishes many excellent examples),

* I have further tested this order of importance of the senses by asking how the blind recognized in their dreams where they were; and the answer given to me was that they knew by the information obtained through their predominant sense, giving me the same order as before; many, also, mentioned a vague feeling of strangeness which they could not analyze.

while the knowledge of the color of certain definite objects is obtained by inference, based upon texture, appropriateness, and similar characteristics. Attention has recently been given to the analogies between color and sound. Mr. Galton has recorded many cases in which the sounds of the vowels, of words, of musical notes, and the like, immediately summon to the mental eye an appropriate color, often with a peculiar outline and shading. One person could actually "read sounds" out of a wall-paper pattern, or write the sounds in the name "Francis Galton" in colors. It seemed possible that the blind might obtain or receive some dim notions of color by a similar process, and Doctor Kitto and the blind teacher, Friedrich Scherer, mention that such is the case, though to a very slight extent.* The latter calls musical instruments the bridge across which color comes to him. (He became blind when two years old.) The flute is his symbol of green, the swelling organ tones of blue. The trumpet is red, the hunter's horn dark green and violet, a general confusion of tones is gray, while pink and crimson are associated with the feeling of velvet. In my list occurs the record of a young man twenty years old, and blind for three years. He saw colors on hearing certain sounds soon after his blindness, and claims that he is thus able to keep alive his notions of color. To him an alto voice is gray; a soprano, white; a tenor, yellow; a bass, black. While I was speaking to him he saw a dark ground. A few words are also colored to him; the sound of "Smith" seems yellow. These analogies, however, are fanciful and rare. They belong to an, as yet, little-explored region of mental phenomena, and one can do scarcely more than record their existence.

Let me, finally, give some examples from the collection of dreams and parts of dreams which these blind people have put at my command. Many are such as we ourselves commonly experience, and many exhibit the peculiarities which have been noticed above. A boy with more than usual imagination dreamed that he was in a

*The fact that many of those who have never seen lack all clear ideas as to the nature of vision is clearly made out. This "blind-mindedness" many try to conceal, but a careful questioning usually reveals some erroneous notions, especially amongst those not naturally bright. I have asked the congenitally, or early, blind whether they could easily understand why the sighted could not see both sides of a thing at once, and why things should seem smaller as we recede from them. Of forty-seven, sixteen confessed to a more or less serious difficulty. One boy thought we might look at one side of an object with one eye and at the other with the other. The decrease in size of the image is more readily understood, it being always compared to the fading of the sound at a distance.

battle in which Alexander the Great put the Gauls to flight; he heard the thunder of the cannons, but saw no flash. A very musical young man dreamed that his mother was dead; this he knew by the cold touch of her body. He next heard the chanting of the Mass at her funeral. (This young man at times improvises airs in his dreams.) A partially sighted girl dreams repeatedly of a wide river, and is afraid of being dashed across it, while anxious to secure the flowers on the opposite bank, which she dimly sees. A boy dreamed of being picked up by some mysterious agency, and then suddenly allowed to fall from a tremendous height. Here he awoke, and found his head at the foot of the bed. Another dreamed of the Judgment Day, mainly in terms of hearing. He was drawn to heaven by a rope, clinging to a pole used for exercising; he heard the trumpets sounding, and the voices singing, and so on. One dreamed that he was on a steamboat which suddenly sank, whereupon he quietly walked ashore. Another, that his father saw some wild people in the water, and swam out and rescued them; another, of a large conflagration, of which he saw nothing, but was constantly receiving reports from the bystanders. A girl dreamed that she was sent by her aunt to get a loaf of bread from the cellar, and was cautioned not to step too far down in the cellar, because there was water there; upon arriving at the dangerous place she stood still, and called for her aunt; another dreamed of chivalry, as the result of reading *Ivanhoe*; another of visiting Lincoln and being much impressed with the strangeness of the place; another of her examination in physics—she placed a piece of glass on her finger, and showed its centre of gravity, when the glass fell and broke with a crash; on another occasion she dreamed that she was sick, went to the doctor, and recovered her full sight, and things looked strange and unfamiliar when compared with the knowledge she had derived from touch.

The study of the dreams of the blind thus emphasizes many points of interest in the nature and development of the cortical centres of the human brain; it graphically illustrates the explanatory power of the modern view of their function; and it presents in a new aspect certain characteristics of their constitution. It shows beyond a question that the power of apperceiving sight-images is in no true sense innate, but is the product of slow development and long training. That the same holds true of other centres is proved by a mass of evidence gathered from many quarters; with regard to the motor centres, it is even experimentally determined by the observation that

stimulation of the central convolutions of the brains of puppies fails to excite the appropriate movements of the legs, unless the puppies are already nine or ten days old. These facts are almost ready to be formulated into an important developmental law of psychophysiology.

The "critical period," revealed by the above research, must not be understood as marking the point at which the visual centre begins its life; this occurs at a much earlier age, and this centre is continually increasing in complexity and stability. Nor was the statement made that there was no difference here relevant, between a child losing its sight at two years of age and one losing it at four years. The latter has doubtless a considerable advantage—to some extent indicated by the influence of the age of "blinding" on the future development of noted blind persons, as well as by other considerations. Similarly, after the "critical period," the same processes of growth and assimilation continue, as is evidenced by the vague character and comparatively early decay of the dream-vision of those becoming blind close upon the end of the seventh year. The more time spent in gathering in the provisions, the longer do they hold out. The significance of the "critical period" lies in its demonstrating a point in the growth of the higher sense-centres, at which a divorce from sense-impression is no longer followed by a loss of their psychical meaning; a point at which imagination and abstraction find a sufficiently extended and firmly knit collection of experiences to enable them to build up and keep alive their important functions; a point where the scholar dispenses with the object-lesson and lives off his capital.

The indication of such a period in the development of the human mind brings clearly into view the dependence of the higher mental processes upon the basis furnished them by the experiences of sensation; it strongly suggests a rational order and proportion in the training of the several faculties of the child's mind; and finally, it prevents the formation and survival of false notions by substituting certain definite, though incomplete, knowledge, for much indefinite, though very systematic, speculation.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

OUR AMERICAN LIFE.

THE heading of this article is chosen "for cause," as say the lawyers. If it stood as "our life," the reviewer might expect a professional disquisition on its shortness or uncertainty, or possibly a demonstration that it is "worth living." If it stood "American life," the writer might be supposed to take the stand-point of an outsider. But that would be against the facts. To live among a people twenty years, to lecture them and be lectured, to vote on every possible occasion, to have one's life, aims, and interests identified with the land and its people, and to be as proud of its position as is consistent with Christian humility—these things surely entitle me to say "Our American Life." And it is in full sympathy with it as a whole that a few pages are devoted to some of its elements, with the view to fixing attention on the good that is to be strengthened and on the evil that is to be eliminated.

The composition of the population of the United States has to be remembered by any one who would think wisely and justly of our life. For a long time English ways, transmitted by the Puritans whom Providence sent to America, were in a good degree maintained, modified, of course, by environments. Pork and beans have a transatlantic history, but maple-sugar and tomatoes are our own, and are now going across the ocean. New England people do not always realize how much they inherit. There are parts of old England where Queen Victoria has a small "r," not for Regina, but a provincial addition, to her name. She is "Victoriar." One who is new to eastern States will hear the same thing there. Even well-educated men will sometimes speak of the "lawr." They are not aware of it. An Amherst student, teaching an Irish-born pupil his Latin grammar, said: "Now, decline mensar." The pupil repeated his pronunciation. The tutor detected in him the annex which he did not notice in himself. A good foreign missionary was heard with pleasure by the present writer some years ago. He had been most of his life on the foreign field, and his subject seemed to lay traps for him as he spoke of Asi~~ar~~, Burmah~~r~~, Calcutta~~r~~, and so onward. These are trifles in themselves, but they show for how long

the characteristics of a people will survive. The New Englanders—whose fathers, happily, did not know of Iowa and Minnesota, or poor New England's hard soil would not have been subdued—now cover these tempting plains and set up on them the institutions they inherited, and with a vigor which has survived through the very conflict with difficulties on the eastern hillsides.

More toward the centre of the present States come the Scotch-Irish. They had been settled in Ulster, after 1688, on lands rented at say half a dollar an acre, on thirty-one-year leases. They drained, fenced, manured the land, and put up houses. The result was that the landlords said, at the end of thirty-one years: "These lands are now worth two dollars an acre rent, and we shall charge you at that rate." "Two dollars an acre! Why, gentlemen, it is we who made them worth that, and you make us pay for our own labor! No; we'll go to America." And they did, in such numbers as to give a good deal of additional backbone to the population here, and to alarm the landlords. Two results followed. When the Boston people planned independence these Scotch-Irish were ready with their sympathy; and in the province they quitted there grew up a conceded tenant's right to his improvements, which at length had to be framed into law. Add to these elements an infusion of Dutch diligence and of Huguenot fervor, and you have a good central force for the subjugation of a difficult land and the making of a vigorous nation. It may be added, parenthetically, that he is not loyal to memories and associations, nor just to the lessons of history, who belittles these people, or tries to eliminate their characteristics from our national life.

Difficulties in reaching America diminished and new elements entered it, Irish, without the "Scotch" in their name, and Germans, being followed later by ordinary French, and later still by Scandinavians and Italians. Of our Hebrew fellow-citizens, so energetic and industrious, something may be said later. If it be alleged, as it might naturally be, that the original peoples make the strength of the nation, it might be replied: "Yes, they have been longest here; wait until the new-comers have had a century or two of the country, and then you can judge." Whatever may be thought on this subject, all will admit the desirableness of bringing the people together in sympathy, in general convictions, and even in habits. Union, in these things, is strength. It is undesirable that there should be in a given city groups of people ignorant to a great degree of one an-

other's home-language, habits, tastes, and general ideas. In schools, in politics, in city affairs, it is undesirable that a German, having the ear of his countrymen, should be able to employ them as a unit for his own ends. The same is true of any other class. A Hungarian in a town happening to have in leading-strings a body of Hungarian voters, may obstruct, to the damage of the town, even of his supporters, till he is bought off; when such sordid trickery would be impossible, if the Hungarians were in communication and sympathy with the rest of the people. It would be easy to extend the illustration; but it is needless. The common school has been looked to as a great means of securing this unification. Ought not Americans who feel this to face such questions as these: What proportion of our children have we actually studying in the schools? To what extent are they sectionalized—German schools for German, Irish for Irish? How far are they doing the full work of educating? Are they so leaving out anything—the training of the hands, for example, or, more important still, the education of the conscience—as to warrant disregard and disuse of them, and thus weaken this assimilating power? Where government is “for the people and by the people,” where there is no autocrat guarding the local interest for the benefit of the whole, nothing is beneath notice that tends to intelligent and cordial coöperation.

On this account one cannot look with any favor on the occasional segregation of “the Jews” among us. Persecuted for centuries, shut out from holding land and from the professions, they were shut up to limited forms of business; but they feel and prove, in their industry, intelligence, pure domestic life, in their small contribution to the pauperism and the crime of the country, and their immense influence in France, Germany, and even Russia, how much their inspired Old Testament has told upon them for good; and it is a great infelicity when fastidious Americans treat them in any way unfavorable to their complete identification with our land and our national life.

The commercial life of our country—without the necessity to discuss protection or free trade—well deserves careful study. The area which we control is wide, the outside regions with which we have to do constantly become nearer and more numerous. The ingenuity and inventiveness called into play and developed by the necessities of Europeans settling in quite new conditions of earth and air—and which have shown themselves in our multitudinous contrivances,

"patents," and ingenious combinations—are elements of power, of a certain kind, in trade. They are also capable of being elements of weakness. Able men have done so many unexpected things that a prospectus of a new and fortune-making effort must be very utopian indeed if it does not find some believers. Let the numerous holes in the sides of "the Rockies," into which more money went than ever came out, bear witness. Let the devices of smart scoundrels among ourselves, "organizers," and deceivers of fairly intelligent people, bear witness. A proportion of these come to the eye through the police and the bankruptcy courts. Another proportion sinks into obscurity; for dupes do not always wish to exhibit their silliness, and even shameful "frauds" have sometimes well-to-do friends and relatives. The breadth of our country is a temptation to such. A commercial blackguard in Belgium is known all over the kingdom. A commercial plunderer shown up in London need not go to Liverpool or Bradford; the island is small. But Oregon is a long way from New York. Even Denver or Sacramento give a man a chance of improving on the experience he has gained in the East. It follows that our commercial life calls for caution, conservative methods, and, possibly, some revision of the standard of success. Are we not getting into the bad habit of counting only the man who makes a "pile" a success, and the man who simply holds his ground, brings up and starts a family honorably in life, and dies as he lived, of no great account? But in fact, and in all the real interests of life, the latter may be the success, and the former the failure.

Another fact in this connection is worth notice before we pass from the subject. The great, brilliant successes are, as a rule, in our cities. They attract notice. All men hear of the man who rolled up a fortune in a few years. Only a few hear of the twenty that failed on the same lines. "What is hit is history; what is missed is mystery." One consequence is that the movement is from the country to the town. Young Thatcher is not going to plod along year after year on the farm, when he might with less toil make his thousands in the city, as a politician or a man of business. "Why, there is Baker—I'm just as smart as he is—and he is near the top of the wheel; they say he will soon be an alderman." So the tide is town-ward. Now it is true that one may find the best people in the towns, for mind quickens mind; but you may also find the worst; and in this world evil works at a tremendous advantage. No

better population for morals and trustworthiness is found in any Christian country than those who live by the tilling of the soil. We do not ignore the value of cities, but

“God made the country, and man made the town,”

and without building on any forced exegesis of this passage, we cannot be blind to the fact that city life multiplies and complicates the problems with which Christian civilization has to deal. No five millions of country people in England present so much that is discouraging as you find among the same number crowded together in London.

The social life of our American people cannot be passed over in any attempt to look seriously at the points that need to be watched. We approach it timidly. We have seen more than one book of the “Élite” of a city. Society papers have grown up in the midst of our “republican simplicity.” Many have obtained the wealth which is supposed to secure foremost social places. If there is fair home-training, with moral culture, especially religious principle, their children, or their children’s children, will have the social powers for these high places. In the meantime they are imitators, and, as a general thing, the imitators imitate the worst, not the best, of their ideals. Many a youth has copied the nervous, dislocated style of Carlyle, who did not appreciate his thought. Doctor Candlish, of Edinburgh, was a powerful reasoner and a forcible teacher in the pulpit. He had a curious way of jerking his body and shrugging his shoulders. The shrugging was imitated by some who fell far below the didactic model. So it is in our social life. The ways of Paris and other such places are, to some extent, our ideal. We do not take the best of them. To be true to the truth of things; to be sincere, like honey without wax in it; to be pure; to magnify, to conserve, and consecrate the home—these ought to be the aims of the best people. Are they so among us? Is the family keeping its sacred character? Did you, gentle reader, ever hear of any talk in London like this, from the lips of second-rate caterers to social pleasure: “Let us go over to America: those Yankees have got lots of money, and they don’t know much”? Have you read much about the divorce court? Have you heard of a society in New England to war against its frightful patronage? It is of no use to tell me that in France, Spain, Italy, they have no divorce courts, and yet have immorality, illegitimacy, and kindred evils to a frightful degree.

We are not now discussing these lands and their ways, but the features of our own Christian, Protestant, American life. You can quote to us the well-known generalization about the decay of men where wealth grows. The wealth is growing among us, and is likely to grow. The question is, Are we to accept this generalization as we accept gravitation? or are we to fight against it, to quarantine permanently, if we can, the moral contagion, and to keep away from young men and maidens, from mothers and little children, the germs of disease that, developed, prove fatal to individual life, to domestic joy, and to the welfare of the community?

One serious word we venture to insert here. Unless the explorers of the earth and its inhabitants have misled us, no race or tribe of men has ever civilized itself. The force has come from outside, more or less rapidly, more or less definitely. And it is not too much to say that what is called "society" will never purify itself. It has no gospel, no decalogue, no divine power, no holy comforter within itself. Who can find these in the favorite haunts of the so-called "social world"? They are an outside thing to it. Their entrance into it would be an embarrassing intrusion. But there is a society in which these beneficent forces work. Their presence is its glory. That society is the Church of God, with the Saviour of men at its head, and the Blessed Spirit in its heart. The Church of Christ has to be the force outside "society," purifying the atmosphere, defining and shaming away the low and the unholy, lifting up the pure, and magnifying the good. Fidelity to her trust on the part of this other and better society is the one hope for our social life.

But we must not pass over the political element in our American life; yet we are not to be construed as pronouncing here upon, or in favor of, the Republican, the Democratic, the euphonious "Mugwump," or any other party. That men are born "free and equal," and that this involves a great deal, has been vividly set forth in the last issue of this REVIEW. But even the most lucid monosyllable, like "free," sometimes requires explanation and definition. It is easy to widen the meaning to the shutting-out not only of unjust human authority, but of all authority, human and divine. "One is our Master." "The powers that be are ordained of God." Parents are to be obeyed; so are magistrates. So they were to be, even when the people did not elect them by ballot. It follows that pains must be taken to teach those things that must needs enter into the political life of a free people. Take a single illustration. A self-

ordained prophet of the people harangues against the "greedy capitalists," and—without saying it in words—suggests that an *auto-da-fé* of them would be a pleasant and profitable spectacle. How many of his hearers think of well-known men, whom you could count on your fingers, as being the detestable capitalists? How many pause to think that Mrs. Smith, who saved money enough by dressmaking to set up a little store, is a capitalist to Miss Jones, who shows her wares and gets as good a salary as, by common consent in the town, can be given to this form of labor? The elements and the terms of political economy, then, should be taught in our schools. And so along fitting lines—if all men have a share in the making of laws and lawgivers—there should run some influences that would guide them and keep them from dangerous mistakes.

Among these influences we put the words, the works, the example of the intelligent and the well-to-do who "have no axe to grind" and no office to seek, for themselves or for their protégés. Is there not in many places practical indifference here? Is there not an inactivity that is not masterly, but that is feeble and craven, and that gives the mastery to the unworthy and the unprincipled? If the "primary" be allowed to issue its orders from the congenial atmosphere of a saloon, and the "caucus" comprehend the tramps and venal *habitués* of the corners; if the comfortable, intelligent, responsible citizens shrug their shoulders and say "What can we do?" and allow these "free and equal" gentlemen to rule, are they not, we respectfully ask, in a very unpatriotic manner bringing into contempt before the nations that which we rejoice in as our matchless heritage? Are they not turning our glory into shame?

There are difficulties, no doubt, in the way. But are they insuperable? If so, should we retain the system? If not, should we not face them? To conquer independence has been held to be a feat for which the fathers of the nation cannot be too highly praised. Will it be laudable in their sons to let that independence be so abused that on-lookers will say, with an air of classical contempt, "Better one tyrant than thirty"?

Now we come to the last element in our American life to be noticed here, namely, the religious. That religion has made progress among us will appear from the following comparison of the six most numerous Protestant bodies in 1776, with the same bodies in 1876. We give—to save our readers from bewilderment—only the ministers. The Baptists, in 1776, had 722 ministers. In 1876 they had

13,779. The Methodists, in 1776, had 24 ministers. In 1876 they had 20,453. The Presbyterians had 177 ministers in 1776. In 1876 they had 4,744. The Congregationalists, in 1776, had 575 ministers. In 1876 they had 3,333. In 1776 the Episcopalians had 150 ministers. In 1876 they had 3,216. The Lutherans had, in 1776, but 25 ministers. In 1876 they had 2,662. We do not stay to compare this growth with the growth of the population. Nor has this advance been checked by the events or movements of the last decade. According to an article in the *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia*, from the pen of Doctor Schaff himself—and there are few more exact—the order of these denominations as to churches (and the ministers are in proportion) was as follows, in 1884:

| | | |
|---------------------------|-----------|---------|
| Methodists, | | 41,271. |
| Baptists, | | 37,156. |
| Presbyterians, | | 11,783. |
| Lutherans, | | 6,130. |
| Congregationalists, | | 3,936. |
| Protestant Episcopalians, | | 3,109. |

Unitarians and Universalists together have 1,081 congregations. Incidentally we may mention that the Roman Catholics are in the same year and return credited with 6,241 churches, thus coming in as fourth of the denominations. That they count all their people "members" (while other denominations only describe communicants so), and call them 6,832,954 (nearly double the communicants in the Baptist and Methodist churches) is not always noted, and many are misled in this way. It may modify such solicitude to remember that their own estimate of their numbers makes them only one-ninth of the population of the States. Including other and smaller denominations the nation had, in 1884, 115,610 congregations of professing Christians.

The proportion of living, spiritual Christians, among these great bodies, it is not wrong to presume, is as large as in other sections of Christendom. But ought that circumstance to satisfy us? We have no state control in any way impeding freedom of action and bringing the Church into the category of the earthly "powers that be." We have freedom of action in a more remarkable degree than is, probably, enjoyed by any other nation. We have remarkable elasticity of organization, so that in the most of these bodies exchange of pulpits and coöperation in good works encounter no serious obstacle. For all this we should be profoundly thankful.

But the greater our opportunities the heavier our responsibilities, and are there not weak points in our Church life? An eminent English ecclesiastic, who has had experience of both the Anglican and the Roman Church, is quoted as saying that ornamental books of devotion, theatrical music, and eloquent sermons have been, in his judgment, the great hinderances to piety. There may be a measure of colloquial playfulness in the remark. Have we erred in any of these ways? Have "eloquent sermons," for example, in the sense of rhetorical, philosophical, poetical, metaphysical discourses, superseded the lifting-up of the truth of the Bible in such sense that the messenger is little noticed in comparison with the message and the Sender of it? We have no "Established Church," to which it is in "good form" to belong; but have we no "climbers," who value the congregation by the number of steps it includes up the social ladder? Are there not too many whose verdict in an "experience meeting" on service, minister, and all, would be "perfectly lovely," and who would make little account of the sincerity, the solemnity of conscious dealing with Divinity, in fact, of the "spirit and truth" in which the INFINITE SPIRIT is to be learned from and adored?

The number and variety of our denominations are sometimes dwelt upon with strong deprecating language, as an immeasurable evil, and a necessary negation of the Saviour's prayer, "that they all may be one." Is there not some risk of over-statement here? The States and Territories of our nation are now all one. A godly man might well have prayed that "they all might be one"—States or people—in the dark days of twenty-five years ago. He might, five years later, have given thanks, he might to-day give God thanks, that "they are again one," notwithstanding different names of States and Territories, different conditions and forms of internal machinery, and difference of State laws. A child, indeed, might say: "But the churches should have one head, as the States have one President." The analogy is strained. When we come together in an Evangelical Alliance, we, too, have presidents chosen by the members, whose duty it is to nominate officers, and promote the order and efficiency of the whole. But in the deeper sense we have one Head, real, living, loving, and present with us, according to his word—"always, even unto the end." He is the Lord Jesus, the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls. He is so real and so near that he has no alternate, substitute, or visible representative. His people walk by faith, en-

ture as seeing him who is invisible, and are one in this that they have the one Lord, the one faith, and the one baptism.

In an earnest and well-intentioned article in the last issue of this REVIEW, there is a careful restatement of a recent movement made by one of the denominations—the smallest, as it happens, of those named above—to get rid of this evil of diverse organization, by a “reunion” process, the details of which are described and urged on all readers. It is of little account, of course, a mere matter of words, but the desired amalgamation would not be exactly a “reunion.” These bodies are not the broken fragments of an organization which once included them all. When were Presbyterians a part of the Anglican Church? How could there be reunion? The Lutherans might put the same question. So might that estimable body, the Reformed Dutch Church. One must not take up the notion, from such loose phraseology as is often used, that the Anglican Church came out at the Reformation as the body including all Protestants, and that the other denominations are broken segments from her, which she would now, if allowed, kindly, and in the new spirit of concession, reunite. She was one of several churches—that of Holland, that of Switzerland, that of Scotland, with independent organization and distinctive characteristics, the ordination and standing of whose ministers she acknowledged in her earlier days. How the influence of Laud and of other kindred forces changed her attitude toward them it is not necessary here to show.

But, returning to the proposed terms of “reunion,” they are four in number. First, all are to take the Scriptures as the word of God. Those who like to attach an “equal or kindred authority” to the Apocrypha can do so. So can they who regard “Catholic tradition as of equal value with Scripture.” Secondly, all must accept the Nicene Creed, retaining or procuring as many catechisms, articles, or confessions as they wish, that do not contradict it. The third term is the use of the two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord’s Supper. If any church desires to count confirmation or marriage a sacrament, why, let it, only not foregoing these two; and if it wishes to hold and teach the “real presence,” or baptismal regeneration, there will be no difficulty. In this connection, and in relation to the sacraments, the writer makes a statement which is not, we think, exact as to most of the other churches: “the widest differences of view in regard to them obtain, even among the members of the same communion.” Some hold the elements to be bread

and wine all through, and the benefits to be dependent "not on anything in them or in him that administers them." The "widest" divergence from this scriptural view is to make the elements something that should be worshipped, and the efficacy of the sacrament to depend on the minister. We do not believe that any such "wide difference" exists in any one of the churches invited.

The terms of reunion ask for no liturgy of any kind. To put concisely what is there put at length, the Episcopal Church, hitherto the "greatest stickler for these things," declares by "her highest officers" that she will no longer keep up "this wall of division, as she has no right to insist on any non-essential." She will, in fact, allow the various churches she desires to draw in, that prefer their present plan, to hold to it.

Then comes the fourth term, which, divested of all diplomatic language, is that all the ministers of the other churches should come to her bishops and receive ordination, which they would make as simple as possible. To make this step as easy to the sixty or seventy thousand non-episcopal ministers as it can be, the writer modifies his language, and says this would not be "the absorption of other bodies into one of those already existing," but "the formation of a new body." When the authorities of the Protestant Episcopal Church agree to a statement of that kind; when the genial writer, who bears so good a name, can bring his brethren to endorse that view—that the Anglican Church drop her distinctions, melt into the mass of ordinary Christians, and come out as a part of the new whole, only with an "historic episcopate" (chosen or secured, we do not quite see how), then we shall consider the matter seriously. Is not the unbroken continuity of the succession now a vital element with many? The writer deems the "historic episcopate" essential to "reunion." It is sometimes pleasant to get a nice phrase, if nobody will pry into the meaning of it. "Episcopate" means, in the overture and in this article, a body of ministers superior to the rest, by whom the rest would be ordained. What is "historic"? It means pertaining to, contained in, representing, history. It is employed, we presume, as conveying the idea that this episcopate has been in history all the time. Well, suppose it has. Is there not a historic monarchy? Are not Cæsar and Herod both in the New Testament? Are there not duties to Cæsar? But we have parted with the historic monarchy. Did we sin therein? The Apocrypha has been there quite as long. Why let go the "historic" Apocrypha? Why

insist on keeping this episcopate because it is so long in history, and reject other things just as long there? There is no evidence, according to Dean Stanley, Bishop Lightfoot, and others, to sustain the belief in such an episcopate in the apostolic church. It came in the sub-apostolic church. This is the only sense in which it is "historic." But on the same ground we have the historic "priest," the historic "absolution," the historic "penance," the historic "monk," the historic "fathers" and "traditions," taken "by many as of equal value with Scripture," as the writer tells. Nay, we have (it is only a difference in degree, not in kind) the historic Pope, and the historic claim to universal supremacy, and the historic anathema against all—including the Protestant Episcopal Church—who do not submit to it. Are we to take for ourselves, or allow among our brethren in the same diocese, or Presbytery, or association, these "historic" matters? Should we be any more one than now, if we did? We have a reasonable amount of order now; then we should have chaos.

No; we stand up for the scriptural episcopate, the episcopate of New Testament history; and if there be brethren beloved, holding fast the truth, the evangelical truth, though they do not constitute presbyteries as we do, we shall work with them, pray with them, exchange pulpits with them, administer and partake of the sacraments with them, be in "Evangelical Alliance" with them, all of them, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Congregationalists—and Episcopalians too, if they will only recognize our historic presbytery, such as laid its hands on Timothy. And on this line we solemnly believe will better thrive our American religious life than on the foregoing, or on any such, plan of "reunion."

We have given to this Church question what some may deem a disproportionate space. But is not the Church bound by her nature and charter to be the strongest formative force in the life of the nation? Is she not to tell upon educational progress, upon commercial aims and methods, upon social influences, and upon politics? Is it not her mission to elevate teaching, to inculcate honesty, to purify society, and to infuse high motive into the men who choose rulers, and into the rulers chosen, for whom she lifts up her voice in prayer? What affects her, therefore, tells on the nation, and every intelligent patriot must desire the growth of her purity and of her power.

JOHN HALL.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BRITISH PIRATES.

I.

A PRIVATE LETTER AND A PUBLIC POSTSCRIPT.

MY DEAR MATTHEWS :

Come, now, what your cause needs is, that some apparent sufferer shall say a fair word for the other side. That complaint which cannot hunt up a dissenting voice anywhere is out of luck. A thing which is all good or all bad is properly an object of suspicion in this world ; we get a sort of impression that it is off its beat ; that it belongs in the next world, above or below—climate not suited to it here.

English pirates have hurt me somewhat ; how much, I do not know. But, on the other hand, English *law* has helped me vastly. Can any foreign author of books say that about American law ? You know he can't.

Look at the matter calmly, reasonably. As I infer, from what you say about your article, your complaint is, that American authors are pirated in England. Well, whose fault is that ? It is nobody's but the author's. England furnishes him a perfect remedy ; if he does not choose to take advantage of it, let him have self-respect enough to retire to the privacy of his cradle, not sit out on the public curbstone and cry. To-day the American author can go to Canada, spend three days there, and come home with an English and Canadian copyright which is as strong as if it had been built out of railroad iron. If he does not make this trip and do this thing, it is a confession that he does not think his foreign market valuable enough to justify the expense of securing it by the above process. Now it may turn out that that book is presently pirated in London. What then ? Why, simply this: the pirate has paid that man a compliment ; he has thought more of the book than the man thought of it himself. And doubtless the man is not pecuniarily injured, since the pirate would probably not have offered anything for the book if it had been copyrighted, but would merely have left it in oblivion and unpublished.

I believe, and it stands to reason, that all the American books that are pirated in these latter days in England are of the complimentary sort, and that the piracies work no computable injury to the author's pocket ; and I also believe that if this class of books should be copyrighted henceforth, their publication over there would cease, and then all the loss would fall upon the authors, since they wouldn't be any better off, as regards money, than they were before, and would lose their compliment besides.

I think we are not in a good position to throw bricks at the English pirate. We haven't any to spare. We need them to throw at the American Congress ; and at the American author, who neglects his great privileges and then tries to hunt up some way to throw the blame upon the only nation in the world that is magnanimous enough to say to him : "While you are the guest of our laws and our flag, you shall not be robbed."

All the books which I have published in the last fifteen years are protected by English copyright. In that time I have suffered pretty heavily in temper and pocket from imperfect copyright laws ; but they were American, not English. I have no quarrel over there.

Yours sincerely,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S. (of the feminine sort). I wrote the above (but have concluded not to mail it directly to you) in answer to your letter asking me for facts and statistics concerning English piracies of my books. I had to guess at the probable nature of your NEW PRINCETON article from what you said of it. But I sent out for it this morning, and have read it through. Why, dear, dear distorted mind, I am amazed at you. You stand recorded in the directory, "Brander Matthews, lawyer, 71 Broadway." By your article I half suspected that you were a lawyer, and so I went to the directory to see. It seemed to me that only a lawyer—an old lawyer—a callous, leathery, tough old lawyer—could have the superb pluck to venture into court with such a ragged case as yours is. Why, dear soul, you haven't a leg to stand on, anywhere. I have known you long, and loved you always ; but you must let me be frank and say, you haven't a fact that cannot be amply offset by the other side, you haven't an argument that cannot be promptly turned against you.

To start with, you wander a little off to one side of your real case, to tell the world that a couple of reverend British reprobates have

been plagiarizing—stealing—from American books. That is a telling fact—if American preachers never steal. But, dear sir, they do. Take this case. E. H. House spends twelve or thirteen years in Japan; becomes exhaustively versed in Japanese affairs; coins these riches into an admirable article, and prints it in the *Atlantic* six years ago, under the title, “The Martyrdom of an Empire.” This present year, Rev. James King Newton, A. M., “Professor of Modern Languages, Oberlin College,” confers upon the literary museum of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* a crazy-quilt which he wordily names, “Obligations of the United States to Initiate a Revision of Treaties between the Western Powers and Japan.” This queer work is made up of rags and scraps of sense and nonsense, sham and sincerity, theft and butter-mouthed piousness, modesty and egotism, facts and lies, knowledge and ignorance, first-rate English and fortieth-rate English, wind and substance, dignity and paltriness, and all through the air about it you seem to catch the soft clear note of flutes and birds, mingled with the wild weird whoopjamboreehoo of the embattled jackass. Now, part of that strange article is original. The rest of it was “smouched” from House’s *Atlantic* paper. Will you have a sample?

Atlantic Monthly, May, 1881.

The first effective commercial treaty with Japan was draughted by him in 1858, upon terms which, in general, were not disadvantageous to the unsophisticated people with whom he was dealing.

If he had taken the precaution to insure the absolute expiration of the treaty and its appendages at a proper date, all would have resulted as he desired.

The working of the treaty has proved flagrantly injurious to Japan and proportionately favorable to the foreign powers—exceptionally favorable to England, that country having the most extensive trade connection.

Precisely what this country intended to accomplish by that imposing deed it would be difficult to say. What it did accomplish, etc.

Bibliotheca Sacra, January, 1887.

Mr. Harris made our first commercial treaty in 1858, upon terms which, in general, were reasonable, in an experimental treaty, and not disadvantageous to the unsophisticated people with whom he was dealing.

If he had taken the precaution to insure the absolute expiration of the treaty and its appendages at some definite time, all would have resulted according to his honest intention.

The working of the treaties has proved most disastrous to Japan, and proportionately favorable to the western powers; exceptionally so to England, as she has the largest trade connections.

Precisely what our government intended to accomplish by the imposing deed of opening Japan, it would be difficult to say. What it did accomplish, etc.

There you have four samples. I could give you twenty-four

more, if they were needed, to show how exactly Mr. Newton can repeat slathers and slathers of another man's literature without ever missing a trick, when the police ain't around. You can get that thing if you would like to look at it. Brer Newton has issued it in pamphlet form, at a Boston admirer's expense; and has printed up in the corner of the cover, "With the Author's Compliments"—meaning House, per'aps.

But then, we are all thieves, and it wasn't worth your while to go out of your way to call particular attention to a couple of reverend British ones.

However, right away you come down to business, and open up your real case. You say: "In 1876, Longfellow" complained that he had been pirated by twenty-two publishers. Did he mean, *after* England had offered him and the rest of us protection, and was standing always ready to make her offer good?

Next, "in 1856, Hawthorne"—some more ancient history. You follow it with more and more and more examples—of ancient history; ancient history, and, properly and righteously, out of court. By no fairness can they be cited in this modern time; by no legitimate pretext can they be summoned to testify in this case of yours. What you are complaining about, what you are making all this trouble about, is a bitter grievance which passed out of this world and into its eternal grave more than fifteen years ago. When I say eternal, I mean, of course, if you will let it alone. Matthews, it is a dead issue—utterly dead, and legally forgotten—and I don't believe that even you can aggravate Parliament into resurrecting it, though you certainly do seem to be doing your level best in that direction.

Now, honestly, as between friend and friend, what could ever have put it into your head to hunt out such a grotesquely barren text for a magazine article? *We* are doing all the pirating in these days; the English used to be in the business, but they dropped out of it long ago. Just look at yourself and your fantastic complaint by the light of allegory. Suppose one of those big Mohammedan slave-dealers in the interior of Africa, lashing his yoked caravan of poor naked creatures through jungle and forest, should turn his grieved attention to us, and between his lashings and thrashings passionately upbraid us with the reminder that "in 1856," and other years and seasons of a hoary and odious antiquity, we used to own our brother human beings, and used to buy them and sell them, lash them, thrash them, break their piteous hearts—and we ought

to be ashamed of ourselves, so we ought! What should we answer? What should we say to him? What would *you* say to him concerning so particularly dead an issue as that?—as a lawyer, that is, strictly as a lawyer. I do not know what you would say, but I know what you *could* say. You could say: "Let me take that obsolete case of yours into court; my hand is in, I have been handling one that is just like it—the twin to it, in fact."

In your dozen pages you mention a great many injured American authors, and a great many pirated American books. Now here is a thing which is the exact truth about all of those books and all of those authors: such of the books as were issued before England allowed us copyright, suffered piracy without help; and at the very same time, *five times as many* English books suffered piracy without help on our side of the water. The one fact offsets the other; and the honors are easy—the rascalities, I mean. But, such of those American books as were issued *after* England allowed us copyright, and yet suffered piracy, suffered it by their authors' own fault, not England's nor anybody else's. Their injuries are of their own creation, and they have no shadow of right to set up a single whimper. Why, I used to furnish a sick child in West Hartford with gratis milk; do you know, that cub's mother wasn't satisfied, but wanted me to come over there and warm it? I may be out in my calculations, but I don't believe England is going to warm the milk for this nursery over here.

Great Scott, what arguments you do set up! John Habberton writes *Helen's Babies*; could have English-copyrighted it; didn't; it was pirated, and he thinks he has something to complain about. What, for instance?—that they didn't warm the milk? He issued other books; took out no foreign copyrights, same as before; is pirated from Canada to Australia, and thinks he has something to complain about, once more. Oh, good land! However, "warned by his early experience, he"—does what? Attempts an evasion of the English law, and gets left. Pardon the slang, it does seem to fit in so handy there. With that attempted evasion in one's mind, the neat bit of sarcasm which Habberton fillips at the morals of "the average British publisher" loses some trifle of its bloom, don't you think?

Consider! Right in the midst of all your and Habberton's discontent and animadversion, you placidly give your cause a deadly stab under the fifth rib, and you don't seem to notice that you have done

it at all ; you meander right along, fretting the same as before. I refer to this remark of yours—and where you forgot to italicize, I have supplied the defect : “The English courts have held that under certain circumstances prior publication in Great Britain *will give an author copyright in England, whatever his nationality may be.*” How could you set down this great, big, generous fact, this fact which offers its fine and gracious hospitalities, without equivalent or even thank-you, to the swindled scribe of all the climes the sun in his course shines upon—even to you yourself—how could you set it down, and not uncover in its magnificent presence ? How could you set it down, and not be smitten with a large and sudden realization of the contrast between its open broad palm and the stingy clinched fist of your own country ? How could you look it in the face—that friendly, fresh, wholesome, hearty, welcoming, modern countenance—and go on throwing stale mud over its head at its predecessor, an old kiln-dried, moss-backed, bug-eaten, antediluvian mummy that wasn’t doing anything to you, and couldn’t if it had wanted to ? How could you ? You are the very wrong-headedest person in America. I tell it you for your own solace. Why, man, you—well, you are geometrically color-blind ; you can’t see the proportions of things. And you are injudicious. Don’t you know that as long as you’ve got a goitre that you have to trundle around on a wheelbarrow you can’t divert attention from it by throwing bricks at a man that’s got a wart on the back of his ear ? Those blacklegs in Congress keep us furnished with the prize goitre of the moral and intellectual world, and the thing for you to do is to let the wart-wearers strictly alone.

Well, next you cite another case like Habberton’s. “Under certain circumstances,” as you have said, the protection of the English law was free to both of these authors. You well know that it was their plain duty to find out what those “circumstances” were. They didn’t do it, they exploited some smart ostensibilities instead, and their copyright failed. Those “circumstances” are quite simple and explicit, and quite easy to inform one’s self about. It follows, and is a fact, that those sufferers had just themselves to blame, and nobody else.

I wonder what *would* satisfy some people. You are an American, I believe ; in fact, I know you are. If you want to copyright a book, here at home, what must you do ? This : you must get your title-page printed on a piece of paper ; enclose it to the Librarian of

Congress ; apply to him, in writing, for a copyright ; and send him a cash fee. That is what you, personally, have to do ; the rest is with your publisher. What do you have to do in order to get the same book copyrighted in England ? You are hampered by no bothers, no details of any kind whatever. When you send your manuscript to your English publisher, you tell him the date appointed for the book to issue here, and trust him to bring it out there a day ahead. Isn't that simple enough ? No letter to any official ; no title-page to any official ; no fee to anybody ; and yet that book has a copyright on it which the Charleston earthquake couldn't unsettle. " Previous publication " in Great Britain of an American book secures perfect copyright ; to " previously publish " all but the tail-end of a book in America, and then " previously publish " that mere tail-end in Great Britain, has what effect ? Why, it copyrights that tail-end, of course. Would any person in his right mind imagine that it would copyright any more than that ? Mr. Habberton seems to have imagined that it would. Mr. Habberton knows better now.

Let the rest of your instances pass. They are but repetitions. There isn't an instance among your antiquities that has any bearing upon your case, or shadow of right to be cited in it—unless you propose to try a corpse, for crimes committed upon other corpses. Living issue you have none, nor even any spectral semblance of any. Your modern instances convict your clients of not knowing enough to come in when it rains. From your first page to your last one, you do not chance to get your hands on a single argument that isn't a boomerang. And finally, to make your curious work symmetrical and complete, you rest from your pitiless lathering of the bad English publisher, and fall to apologizing to him—and, apparently, to the good one, too, I don't know why : " At bottom, the publishers, good or bad, *are not to blame*." You are right, for once, perfectly right ; they are not to blame—to-day ; if they commit a piracy in these days, nine-tenths of the sin belongs with the American author. And since you perceive that they are not to blame, what did you blame them for ? If you were going to take it all back, why didn't you take it back earlier, and not write it at all ? Hang it, you are not logical. Do you think that to lather a man all through eleven pages and then tell him he isn't to blame after all, is treating yourself right ? Why no, it puts you in such a rickety position. I read it to the cat—well, I never saw a cat carry on so before.

But, of course, somebody or something was to blame. You were

in honor bound to make that fact clear, or you couldn't possibly excuse yourself for raising all this dust. Now, I will give any rational man 400,000 guesses, and go bail that he will run short before he has the luck to put his finger on the place where you locate that blame. Now listen—and try to rise to the size of this inspired verdict of yours: “*It is the condition of THE LAW which is at fault.*” (1) Upon my life, I have never heard anything to begin with the gigantic impudence of that. The cat—but never mind the cat; the cat is dead; a cat can't stand everything. “*The remedy is to CHANGE THE LAW*”—and then you go owling along, just as if there was never anything more serious in this world than the stupefying nonsense you are talking. Change the law? Change it? In what way, pray? A law which gives us absolutely unassailable and indestructible copyright at cost of not a single penny, not a moment of time, not an iota of trouble, not even the bother of *asking* for it! Change it? How are you going to change it? Matthews, I am your friend, and you know it; and that is what makes me say what I do say: you want a change of air, or you'll be in the asylum the first thing you know.

MARK TWAIN.

II.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CLOSE A CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MR. CLEMENS:

Since you confess that you wrote your letter before reading my paper in the NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for September, I trust that you will excuse me if I leave it unanswered and confine my reply wholly to your eloquent Postscript. This I have read and re-read with growing astonishment. I had thought that the purpose of my paper was so plain that the wayfaring man, though a wit, could not misunderstand me. I am surprised and sorry at once, that you in Hartford and Mr. Andrew Lang in London, good fellows both, and both good friends of mine, should think that I would try to retard the cause we all have at heart, by calling names and by holding the British publisher up to scorn in America. Certainly, such was not my aim. It is a pretty poor quarrel in which “*You're another!*” is a useful retort; and nothing was further from my intent than a vulgar *tu quoque*.

The paper on “American Authors and British Pirates” had a double purpose. It was designed, first of all, to point out to our

kin across the sea that there were wrongs on both sides of the Atlantic, and therefore that a more moderate tone was becoming than our British cousins are wont to adopt when their kindness moves them to dwell on our deficiencies. Those who seek equity must do equity. I doubt whether you will let a lawyer quote Scripture, or I would mate this legal maxim with a text: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." I tried to show that if the British acted up to this principle they could never raise a cairn over the grave of any American pirate. I desired to suggest to the mob of gentlemen who write with ease in the English reviews, that justice, like charity, had best begin at home. I knew that the beam in the British eye did not prevent its seeing the mote in ours, but I believed that it could take a clearer view, were it to remove its own *muscæ volantes*.

Secondly, and indeed chiefly, the paper was an appeal to the people of the United States to do what was right by the authors of Great Britain, that England might do what was right by American authors. The sting of my article, as of your Postscript, lay in the tail thereof. I began by saying that although we could all see the great wrong done to English authors by American pirates, only a few of us had occasion to consider the great wrong done to American authors by British pirates; but I ended by declaring that the condition of the law was at fault in both countries, and that the remedy was to change the law so that the writers of Great Britain and of the United States should control their own books on both sides of the Atlantic alike, thus giving to the English author the hire of which he is worthy, and thus relieving the American author from the fear of piracy abroad, and from the competition with stolen goods at home. At bottom, my paper was a plea for broader and firmer justice to the writers of our language from the people of both countries. Since I have received your brilliant Postscript I have read my paper over very carefully, and I am more than ever puzzled to guess how you came thus hopelessly to misapprehend my meaning. Heine said he had a watch which, from being much with pawnbrokers, contracted certain Jewish habits, and would not go on the Sabbath; and it has struck me that perhaps you are now so well pleased with English law that you have insensibly fallen into English ways of thought.

You have sought to weaken my argument by calling me a lawyer, although it seems to me that it is you, rather than I, in whom is

seen a heat in debate, as though acting under the old instructions: "No case—abuse plaintiff's attorney." You have cast discredit on my evidence as old and outlawed. Your attitude is like that of Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the author of certain strange tales of battle, murder, and sudden death, who writes to the *London Times* that "public opinion in this country [England] runs too strongly against such doubtful performances"—the piracies about which I had written. Now here I join issue with you and with Mr. Haggard. I think it is right and proper and needful that somebody should draw attention to the frequent misdeeds of certain British publishers of the baser sort. The instances presented in the *NEW PRINCETON REVIEW* for September were old, some of them, and new, not a few. Since they have seen the light of print, fresh facts have been coming to me from every side. The number of American authors who have suffered from British pirates is far greater than I had supposed; and their sufferings are not yet ancient history. The Black Flag still flies alongside the Union Jack—as it does also, alas! by the side of the Stars and Stripes.

Perhaps you will pardon me if I call a few witnesses. Some of them, it is true, will testify only to that Complimentary Piracy which you seem to think a young author must needs find most gratifying. Some of them will bear witness to the barbaric fondness of the British pirate for mutilating his victims. A neighbor of yours in Hartford, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, tells me that he had arranged with an English house to issue *Back-Log Studies*, but "about a week before the publication Ward, Lock & Tyler published a cheap (shilling) edition, called *Back-Log Studies*, and made up from the papers that had appeared in *Scribner's*." About half of Mr. Warner's work had not been published serially, and this half was omitted from the piratical edition. The matter reprinted from *Scribner's* was, however, "padded out with other stuff of mine, found in the magazines, which had nothing to do with the book."

Professor William Mathews writes me that he found, in the "Friendly Counsel Series" of Ward, Lock & Tyler, an edition of his *Getting On in the World*, containing less than half of the work, without a hint to the public of the mutilation to which it had been subjected. After referring to other piracies from which he has suffered, he adds that "Hamilton, Adams & Co. republished, in 1879, my book on *Oratory and Orators*; and another London house published a garbled edition of the same work, with an introduction

by some Doctor-of-Laws whose name I cannot recollect. Neither of these houses has recognized in any way my property in the work. Of the two offences, theft is, I think, less vexatious than mutilation of the children of one's brain." I believe that the American pirate, as a rule, kills his man by a shot through the heart, but the British pirate often uses an explosive bullet and lets his victim linger in agony.

Mrs. Champney's fanciful tale, *The Bubbling Teapot*, describes the adventures of a child in the different countries of the world, the moral being that, after all, the American child has the best of it. A British edition of this book has been issued, with "England" substituted for "America" throughout its pages—thus anglicizing the story in accordance with a spirit which I should call parochial, if I had not at hand a politer epithet, insular.

Two of the most widely read of American novelists, Miss Anna K. Green and Mr. E. P. Roe, have been extensively pirated in England. In Canada, in a single shop, Mr. Roe saw six rival reprints of one of his novels; and it is from Canada also that he received "*Give Me Thine Heart!*" A novel by Rev. E. P. Roe, author of *Barriers Burnt Away*, *Opening of a Chestnut Burr*, etc. Complete. Toronto: J. Ross Robertson." Mr. Roe writes me that this "is indeed 'complete'—as complete a fraud as could be perpetrated. So far from authorizing J. Ross Robertson (whoever he may be) to publish this novel, I never remember to have heard of him till I saw his imprint; so far from writing the novel *Give Me Thine Heart*, I had never even seen it, nor had I known of its existence until it was sent to me." Mr. Roe desires me to state that Ward, Lock & Tyler are now dealing as fairly with him as the lack of law will permit—a statement which I am very glad to make, as it is the only word I have yet heard in favor of this firm. I see on their list ten books alleged to be by "Mark Twain," including *Eye-Openers*, *Screamers*, *Practical Jokes*, and other works of yours bearing titles with which we unfortunate Americans have not been allowed to become familiar. I wonder if you have seen them all; and I should like very much to know how you like this sort of Complimentary Piracy when it is practised on yourself.

Mr. George Haven Putnam, the publisher of all of Miss Anna K. Green's books, has shown me lists of half a dozen pirated reprints of her more popular tales. As yet the author of *The Leavenworth Case* has received no money from England for that successful story; nor

any money at all from any English publisher, except within the past year from a single house. Mr. Putnam has also shown me a portly tome called *Humorous Gems of American Literature*, recently published in London by George Routledge & Sons. This is an unauthorized reprint of *Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature*, edited by Mr. E. T. Mason. With a contagious humor, the British pirate has even reprinted Mr. Mason's preface, in which he thanks American authors and publishers for having kindly allowed him to use copyrighted matter. Thus it is made to appear that Routledge & Sons, in London, have asked and obtained a consent in reality obtained only by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, in New York. Perhaps you would call this also a Complimentary Piracy; but I think you will enjoy the fine moral sense which prompted the British publishers to steal even the courteous acknowledgments of the American editor. When Mr. R. L. Stevenson went a-travelling with a donkey, he heard much about one Chayla, the Archpriest of the Cevennes in the troublous times; and he recorded that this Chayla "was a conscientious person, who seems to have been intended by nature for a pirate." I think it must be a conscientious person connected with the family of this Chayla who republished not only Mr. Mason's useful collection but even his honest preface.

"A book of mine, called *Common Sense about Women*, was published in Boston in 1881," so Colonel Higginson writes me, "and I heard incidentally some months afterwards that a copy of an English reprint of it had been received at the Boston Public Library. On looking at this, I found that it had been issued by a London publisher named Sonnenschein, and I noticed that it seemed a much smaller book than the original work. On comparison, it proved that of the original one hundred and four brief chapters, more than one-third had been omitted, so that only sixty-five remained. In regard to eight chapters, the reason of omission was apparently that they referred especially to the principles or traditions of government in this country, and were therefore less appropriate for English readers; but the thirty-one other omitted chapters seemed to be dropped out at random, simply to make a smaller book. The injury done to the work was not so great as if the chapters had been closely continuous, which they were not; but they were nevertheless arranged and grouped so as to make, in some sense, a continuous whole, and I actually saw myself criticised in English newspapers for having omitted certain important considerations which had yet been carefully included by me in the authorized edition. A full and rather complimentary review of the book appeared in the *Westminster Review* at the time; but it was founded on this garbled copy, not on the full text.

"My natural impulse was to endeavor, through literary friends in London, to secure a reprint of the original work; but they were assured by publishers that no one would be willing to undertake that after an abridged edition had, as they expressed it, 'killed the market.' I was thus left without redress; and from the fact that I have seen a third edition of my book, printed by Mr. Sonnenschein in 1884, I

cannot even have the satisfaction of thinking that he lost money by his venture. I do not know whether any other edition of it has appeared in England, but as it bore no external marks of being a reprint, it may naturally have passed for the work of an English author, and have been supposed to be copyrighted.

"On comparing notes with others I have heard so many parallel instances that my individual wrong has seemed hardly worth urging. The fault of the present anomalous state of things rests more, in a general way, with our own country than with England; but when it comes to the direct offences of publishers, it is my conviction that the Englishmen are twice as culpable. The American publishers, if unauthorized, usually steal the purse alone; but the English publisher filches the good name, by his garbled editions."

Now, if I understand your Postscript—and I think it even harder to misunderstand than my paper seems to have been—you think that the American author has no longer any cause of complaint. You declare that "the English used to be in the business [of piracy], but they dropped out of it long ago." Most of the instances I have just given of the theft and mutilation of American books by British publishers have happened within the past few years, and since the time when you say this "bitter grievance passed out of this world and into its eternal grave." You maintain that these books suffered piracy "by their author's own fault, not England's, nor anybody else's." By this you mean, I take it, that the fault is the American author's and not the British pirate's. You seem to say that the American author alone is guilty, and that the British pirate is not even *particeps criminis*. After studying this passage of your Postscript, I can now better appreciate the force you lent to the arguments of Tom Sawyer, when you made him plead with Joe Harper not to be a hermit; after listening to Tom, Joe "conceded that there were some conspicuous advantages about a life of crime, and so consented to be a pirate."

You have called me a lawyer, and I regret greatly that I cannot return the compliment. If I could, I think there would have been no beginning to this discussion. The training of the law-school teaches us to consider a law broadly in all its bearings, to examine its working under different circumstances, to discover its effect not only on ourselves but on others, to determine whether its benefits and its hardships are distributed equally and equitably. And this—if you will allow me to say so—this is exactly what you have not done. Because the present British law protects you to your own satisfaction, you ask no more. You are even eager to declare it the best of all possible laws. Because you have been able to make your team

safe by a new patent lock, you are ready to blame rather the carelessness of those who leave their stable-doors open than the wickedness of the horse-thieves or the lax public opinion which makes horse-stealing possible.

What we desire from Great Britain is the enactment of a law which will give full copyright to every American book exactly as if its author were a British subject. From your Postscript it may fairly be inferred that you believe that this is what we have now. That we have not anything like this appears plainly enough on a strict examination of the English decisions by which the law was declared.

In the case of *Jefferies vs. Boosey* (4 H. of L. C., 815), heard in 1854, it was held that the object of the act 8 Anne (c. 19) was to encourage literature among British subjects, which description includes such foreigners as by residence in the United Kingdom owe the crown a temporary allegiance; and any such foreigner first publishing his work in the United Kingdom is entitled to the protection of the act, if he is anywhere in the British dominions at the time of publication, even though he came there solely with a view to this protection. Under this decision an American, having arranged for the publication of his book in London before it appeared in New York, and being in Canada when the book was issued in London, could protect the book as though he were a British subject.

Fourteen years later this doctrine may have received an extension. In 1868 the case of *Routledge vs. Low* (on appeal from *Low vs. Routledge*) was heard (3 H. L., L. R., 100), and the ruling in *Jefferies vs. Boosey* was affirmed, if not extended. In 1864 Miss Cummins, the author of the once popular novel *The Lamplighter*, made arrangements with Low to publish in London her new novel, *Haunted Hearts*; and, to avail herself of the privilege accorded by the ruling in *Jefferies vs. Boosey*, she went to Canada and remained there until after the book was issued in London. Routledge pirated *Haunted Hearts*, and Low sued out an injunction; then, in time, the case went to the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor rendered the decision of the court continuing the injunction, and thus protecting Miss Cummins. The Lord Chancellor went further; he thought that the act of 5 and 6 Victoria broadened the act of 8 Anne, and he said: "In my opinion the protection is given to every author who publishes in the United Kingdom, wheresoever that author may be resident or of whatever State he may be subject." As Miss Cummins had been resident in the British dominions at the time of the

publication of her book in London, the case did not turn on this point, and these remarks of Lord Cairns are *obiter dicta*. They were not altogether acceptable to all of the Lord Chancellor's associates. Lord Cranworth dissented somewhat, but thought "it a reasonable inference from the provisions of the Act that its benefits are conferred on all persons resident in any part of her Majesty's dominions, whether aliens or natural-born subjects, who, while so resident, first publish their works in the United Kingdom." Lord Chelmsford, with sincere respect for the Lord Chancellor's opinion, doubted whether it was well founded, although in the present case the residence of Miss Cummins in Canada was sufficient to confer on her "the same title to copyright upon the first publication of her work in England as a similar residence in the United Kingdom would have done." Lord Westbury agreed with Lord Cairns. Lord Colonsay had no doubt that "to obtain the protection of copyright the first publication must be within the United Kingdom," but he refused to express any opinion as to the necessity of residence, as a ruling on this point was not essential to a decision on the case before them.

From these two cases it appears that an American author can secure copyright in England by arranging with an English publisher to issue his book in the United Kingdom a day before it appears in the United States, and by being in Canada when his book is published in England. This much is certain. And it appears possible, and perhaps even probable, that the same protection may be claimed by prior publication in England, without a trip to Canada. But this is uncertain and insecure; there is as yet no decision on this question; and no case turning on this point has yet been taken to the highest court. Until such a case has been argued before the House of Lords there is no knowing how it will be decided when the question is finally raised. And when we make any assumption as to the possible or probable decision of any such case, we leave the solid ground of ascertained law for the quaking quagmire of hypothesis. If an American author wishes to make sure of an English copyright, there is only one course for him to pursue: he must publish his book in the United Kingdom before he publishes it in America, and he must be in the British dominions when it is so published in the United Kingdom.

If you will read your Postscript again, you will find that your statement of the law does not materially differ from mine, although,

being a lawyer, I have been obliged to avoid the varying inconsistency which enables you to say, in one paragraph, that the American author, to get a copyright in England, must go to Canada (just as though he were a fugitive alderman), and in another paragraph to insist that the English law now gives copyright to American authors "at cost of not a single penny, not a moment of time, not an iota of trouble." A trip to Canada costs at least an iota of trouble; and even if you succeed in evading the provisions of the Interstate-Commerce Law and travel on a pass, so that you do not spend a penny, it will take more than a moment of time.

You are wrong again in saying that England is "the only nation in the world that is magnanimous enough" to grant this, for France has granted a great deal more, not only to us, but to all the peoples of the world. The French law makes absolutely no distinction between the native and the foreigner. The British are a commercial people, like ourselves, and it is idle to expect from them the ethical delicacy or the fine feeling for legal logic which we find in the French. I have no desire to underestimate the importance of the privilege accorded to the American author by this British law—a law far in advance of anything yet enacted in America for the protection of the English author—more's the pity! It is a step in the right direction, and I wish we Americans would take as long a stride. We protect already the stage-right of the English dramatist, and I can see no reason why we should not also protect the copyright of the English novelist.

But, although this British law is a very good thing as far as it goes, it does not go far enough—it does not go as far as you seem to think. I am afraid that your feminine Postscript shows that you have fallen into another feminine habit: you have judged others by yourself. Because the law suits you well enough, you think that it is equally satisfactory to all. A trip to Canada is an easy thing for you, who live in Hartford, and who are rich enough to

"Endow a college or a cat."

It is not as easy for a poor author who may chance to live in Florida or in Texas. Prior publication in England is an easy thing for you, who can have half the publishers in England bidding for the honor and the profit of putting their imprint on your next book. It is not as easy for a young author, unknown to fame and to English publishers, modestly sending forth his first book, and doubting

whether it is worth printing or whether he has not been a fool for his pains.

The law which you like protects the books of an author of assured popularity—and that this is a great gain, an enormous gain, I have no desire to deny—but it does not protect the accidental success of an unknown author; and the history of literature is full of accidental successes. Often this first success is also the last, and an author who had lost the copyright of his first book might easily find that he had little profit from his later works.

To protect all the books of every American author in Great Britain as in the United States—this is the ideal law which we seek; but the law which seems to you ideal falls far short of this. There were nearly five thousand books published in the United States in 1886, and perhaps half of these were of American authorship. To protect them all, they would all have had to be published in England before they were published in America, and the author of each would have had to be in Canada, or at Bermuda, or the Bahamas, or somewhere else under the British flag, at the moment when his book was issued in London. The method by which an American may secure copyright in England is not a simple registration, for which a single fee is paid and a single certificate given; it is an elaborate mercantile operation, to be established by evidence, written and parole. Prior publication means that a book shall be advertised, offered for sale and bought over the counter, in England, before it is issued in America. To demand from every American author prior publication of his book in England is to lay a heavy burden on him—a burden that it is often absolutely impossible for him to bear.

To require that the whole of his book shall be published first in England is greatly to increase this burden nowadays, when more than half of our literature appears first in a serial of some sort, a monthly magazine or a weekly journal. In many cases, the imposing of the condition of complete and prior publication in England must operate as a preventive of copyright. The leading American magazines are now published in London a day or two before they appear in New York, and the authors who contribute to these may avail themselves of the protection of the English law, by residing in Canada on the day when each number is issued. But it is obviously impossible that weekly journals like *Puck* and *The Christian Union* and *Harper's Bazar* should have prior publication in England. Whatever, therefore, is printed in these journals, or in the hun-

dreds of other American weekly papers, can be pirated by any British publisher who may think it worth his while, despite the utmost endeavor of the American author.

If Miss Anna Katherine Green contributes a serial to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, or if Mr. Howells writes a story for *Harper's Weekly*, the prior publication of the completed book in England will not help them. American authors must choose between the possible loss of their English copyrights and the refusal to contribute to any serial every number of which is not issued in England before it appears in America. Colonel Higginson's *Common Sense about Women* was a series of essays written especially for the *Woman's Journal*; but even if Colonel Higginson had published his book in England before it was published in America, and had gone to Canada for the day, he could not have prevented Sonnenschein from stealing it, and garbling it as he has seen fit to do.

To show still further the inadequacy of the British law which you accept as better than our simple American statute, I will cite only two more instances, both of them from the literary history of residents of Hartford. If this law had been declared when Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the greatest book yet written by an American, it would not have protected *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that work would still have been as free to the British pirate as it is now. Mrs. Stowe composed the story as a serial, and it appeared in instalments in a weekly paper of Washington. The authoress was modestly unsuspecting of the value of her work; she would not have thought of going to Canada, even if she had then had the means; she could not have arranged prior publication in England, even if she had had the wish, for she was then unknown to any English publisher; and even if she had done so, it would have availed her nothing, because the story had first appeared from week to week in an American weekly, as fast as it was written.

The other case may come home to you even more closely. One of the most abundantly popular of the books written by American authors in the past quarter of a century is the *Innocents Abroad*. It was made up of letters printed from time to time in the newspapers. Now, I do not think that the author of this book had any idea that it would be as successful as it was; I doubt if he would then have found it easy to secure its prior publication in England, while he went on a visit to Canada; and I am sure that if he had tried so to protect it, the effort could not have profited him, for the

British pirate would have been free to reproduce from the newspapers the original letters just as they had been printed, with all the slips and errors of a careless correspondence.

But I think I need say no more. As you wrote recently, in a letter to another correspondent, "I stop there; I never pursue a person after I have got him down."

To a popular American author, sure of his audience in both countries, the British law, as laid down in *Jefferies vs. Boosey* and again in *Routledge vs. Low*, often affords a fair shelter against the pirate. To all others, it is as a tottering wall and a broken hedge. For ten that it guards, there are a thousand that it leaves defenceless and bare. I hope that you will not still think me in need of a change of air or in danger of an asylum, when I repeat what I said in the article which was the exciting cause of your appealing and pathetic Postscript. The remedy for the present deplorable state of affairs is to change the law—in the United Kingdom as in the United States. It is for us here in America now to make the next move. England has taken the first step—although it is not as wide a stride as you are pleased to think it. Our turn it is now to advance along the path of honesty and justice. England will meet us half-way. England stands ready to grant us all we ask, if we are prepared to do as we are done by. As yet, I am sorry to say, the people of these United States are in a condition of ethical inertia, so far as this subject is concerned, and it is not easy to arouse them to motion; but when a popular movement does come at last, as surely it will come soon, its momentum will be irresistible. In the meantime, let us dwell together in unity and labor together for the good cause.

Wherefore, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. Clemens,

Yours very truly,

THE TARIFF IN JAPAN.

THE political and commercial relations of Japan with the nations of Europe and America have long been trammelled by conditions not only perilous to the material welfare of the eastern empire, but subversive of her authority as an independent State. In the treaties imposed upon her thirty years ago, which she is still constrained to observe, two provisions were introduced, the rigid enforcement of which has retarded her prosperity and deprived her of essential attributes of sovereignty. She was compelled to surrender, apparently forever, the control of her customs tariff, and to acquiesce in the permanent exemption of foreigners from the jurisdiction of her courts. The refusal of the European powers to release her from these stipulations, the harshness and injustice of which are acknowledged by all impartial observers, is rapidly leading to consequences which can scarcely fail to command the attention of the western world. Americans, in particular, are morally bound to watch with interest the struggle in which Japan will presently be engaged, and to extend an intelligent sympathy to the Government and people for whose painful embarrassments this republic is in a measure responsible.

For the origin of the tariff which has been made an instrument of oppression since the earliest days of mercantile association, we must look to the treaty negotiated in 1858 by Townsend Harris, the first diplomatic agent from the United States to the then unknown and isolated empire. At that period the Japanese had no conception of the results that were to follow the opening of their land to foreign intercourse. Mr. Harris had lived alone among them for two years, preparing them, as far as he could, for the impending change in their destiny, and offering friendly counsel for their guidance through the difficulties they were soon to encounter. He had found the way to their confidence, and they accepted his assurances of the necessity for a fixed scale of customs duties as complacently as they yielded to his proposals concerning all other international requirements. The rates of impost were decided wholly by him, without a suggestion on their side. The situation was delicate, but his method of dealing

with the unusual circumstances showed the thorough honesty of his intentions. Although reared in the faith of free trade, he made no attempt to obtrude that doctrine upon the inexperienced rulers who placed themselves unreservedly in his hands. He foresaw, at least partially, the commercial pressure to which they would be subjected, and desired to provide them with sufficient and effective means of self-protection. If his skill in framing the articles of agreement had been equal to the integrity of his purpose, the Japanese would have been spared many of the calamities which foreign trade has brought upon them.

In this primitive tariff the provisions were necessarily few in number and general in application. Minute adjustment of details was left to the future, when the mutual conditions of traffic should be more clearly defined. The import duties were 5 per cent. ad valorem upon effects supposed to be required for the subsistence of aliens or for the conduct of their business, and 20 per cent. upon all goods brought for sale. Personal property was declared free, and intoxicating beverages were taxed 35 per cent. One article was absolutely prohibited. Notwithstanding the seclusion in which they lived, the Japanese were well informed of the ravages caused by opium in China, and were firmly resolved to exclude that drug. In earlier treaties with Holland and Russia, their right to reject it had been admitted, and Mr. Harris was so heartily in accord with them on this point that the restriction was set forth not only in his "trade regulations," but also in the body of the treaty. A fine was imposed for attempts to smuggle opium, and American ships were forbidden to bring a larger quantity than four pounds into port, even for their own use—the surplus, in case of transgression, being condemned to seizure and destruction. Upon all exportations of native products a duty of 5 per cent. was established.

Mr. Harris was not blind to the imperfections of his work, which, indeed, was little better than a foundation upon which a more substantial structure might afterward be built, but he was driven to hasty action by the approach, in 1858, of a combined English and French naval force, whose demands it was essential to forestall. He warned the Japanese officials that they would be liable to severe exactions, unless they could exhibit a precedent by which their negotiations could be regulated. They were quick to discern the expediency of concluding an agreement with a minister who brought only moral influences to bear upon them, before the advent of the formidable

emissaries who had recently startled all Asia by their triumphant overthrow of the Chinese arms. The agent of the United States had barely time to embody the broad principles which should properly govern the relations of Japan with the outer world. The rulers of the empire were fortunate in having in this emergency an adviser of lofty and generous character. His opportunities for inflicting injury, had he been thus inclined, were almost without limit, but he toiled as earnestly for the welfare of the country to which he was accredited as for the interests which he directly represented. He would have been glad to omit from the treaty every limitation of Japan's autonomy, but this was forbidden by the express instructions of his Government. His unwillingness to impose commercial restraints was demonstrated by a "regulation" declaring that after five years' experience of trade the whole schedule of duties should be "subject to revision," at the demand of the Japanese.

Scarcely had this treaty been executed when the expected visitors, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, entered the Bay of Yedo with a fleet of such magnitude as to amaze and appall the simple islanders. The English Ambassador had filled many positions of honor in his own country, and enjoyed more than a national repute for probity and humanity. He was not at all in accord with the errand upon which he had been sent. His diary and letters, as well as his public utterances in the East, testify that he had no feelings but contempt and disgust for the system of persecution and pillage instituted by Great Britain in various parts of Asia. But he had undertaken a definite task, from which he could not escape, however distasteful the performance might be. By a happy chance, the time allowed him for effecting a treaty was brief, and he was more than ready to avail himself of the formulas provided by Mr. Harris. The document signed by him on the 26th of August, 1858, was in most respects identical with that previously drawn by the American Consul-General. The Japanese had been urgently admonished that their safety depended upon its exact and literal identity, but the changes proposed by the British functionary were supported by too tremendous an array of physical strength to be easily rejected. By the alteration of a single line in the tariff he destroyed its entire plan and scope, and opened the way for infringements which disordered the domestic industries of the empire, and reduced the revenue from customs to utter insignificance and worthlessness.

Lord Elgin was not an expert in political economy, and his ideas

of free trade were by no means in harmony with those of the uncompromising British merchant; but he knew that he was expected to take some steps toward facilitating the sale of English manufactures, and had been informed that cotton and woollen stuffs were the most profitable exports to Asiatic regions. He therefore added these goods to the list of articles not intended for the market, which Mr. Harris had rated at 5 per cent. Having thus inserted the wedge of destruction, he went on his course rejoicing. The Japanese were too terrified to object, and, in their ignorance of what was in store, regarded the transaction as of slight importance compared with the danger of arousing the mighty ambassador's resentment. Baron Gros, whose labors were confined to the faithful imitation of all that was done by his colleague, placed two of his country's staples, cotton and linen fabrics, in the 5 per cent. class. Delegates from other European governments, attracted by the prospect of sharing the newly granted privileges, hastened to the spot and secured similar compacts. The Dutch commissioner, in fact, went to the length of including "all sorts of manufactures" in the diminished rates; but this sweeping measure appears to have escaped general notice, or was perhaps found impracticable, since it was not adopted by subsequent negotiators. All who followed within the next three or four years contented themselves with classifying at 5 per cent. the favorite exports of their respective lands.

Mr. Harris was greatly disturbed by the failure of the Japanese to abide by his counsel, but the mischief was irremediable at the moment, and the only hope of retrieval was in the provision, recognized alike by all the contracting parties, that the tariff should be "subject to revision" in 1864. As long as he remained at his post he endeavored to prefigure the disasters that would ensue if the full control of the customs were not resumed. But he was confronted at every turn by the strenuous opposition of the European ministers who had been sent to Yedo in conformity with the treaties of 1858. Instigated to constant activity by the diligent envoy from Great Britain, these apostles of free trade sought by every imaginable device to enlarge the field of commercial operations. The empire was agitated by internal dissensions, and the tribulations of the rulers were aggravated in the hope that alien interests might thereby be promoted. Political quarrels were forced upon them, the settlement of which could be purchased only by repeated mercantile concessions. They were led to believe themselves on the verge of overwhelming

dangers, from which no escape was possible except by prematurely opening their cities to foreign occupation and proffering reductions of the import duties. In 1862 they were cajoled into proposing the abolition of the 35 per cent. tax upon wines and spirits, and in 1864 they strove to avert an armed invasion by transferring a large number of western manufactures from the classification of 20 per cent. to that of 5 per cent. A treaty contracted with Switzerland in the last-named year, when the European fleets were gathering for the assault, formally authorized the admission of almost every conceivable ware at the lowest rate. The privileges thus conferred were necessarily shared by all the powers, through the operation of the "most favored nation" clause in each of the compacts. Long before this occurrence Mr. Harris had retired from the scene, and his successors, for many years, took no pains to follow the line of action which he had marked out. From 1861 until 1873 the Legation of the United States was little better than a subordinate agency for registering and enforcing the decrees of her Britannic Majesty's minister.

In 1865 the first English representative was replaced by an individual whose intolerance, rapacity, and cruelty had already rendered him an object of abhorrence to Oriental races. His earlier career, in China, had been stained by deeds of such enormity as to call forth vehement denunciations from leaders of all parties in Parliament. To secure a trifling advantage to his trading countrymen he had on one occasion incited a bloody war, absolutely without provocation, in which countless innocent lives were sacrificed. But his energy and industry were undisputed, and although branded with infamy at home, he was considered a suitable guardian of British interests in the far East. From the moment of his arrival in Japan he made himself a terror to the Government and the populace. Wasting little time in preliminaries, he addressed himself to the task of reducing still further the imposts which diverted a small fraction of the gains of his *clientèle* into the imperial treasury. It was notorious that, under the existing system, the revenue from customs was barely sufficient to pay the cost of its collection, but this was a matter of no concern to the agent of the greatest of mercantile nations. His first step was to secure the coöperation of the three other diplomats then in Yedo, which was readily accorded. The envoy of Holland was quite as eager for commercial immunities as his more powerful associate. The orders of the French minister required

him to adhere to the general policy of Great Britain, and the service of the United States was temporarily in the hands of a feeble Dutch interpreter, acting as *chargé d'affaires*, who submitted himself at all times to English influence and dictation.

In June, 1866, the Japanese were notified that a joint treaty, approved by the four agents, awaited their acceptance. As was usual when movements of aggression were contemplated, an imposing squadron had been summoned, and was prepared for hostile action in a contiguous port. The Government had been taught, by dire experience, the peril of refusing compliance with British demands. In two recent crises it had been called upon to undertake tasks which were admitted by competent authorities to be utterly beyond its power, and the failure to perform these obvious impossibilities had been punished by furious bombardments, the partial demolition of flourishing towns, with the slaughter of their inhabitants, and the exaction of fines amounting to nearly \$500,000 in one instance and \$3,000,000 in the other. It was now engaged in a death-struggle with revolutionary forces, and was more than ever incapable of resistance. No attention was given to its needs or desires, nor was it seriously consulted at any stage of the proceedings. It was reminded, indeed, that the date at which the duties might be "subject to revision" had passed, and was informed that since the opportunity had been neglected by Japan, the foreign commissioners would charge themselves with the business. There was no pretence of fulfilling the obligation originally implied in the stipulation for revision. This had been designed in good faith, as a safeguard for the Japanese, but the new instrument was framed exclusively for the benefit of aliens, and the native officials were peremptorily ordered to recognize its validity.

The avowed intention of this compulsory tariff was to provide specific duties, so far as was practicable, on an assumed basis of 5 per cent., and to assess at the same rate *ad valorem* all articles not especially designated, excepting a few which were declared free, as in the earlier agreement. The clause prohibiting opium remained in force, the British minister not venturing, at that period, to defy the opinion of the civilized world by annulling it. But it was soon discovered that the specific import duties were so adjusted as to yield considerably less than 5 per cent. upon goods in which Europeans were accustomed to deal. The average proved to be a little more than 4 per cent. Upon exports the average was about 3½

per cent. No demonstration is needed to show that a tariff of this description was hardly worth putting into operation. That it could be regarded as interposing the slightest obstacle to foreign commerce was the most ridiculous of assumptions. But the protector of British trade was still unsatisfied. Looking forward with inexorable greed, he discerned possibilities of traffic under a lower scale than any yet applied, and secured an acknowledgment that additional reductions might be demanded by the subscribing parties at certain dates, and upon conditions always favorable to the strangers. Alterations of this nature were now and again carried into effect, until it seemed that the Japanese would suffer no appreciable loss if their custom-houses were summarily closed and the free entrance of all merchandise were permitted.

It is recorded that during the year immediately preceding the revolution by which the Shogun's Government was overthrown, no revenue whatever was derived from customs. The expiring régime was probably unable to bear the expense of fitly maintaining a service from which no benefit accrued. After the restoration of imperial authority, in 1868, the bureaus of finance were reorganized, and a thorough examination disclosed the evils already suffered, together with the gloomy outlook for the future. Many important industries were deranged to an irreparable extent. European goods had been forced into the country with the profusion and the disregard of immediate recompense familiar to all who have studied the processes of English market-building. Domestic manufactures had been superseded by underselling, until their production had slackened ominously, the wares of Birmingham and Manchester usurping their places. The native cotton trade, to give an example, was paralyzed, and threatened with extinction. Artisans and merchants throughout the nation found their occupation gone before they could rightly understand the causes of the ruin that overshadowed them. Wherever British competition attacked them, their inability to stand against the combinations of western capital was speedily manifest. The rivalries thus instituted were not numerous in the beginning, but they were sufficient to disturb the long-established conditions of interdependence, and to blight with poverty and misery vast districts where comfort and contentment had always dwelt. In a community like that of Japan, knitted together for centuries by the mutual exchange of commodities, any disturbing element may lead to universal calamity. The civil war which swept

over the empire in 1868 was infinitely less devastating in its effect upon the solid prosperity of the people than the disruption caused by the commercial invasion of the few preceding years.

The situation of the Government was deplorable. From the outgoing Administration it inherited an empty treasury and a crushing burden of debt. In addition to the unsettled liabilities of the conflict just terminated, it was compelled to assume all foreign obligations incurred, however recklessly, under the negligent sway of its predecessor. The old machinery of taxation was wholly inadequate for the constantly increasing needs. In all ages the rulers had been dependent for their revenues upon the land-holders, who were assessed in proportion to the value of the ground they occupied. The income thus gathered had been ample in the frugal past, but was utterly insufficient in the altered condition of affairs. Intercourse with strangers had largely augmented the national expenditure, and at the same time had drained the sources of supply. The cultivators of cotton, sugar, and other staples which had been partially extinguished by excessive importation, were incapable of meeting the demands upon them. In several provinces the levy could not be collected by any process. Attempts to enforce it provoked revolts and involved the authorities in political as well as financial complications. For a number of years the disbursements were greatly in excess of the receipts, and the deficiency could be covered only by enormous issues of paper money. The gradual growth of external commerce wrought nothing but injury, for the indulgence in foreign novelties cost the country many millions of treasure, which were never reimbursed by an equivalent influx from abroad. Until nearly 1880 the balance of trade was heavily adverse. While the necessities of the Government increased alarmingly, the means of satisfying them were rapidly diminished. No appreciable relief was afforded by the customs returns, which seldom rose to \$1,000,000, and which have never, to this day, reached \$3,000,000 a year.

By the exercise of a rigid economy and the employment of expedients which at times appeared desperate, the finances were slowly brought to a less chaotic condition. Taxes were judiciously extended, and distributed with a nearer approach to evenness, although the principal weight still rested upon the agricultural class. For this inequality, as for other irregularities, the rulers could not be held accountable, many of the most natural and legitimate channels of

revenue being closed by the treaties. Keenly alive to the hardships of their position, and filled with anxiety for the future, they repeatedly petitioned for the removal of their disabilities. Their grievances were communicated to the western governments, not only through the ordinary diplomatic agencies, but frequently by messengers appointed expressly for this duty. The special tariff revision promised in 1864 had been dishonestly turned to their disadvantage, but a more comprehensive revision of the treaties as a whole had also been guaranteed to take place in 1872. A commission composed of some of the highest nobles and several of the foremost statesmen of the empire was despatched in this year to America and Europe, in the hope of securing a modification, if not the suppression, of the onerous and humiliating provisions. This dignified and impressive embassy was received with barely a show of courtesy, except in the United States, and was coldly referred back to the envoys who had been chiefly instrumental in reducing the nation to its pitiable strait.

Thus the destinies of Japan were delivered over to a body of unscrupulous confederates from whom no mercy could be expected, and who were actuated by no considerations but those of selfishness and voracity. Their policy was inspired, as before, by the English representative, whose temper was now exhibited without disguise, and whose actions betrayed a determination to override even the nominal barriers of legality which he had formerly deemed it prudent to respect. In his eagerness to clutch at the few remaining opportunities for extorting gain, he did not hesitate to resort to fraud. When the traffic in coal had reached a remunerative stage, he promulgated a decree which he falsely declared to have been sanctioned and endorsed by the Government, authorizing his countrymen—and with them the traders of all nations—to refuse payment of the export duty upon that product, and thereby despoiled the treasury of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The native officials felt that it would be hazardous to gainsay him, for his outbursts of violence, when thwarted in any project, were like the acts of a madman. He personally assaulted those who excited his ire, and threatened to employ the naval and military forces stationed near his legation if his behests were not unquestioningly obeyed. Learning at one time that the local magistrates of Yokohama were taking steps to check smuggling, he publicly and insultingly proclaimed his intention to line the sea-wall of that port with British troops, in order to facili-

tate and protect the landing of boats from British ships at any desired point, and without regard to the business in which they might be concerned. These and other indignities, the record of which is not here extended for the reason that many of them were connected with matters apart from the subject of this paper, were suffered in silent grief and shame, the conviction having been forced upon his victims that no complaint would be entertained by his superiors in England, and that his course of insolence and outrage, if not openly approved, would be tacitly sustained. So disheartened were they that when, in 1877, the minister executed his last and most audacious commercial *coup*, and attempted, by virtue of a judicial decision pronounced at his command, to set aside the restrictions upon opium, and lay Japan, like China, open to the devastations of this deadly scourge, for the gratification of those who sought to enrich themselves by the proscribed traffic—so intimidated were they that they shrank from arraigning him before his Government and the world, and left to others the labor of frustrating his malevolent purpose. By the efforts of disinterested humanitarians in England and elsewhere the scheme was defeated; but the trembling reluctance of the Japanese to hold their enemy to account, even when morally assured of redress for long-standing grievances, enabled him to escape the punishment that for a while hung over him.

Upon the retirement of this ruthless persecutor, a few years later, renewed appeals were made to the European States, but invariably with discouraging results. Conferences for "treaty revision" have twice been held in Japan, the foreign ministers continuing to act as commissioners for their respective governments, and steadfastly refusing, as of old, to accept any genuine proposal for relaxation of the bonds in which the crippled empire writhes. The brutalities of the earlier period may no longer be displayed, but the resolution to withhold political and commercial autonomy is yet unshaken. The prizes, actual and prospective, are too tempting to be voluntarily relinquished by the trading powers. Japan's faculty of endurance is the astonishment of all observers. The public expenditure has risen to \$80,000,000, toward the liquidation of which \$2,500,000 only are contributed by the customs.* With a properly constructed tariff *for revenue only*, the amount would be from \$12,000,000 to

* In free-trading England the duties on imports pay one-third of the public disbursements. In the United States the same duties much more than cover the entire ordinary expenditure.

\$15,000,000. A tariff *for protection*, without which substantial prosperity in that region is absolutely unattainable, would produce not less than \$30,000,000. It would be easy to point out the vast and innumerable benefits which would accompany the application of a well-adjusted system of fostering economy, but the design of this article is rather to represent the lamentable state to which a thrifty, intelligent, and spirited country has been brought by the inability to exercise an undisputed inherent right. The past twenty years have witnessed no satisfactory development of the national resources. The Government is beset on all sides by fiscal embarrassments. The greater part of its income is still obtained by taxation upon land—an impost which the populace regard with detestation, and against the prolongation of which angry protests have been sounded. The vital forces of the empire are cramped by unnatural fetters, and the struggle for relief may at any moment precipitate internal disorders which every friend of its amiable and interesting people would earnestly deplore. To attain the healthful activity essential to its welfare and progress it must repossess itself of the independence of which it was defrauded a quarter of a century ago. How to regain that precious privilege is the problem that remains to be solved.

If the lessons of the last score of years have any value, it is plain that Japan can base no hopes upon the good-will of the commercial states of Europe. Nor has she, up to the present time, had reason to place much reliance upon the coöperation of America. That she is entitled, however, to look in this direction for assistance, no person familiar with the relations of the two countries can deny. It should never be forgotten that the United States compelled her in the first place to emerge from seclusion and enter upon the stormy course in which she has encountered so many perils. In recognition of this fact, the treaty of 1858 contained an extraordinary and unparalleled provision, pledging the President to "act as a friendly mediator in such matters of difference as may arise between the Government of Japan and any European Power." For a long time the Japanese regarded this declaration with implicit faith, which they did not renounce until their confidence was chilled by continuous failures to fulfil it. By the same treaty, moreover, they were misled into believing that their surrender of tariff control would terminate in 1864, and that their political liberties would be restored in 1872. Through a verbal error for which the United States minister was solely answerable, the agents of the trading powers were enabled to

prolong and multiply indefinitely the disabilities which were intended to last only a few years. These truths have been repeatedly admitted by successive administrations at Washington, but nothing has been done to repair the evil caused by an American envoy's fatal mistake, nor to redeem the solemn promise of mediation in the event of European aggression. Pleasant words have been abundant. No executive message appears without a complimentary reference to the enterprising empire of the Pacific, and an assurance that the republic is ever watchful of its aspiring neighbor's advancement. But the one thing needful is not vouchsafed. Until the United States formally and frankly release Japan from the cruel impositions of the treaty, these meaningless proffers of sympathy are an affliction and not a solace.

It is certain that measures of relief cannot be long deferred. The tension is too severe to be sustained. Japan must either boldly revoke the compacts, or render them inoperative by inaugurating a new and equitable system of intercourse with a powerful ally. The latter course could be taken without delay if the State Department at Washington would move in the matter. No preparations are requisite. Articles of agreement have been ready for enactment since 1878, and the President has only to affix his signature. The consent of the Senate is a foregone conclusion. Fortified by so emphatic a proof of righteous intention on the part of the United States, Japan's demand for similar action elsewhere could not be repelled. The freedom, the prosperity, and the happiness of a sorely tried nation may truly be said to depend upon the prompt performance of a long-neglected duty by a Government which owes its own existence to the spirit that resists abuse of power, and whose history bears eloquent testimony against the wrongs of injustice and oppression.

E. H. HOUSE.

THE DANGERS OF SURPLUS REVENUE.

THE Honorable Andrew D. White, who lately represented the United States at the court of Berlin, was once asked what single fact seemed to impress foreigners the most strongly with a sense of the vigor and importance of the American people. It was not until after a moment's thought that the following somewhat surprising reply was made: "I think it is the monthly statements made by the Treasury Department, showing the continuous and rapid payment of the public debt." And, indeed, the management of the public debt is worthy the respect of any statesman. The results which it has achieved are unparalleled in fiscal history. At the close of the late war the interest-bearing debt of the Federal Government amounted to \$2,381,000,000; it is now, if we exclude the Pacific sixes from our estimate, less than \$1,000,000,000. From this it appears that the "legacy of the war" has been extinguished at the rate of \$60,000,000 per annum. Such a statement, however, does not adequately portray the efficiency of the policy adopted. In 1865 the *per-capita* debt of the United States, that is to say, the total debt, less cash in the treasury, was \$78.25; in 1880 it amounted to \$37.74; at the present time it is \$21.66. In 1865 the *per-capita* interest charged on account of the debt was \$4.29; in 1880 it had fallen to \$1.56; at the present time it is \$.70.

It is with no desire to disparage so brilliant a record that I venture to speak of one unfortunate fact in the fiscal system which alone has rendered this record possible. It is beyond question that the debt has been paid with ease because of the embarrassments which attend all proposals for the reduction of taxes. At no time is it a light task to remit taxes, but it is especially difficult when revenue machinery is used for other than revenue purposes. Customs duties are believed by some to encourage home industry, while internal duties are supposed by others to discourage the use of whiskeys and tobacco; and whether the financier attacks the one or the other source of revenue he encounters the hostility of a passionate sentiment. In the midst of such conflicting opinions as to the proper method of procedure it is no wonder that the old

fiscal system, framed to meet conditions of war, remains practically unchanged. The result is that the Federal Government is burdened with surplus funds, and there is no reason to expect a change of policy until the dangers which lie in surplus financiering are clearly apprehended. To suggest these dangers is the purpose of the present paper.

It will be of assistance in gaining a clear idea of what is meant by the phrase surplus revenue, if we conceive all Federal expenditures to be divided into two classes: the one including all ordinary expenditures, as, for example, appropriations for pensions, for the army and navy, for interest on the public debt, and the like; the other including all payments which result in the reduction of the principal of the public debt. But the moneys devoted to this purpose are in their turn drawn from two separate funds, namely, the sinking fund and the surplus fund. These funds may be easily described.

The Federal sinking fund was established by the fifth section of the law of February 25, 1862. It is there stated that an amount of money equal to one per cent. of the outstanding indebtedness shall each year be devoted to the reduction of the public debt, to which shall be added each year a sum equal to the interest accruing on all obligations so redeemed. It is this appropriation which is termed the sinking fund, and which, after the payment of current interest, is made a first lien upon customs receipts. According to the letter of the law other appropriations cannot be met until the claims of the sinking fund are satisfied. The surplus fund, on the other hand, which, like the sinking fund, has hitherto been devoted to the extinction of the public debt, is made up of such moneys as are left over after all definite appropriations are satisfied. It is not mandatory upon the Secretary of the Treasury to use this fund in paying the public debt, but no officer would for a moment think of retaining large sums of money in the treasury vaults while any part of the debt remained outstanding upon which it could be economically expended.

Let us see how the accounts of the Federal Government stand in the light of the classification of expenditures thus suggested, for in this manner only can we gain any adequate idea of the magnitude of the existing surplus. These accounts are presented in the following table, which shows the gross income to the Government, the expenditures for ordinary appropriations, the amounts paid on

account of the sinking fund, and the amount of surplus revenue for each fifth year since 1860:

Table Showing the Income and Expenditure of the Federal Government.

| For year ending June 30. | Total receipts, loans excluded, except for 1865. | Total expenditure, excluding payments on the principal of the public debt. | Amounts paid on account of the sinking fund. | Surplus revenue, sinking- fund payments excluded. | Surplus revenue as ordina- rily understood. |
|-----------------------------|--|---|---|---|--|
| 1860 | \$81,000,000 | \$77,000,000 | | | |
| 1865 | 1,801,000,000 | 1,896,000,000 | | | |
| 1870 | 411,000,000 | 309,000,000 | \$24,000,000 | \$78,000,000 | \$103,000,000 |
| 1875 | 288,000,000 | 250,000,000 | 25,000,000 | 13,000,000 | 38,000,000 |
| 1880 | 333,000,000 | 276,000,000 | 44,000,000 | 22,000,000 | 66,000,000 |
| 1886 | 336,000,000 | 242,000,000 | 45,000,000 | 49,000,000 | 94,000,000 |

Many interesting facts would be disclosed had we time to analyze with care the items which make up the totals of what I have termed ordinary expenditures. It seems to have been the purpose of our legislators to reduce as far as possible the actual surplus revenue by making lavish appropriations of all sorts. It is remarkable that the running expenses of a government should have increased fourfold in twenty years. It is true that the interest on the public debt, and the army and navy pensions, are properly charged to the account of the war; but these items do not adequately explain the magnitude of the customary operations of the federal treasury. In one respect, indeed, the figures do not convey the correct impression. It appears from the second column that the expenditures of the Government have declined since 1870, being \$309,000,000 in that year as against \$242,000,000 in 1886. But such a comparison is deceptive, for it overlooks the fact that the interest on the public debt has declined during the same period from \$123,000,000 to \$50,000,000. This shows the actual expenditures, exclusive of interest payments, to have increased rather than decreased, as the figures seem to imply.

With regard to the third and fourth columns in the above table, it may be said that there is no present necessity for keeping the sinking fund separate from the surplus fund. It is done out of deference to a useless and cumbersome law which never has had, and never can have, any direct bearing on the payment of the public debt. Whether we consider the political and social tendencies of superabundant revenue, or estimate the effect of a surplus on the commerce and trade of the country, or consider the increasing danger to the banking system from the continued payment of the

debt, or ask respecting the measures to be adopted for paying the debt in the future; in every case the real surplus to be calculated upon is the amount annually due the sinking fund plus the excess of revenue over all specific appropriations. This is what is meant when it is said that the surplus of the current year is about \$100,000,000.

But coming directly to the question in hand, what are the evils of a surplus reserve? That a bounteous revenue can be the source of evil tendencies will doubtless occasion surprise on the part of many who take pride in being citizens of a government that is accounted wealthy. And yet, so long as public opinion forbids the Federal Government from entering upon public improvements in a broad and systematic manner, this pride of wealth which the American feels in the presence of an overflowing treasury is wholly without reason. It fails to recognize that the source of public revenue is taxation, and that unless the Government can use the money thus secured from the tax-payer more advantageously for him than he could use it for himself, he is deprived of pleasures which he might otherwise enjoy.

It is not, however, such obvious truths of taxation that I wish to bring into view, but rather to emphasize some of the occult tendencies which lie wrapped up in a policy of surplus financiering. And in this connection we will first consider the manner in which taxes that are too prolific affect the working of constitutional governments in general; second, some special dangers to which the American people are exposed at the present time from the fact that Congress has too much money at its disposal; and lastly, the relation of surplus revenue to commerce and industries.

Those who read this essay need hardly be reminded that popular government was born out of a struggle over public income and public expenditure. The development of constitutional liberty cannot be separated from the development of the modern budget. Under the extreme form of the old proprietary theory of kingship, private property was what the king graciously permitted his subjects to retain as their own; but under the modern political theory of stateship, public property is what the people think it essential to grant in order to serve the most perfectly their collective interests. We are apt to think, because of the success of the popular cause in the past, that nothing now remains but to enjoy the political estate our fathers have gained. Such a thought is far from true. A

tyrannous government and an irresponsible government are one and the same thing; and the results of tyranny will surely be experienced by a people who trust to political machinery for the conservation of their rights. Money is power, and will continue to be power as long as the attributes of the human mind remain what they are. Any government, no matter what its form, that can exercise a control over the distribution of money without arousing the jealousy of the people, is in a position to govern without consulting the people. Under such conditions popular government will surely degenerate into government by faction.

It is beyond controversy that the people will not care enough about the details of public expenditure to exercise their prerogative of directing public administration, so long as the votes of their representatives do not occasion the levy of new taxes. It is a fundamental principle of finance that income should adjust itself to expenditure; but where there is a surplus of revenue the principle is turned end for end, and expenditure is adjusted to income. For years Congress has acted on the tacit assumption that Federal income is the private property of the Federal Government, and that, like trustees of a rich institution, its only duty is to discover avenues of judicious expenditure. The influence of such a state of affairs is demoralizing in the extreme. It is felt by electors as well as legislators. The truth is, a deficit from time to time is more to be desired than a constant surplus. The people will be more careful to exercise control over expenditures if the minister of finance is obliged to use the language of poverty than if they are made to feel rich by the portrayal of an ever-increasing surplus; the legislative body, also, will be more careful as to appropriations if deficits stare them in face, than if their deliberations are carried on in the presence of an overflowing treasury.

There can be no more pertinent testimony to this claim than that presented in the history of the United States Congress during the last few years. Resting secure in the carelessness of a people conscious of being rich, and having at their disposal an enormous revenue, our national representatives have made appropriations which would have caused the downfall of any party had these appropriations rendered necessary an appeal to taxes. Let us consider a single item of expenditure by way of illustration.

One who reads the history of pension acts in this country must be impressed by the liberality of spirit in which they were conceived.

No one can for a moment question the wisdom or the justice of making generous provision for soldiers and sailors injured in their country's service; but of late years the generosity of the American people has been shamefully abused. It is right in law, as in morals, that arrears of pensions should be paid to those to whom pensions are justly due, yet who for some reason had neglected to make application within the time prescribed by law; but the practical effect of the Arrearage-Pensions Act of 1879 has been to invite an organized raid on the public treasury for the pressing of spurious claims. The history of the bill while in the hands of Congress shows either culpable negligence or a determined purpose on the part of shrewd factions to get rid of the surplus moneys at any cost. "The bill passed the House under a suspension of the rules, without debate, and apparently without having been considered by the proper committee. It was rushed through the Senate in the same unceremonious manner, and in the short debate there is an absence of any effort to discover what would be the effects of the bill should it become a law. . . . The Pension Bureau never made an estimate of the cost of the arrears bill until after it had become a law." * The Secretary of the Interior thought \$41,000,000 would be all the execution of the bill would demand, but the Commissioner of Pensions estimated in 1881 that the act would consume, sooner or later, \$510,000,000. In the year 1886 \$63,000,000 were paid away in pensions, a figure which seems enormous when it is remembered that the Imperial Government of Germany expends but \$83,000,000 in the support of her entire army, while her pension list does not exceed \$5,500,000. It is not too much to say that a great fraud has been foisted on the American people by the combined interests of party leaders and pension agents. And the important point for us to notice is, that this could not have been done had it not been for the existence of revenue laws which filled the treasury to bursting with surplus moneys.

The demoralizing influence of surplus revenue cannot be well over-estimated. One of the arguments urged in favor of the pensions act was, that the annual distribution of so large a sum of money would be a "financial irrigation to the land. When the business men come to see this they will be on our side." Mr. Carlisle declares that "a large surplus in the treasury constitutes the most dangerous corruption fund that can possibly menace the

* David A. Wells, in *Lalor's Encyclopadia*, article, "Pensions."

integrity of legislation," and his words in confirmation of this statement are well worth our reading.

"Already vast schemes of spoliation [he says] are being devised. . . . Some propose to purchase and operate all the railroads, telegraphs, steam vessels, and other means of transportation and communication, at an expense of thousands of millions; some want the general Government to pay a part or the whole of the cost of education in the several States; some want to grant bounties and subsidies to sugar growers and owners of steamship lines, as if they were engaged in more meritorious occupations than the people who produce corn and wheat, or who are employed in other industrial pursuits; some want to increase the pensions already allowed, and grant additional ones, to the deserving and undeserving alike; some want the Government to loan money to the people to start in business or pay their debts; and one gentleman at least, who may be supposed to speak for a considerable number of his party associates, advocates the erection of a public building in every city having a population of twenty thousand—not because there is any necessity for it, but simply in order 'to have continually before the people a visible testimonial to the existence of the national Government.' These are only a few samples of the selfish and extravagant projects which an overflowing treasury has developed."*

But it is not alone the corrupting influence of the surplus that is to be feared; the fact that, when a government has command over ready money, new policies may be set on foot without arousing the attention of the people, is a source of equal danger. The thought thus suggested has especial pertinence when we consider the stage of industrial and political development at which the people of the United States have now arrived. It is frequently said that political power is drifting into the hands of the Federal Government to a degree not contemplated by the founders of the Republic. This is undoubtedly true, and the word drifting perfectly expresses the process. That the administrative functions of government should be extended seems to be inevitable. Publicists sometimes forget, in their eagerness to frame a political constitution conformably to some political theory, that there exists an industrial constitution which touches yet more closely the lives of men. This, however, is a truth that cannot be safely overlooked. The political idea expressed in the Federal Constitution fitted quite well the industrial society which existed when that instrument was drawn. Industries were, for the most part, local rather than national, and for internal trade, at least, competition was in fact, as in theory, the regulator of business. All that is now changed. Business relations are no longer simple. Commercial transactions now reach almost universally beyond the

* *The Forum*, October, 1887.

personal reputation of the merchant. Combinations of all sorts have developed so far that competition is either wholly annulled, or else has been forced to abandon its simple methods of working. Under such conditions moral restraints are not as potent as formerly, and it becomes necessary for society to express its moral purposes in law, and to rely more than formerly upon the machinery of government for the realization of its ideas. It is the unprecedented changes that have taken place in our industrial society which render imperative corresponding changes in the political structure.

Recognizing, then, the necessity of extending the general scope of governmental control, it comes to be a question of grave importance to which grade of government these new duties are assigned. Shall Congress absorb to itself these new powers, or shall we rely on the States as the medium through which society may express its will respecting industries? This is, of course, no place to discuss the broad question of the proper distribution and balance of rights and powers between the various centres of political authority. My own opinion is that the old theory of "States' rights" is antiquated, and that the Democratic party is chargeable with blundering, when it reverts to the times of Calhoun or of Jackson for principles to control the solution of living questions. The truth is, local political sovereignty is in this country a dead weight on local administrative ability, and while the States hold fast the shadow of a power, the substance of power will continue to gravitate toward the central government.

But the point of especial importance to the present paper is the following: So long as the Federal Government has control over a large and constantly growing surplus, the question of the future development of the American Constitution cannot receive the impartial consideration which it deserves. As has been suggested, the problems now demanding solution do not so much pertain to rights and prerogatives as to methods of administration, or to legal control over private industries. They have to do with business affairs and call into play business methods of procedure. And this being the case, the solution of these problems will naturally fall into the hands of that grade of government having control over funds necessary to create the machinery which their solution demands. Or, to speak more plainly, I regard the maintenance of a surplus under the control of Congress as a constant menace to the healthful extension of the legitimate administrative functions of the States. There is no

chance of a fair discussion of the policy of administrative decentralization, as opposed to the policy of administrative centralization, so long as one party labors under marked financial disabilities while the other controls a fund of money that must be spent. This question of surplus revenue, therefore, is a question of constitutional tendencies, and cannot be lightly put one side.

There are also financial considerations against the maintenance of a surplus; the most important being that the amount of money in general circulation is thereby arbitrarily contracted, and this, if long continued, must surely result in commercial disaster.

"It is a well-known principle [of monetary science] that the value of money is inversely as its amount; and if, through a constant excess of revenue over expenditure, large sums are withdrawn from circulation; or if, through any considerable excess in the revenue of one year, the average amount of money in the hands of the people is reduced, the country will suffer the inconveniences always attending falling values. . . . A good monetary system is like a strong fence about industries, and should be guarded with solicitous care lest industries be thrown open to unusual influences."*

These remarks will gather force from a comparison of the surplus revenue of any year with the amount of money in circulation. From such data as are now available it is probable that the surplus for the year ending June 30, 1888, will not be far from \$125,000,000. This, of course, assumes that Congress will make no changes in the revenue laws, and that only the customary appropriations will be authorized. But the entire available circulation of the country does not greatly exceed \$1,500,000,000, though we include in our estimate the available funds in the treasury and the money in banks, as well as money in the hands of the public. From this it appears that the surplus funds of the coming year would be equal to one-twelfth of the money which the country now employs in the ordinary course of trade. I do not know how to state in language more emphatic the imperative necessity of immediate attention to the financial situation into which the country has drifted. To be indifferent in the presence of a "lock-up" of eight per cent. of the money in circulation within a year is simply a confession of ignorance of the principles of monetary science. Trade must have its accustomed amount of money or trade cannot go on. It is easy to appreciate the embarrassment which a moving army would suffer if one-twelfth of its wagons were burned in a night, but this is a weak illustration of the evil which would be inflicted on commerce if one-twelfth of the units

* *Public Debts*, by Henry C. Adams, p. 82.

now carrying values should be locked up in the treasury vaults. In case of the army, part of the luggage would be thrown away, and the army move on; in case of trade, likewise part of the values would be thrown away, but the throwing away of values so that the decreased amount of money will carry the remainder means commercial disaster for many and trade depression for all. The steps in this argument are simple. Income from taxes over and above expenditures means a decrease in the amount of money in circulation; decrease here means falling prices; falling prices means perhaps commercial disaster, but certainly commercial depression.

Some one may possibly ask why these dangers have come upon us all at once. Why has not the country already suffered the evils which have been pointed out? So far as constitutional development is concerned, the evil effects of too much money at the disposal of Congress may be easily seen; but with regard to the commercial workings of excessive income the country is now for the first time in a condition to feel its influence. Up to the present time it has been possible for the Secretary of the Treasury to return all surplus revenue to circulation by applying it to the redemption of the debt. But this is now no longer the case. All the debt which the Government can pay by calls has been redeemed. The four-and-one-half-per-cent. bonds do not come under the control of the Government till September, 1891, while the four-per-cents are irredeemable till July, 1907. The last call for three-per-cents was made in April, and that part of the debt is now extinguished. It thus appears that for the first time since the close of the war, the Administration finds itself with money on hand which it cannot advantageously expend in payment of the debt. There is, therefore, no way by which money once covered into the treasury can be thrown again into circulation unless the accustomed rules of treasury management are radically modified. It is not too much to say that the question of surplus revenue is the key to the financial situation of the present time. It cannot for a moment be supposed that the Administration would permit the commerce of the country to suffer for the want of money lying in the Government vaults. It must be put into circulation in some manner. And if Congress at its present session neglects to remit a large share of existing taxes, the Government will have to begin the expensive and corrupting policy of making market purchases of its own paper.

HENRY C. ADAMS.

HIDALGO: THE WASHINGTON OF MEXICO.

"The history of humanity is the history of the greatest men who have lived on earth."
—CARLYLE.

WHEN Cortez, the great conqueror of a king who had thirty vassals able to put into the field a hundred thousand men, was himself about to be conquered by a greater, single-handed, and armed only with a scythe, he retired to Castile, a weary old man. The sun of court favor had long been setting upon him, and now barely tinged his splendid past, for his late enterprises had been unfortunate; Peru was the El Dorado of the day, and other Spaniards basked in its gracious beams.

Voltaire says that, denied now an audience with the Emperor, he impatiently pushed his way through the crowd surrounding the carriage and mounted the steps. "Who is that man?" asked the Emperor, with the bad memory and easy ingratitude of a monarch. "One who has given you more kingdoms than you had towns before," said Cortez, stoutly. But Truth must either stay in a well or wear a cap and bells when she appears at court, and the blunt soldier was not reinstated in the good graces of his sovereign by this speech. A viceroy had been set above him even in Mexico; the sceptre he had snatched from Montezuma's lean, brown hand was struck out of his own mailed grasp. Finally, he had not only to own himself mastered by fate and fortune, and forgotten by an ungrateful king and country, but to face the fact that he had entered the valley of shadows, and must soon call corruption his father and the worm his mother. Under these painful circumstances, defeated, humiliated on every side, he bowed his head, and with Montezuma, with every noble soul confronted with the inevitable, said: "It is the will of the gods." Having thus resigned himself to that holy and awful fiat, it was natural that he should review his past, and give, as he did, more than one touching proof that he had forever laid aside the purple and pomp of circumstance, knew that he must soon put off "the muddy vesture of decay" as well, and was making ready to meet his God. In his will we find: "It has long been a question whether one can conscientiously hold property

in slaves. Since this point has not yet been determined, I enjoin it on my son Martin and his heirs that they spare no pains to come to an exact knowledge of the truth, as a matter which deeply concerns the conscience of each of them no less than mine." Under Montezuma the husbandmen and tradesmen of Mexico gave a third of all they got to the crown, and the poor worked without wages for the court—their ruler quaintly enough guaranteeing them, in his oath of office on ascending the throne, not only "the religion and laws of their ancestors," but "seasonable rains, no inundation of rivers, no sterility of soil, or malignant influences of the sun." Hard and unjust as this seems, it was an equitable and benevolent system as compared with the one which now was to bind even heavier burdens upon the backs of these poor natives. Cortez inaugurated, or rather perpetuated, the scandalous Spanish system of *repartimientos* in his distribution of the lands after the conquest; and finding, later, how the people had been enslaved by its utterly vicious and tyrannous enactments, as carried out by his followers, he tried to remedy the evil by writing to the Emperor a private letter concerning it. In this he said that "the superior capacity of the Indians in New Spain made it a grievous thing to condemn them to servitude, but that the Spaniards were so harassed and impoverished that they could not otherwise maintain themselves, and he had at length waived his own scruples in compliance with repeated remonstrances; but that the law ought to be annulled."

Annulled it was, for Cortez just then was all-powerful at court; but when the law-making power is some thousands of miles from the law-enforcing one, and there is any collision of interests between them, it has always been observed that the ordinances and regulations of the first are practically but so much waste paper. It was so in this case. Cortez's anxieties and fears were but too well founded. His son, Don Martin, either did not exert himself to reverse conditions that had one excellent effect—a goodly row of figures on the right side of his factor's balance-sheet—or found it impossible to stem the flood-tide of avaricious enterprise which had seized upon the country. It would have been about as easy a task as to attempt to choke the Nile inundation back into the bed of the stream. They had come, seen, conquered. They would have the spoils. Cortez himself could not have controlled them, living. Dead, he was but a name. The crown legislated. The colonists evaded or defied all edicts that interfered with their "rights." And, unhappily, their

rights were the grievous wrongs of the Indians. New Spain remained a dependency of the Spanish crown, and in all things beside was ruled by the Cortes; but in this, under five governors, two *audencias*, and sixty-two viceroys, the colonists continued in one way or another to keep what they had won, as they had won it, by force.

Now and then the Indians found a friend and protector. Antonio de Mendoza, the first Viceroy—a liberal-minded man, who set up the first printing-press and founded the first mint in the country—did a great deal to mitigate the hardships of their servitude. The second Viceroy, Luis de Velasco, went farther, and liberated 150,000 of them. The fourth, Don Martin de Almanza, showed them great kindness during the fearful plague in the sixteenth century. But these were merely benevolent episodes in a tyrannous political system that lasted three centuries—a long travail, terrible to think of, most patiently borne by a gentle people—a system that could but work out its own evil principle, the seed of injustice ripening day by day, month by month, year by year, in open oppression, unknown cruelties, suffering that can never be estimated, sorrows that heaven itself could scarcely turn into joy, and sins that cried aloud, and not in vain, for vengeance.

What was true of the State was true of its ally, the Church. The great-hearted Cortez, the humane Velasco, felt what the latter nobly expressed when he was accused of having ruined the mining industry of the province by emancipating so many slaves—"The liberty of one Indian is worth more than all the mines in the world"—but the rank-and-file of the Spanish soldiers of fortune, who found themselves the conquerors of a country vast and rich enough to arouse the greed and ambition of a goatherd, were troubled with no Quixotic scruples whatever; were minded to get all they could and keep all they got; considered that one Spaniard was worth the whole Indian race; and looked upon every Indian as a mine to be worked to its utmost yielding capacity for their personal benefit. In the same way the Church that produced men like Fray Olmedo, Bartolomé de las Casas, Fray Pedro de Gante, and many others like them, who would have given the world, and did give their lives and all that other men hold precious, for the salvation of Indian souls, and died ministering to their wants, bodily, mental, and spiritual, produced also a class of priests who were a disgrace to humanity—men who brought an ingeniously contrived and relentlessly applied set of spiritual thumbscrews to bear upon ignorant and timid souls,

and by a system of fees, bequests, trusts, masses for the dead and anathemas on the living, enriched themselves, while they became the masters of those whom they had vowed to serve as the servants of their common Master. The religious enthusiasm that animated some of the Spanish knights, that sent the Franciscans out into the wilderness to win by their wise methods a whole continent for God first, and then for the crown of Castile, degenerated into a feudal tyranny so absolute and a spiritual sentiment so degraded that, according to Gamboa, gangs of chained slaves were publicly sent on *fiestas* to the Santuario de la Piedad, there to be piously imprisoned, mulcted, tortured. Wonderful, melancholy spectacle, one of the most curious contrasts ever presented by man, the worm, the god! The latter half of the eighteenth century found Mexico ruled in accordance with the laws, ideas, traditions, of the fifteenth. The people were fleeced by the State by the right political, which takes no account of ethics—the right which is might; and by the Church by right divine, according to sacerdotal interpretation: so, crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the two powers, they lay motionless, helpless, hopeless, as in a vice, while the viceroy, the constable, the inquisitor, put on the screws and gave them another and another turn. Never was any dominion more complete and absolute, for it extended not only to the bodies but to the minds and souls of the governed, and embraced the whole scheme of things, the present and the future, this life and the life to come, earth and heaven—and last, most powerful factor of all, hell. To be punished in this world and damned in the next seemed the two terrible, unavoidable certainties unless the powers that dispensed protection and salvation could somehow be propitiated; and to do this it was worth while to sweat blood, to starve outright, to submit to anything and everything.

The methods, the motives, of the two powers differed; the result, so far as the people were concerned, was the same. The revenues extorted by the crown all during the viceregal period were so enormous as to amount, practically, to wholesale confiscation; and so stupidly grasping was the policy of the home Government that not only all commerce between Mexico and other nations than the Spanish was forbidden, but that between the colony and the mother-country was burdened with every oppressive and restrictive regulation that tyrannical dulness and boundless greed could invent and enforce. The foreign prince who came to the English throne, and,

through ignorance of the language, made the damaging admission to a welcoming mayor and council: "I have come here for your goods," stated concisely the position and policy of Spain toward Mexico. It was not the good, but the goods, of the people that she desired. The enslaved Indians, a peaceful, industrious population, were despoiled, despised. They had no past, for they had never been free; they had no future, for they never dreamed of ever becoming so; they submitted to the evils of the present with a most marvellous and touching patience, as to the inevitable and irremediable. The creoles, even, were treated with the greatest contempt, and made to feel that to be born in Mexico was in itself a crime, no matter how clear or pure a Spanish descent could be shown. The half-castes were classed with the despicable "Indios," and oppressed as such with perfect impartiality. All the riches, power, prestige of the country—its political, social, religious organization, were by this means concentrated and kept in the hands of the Spaniards. All the high posts, public trusts, responsible positions, prerogatives, and privileges, were theirs; the hard work, indignities, humble offices, kicks, and ha'pence fell to the natives, as their share of a common country's benefits. The Spaniards grew ever haughtier, richer, and more powerful, until there was no limit to their pride and arrogance. The natives sank proportionately lower and lower; and neither class ever dreamed that the day of earthly reckoning would come, in which the mighty should be put down from their seat by the humble and weak. Yet it was so ordered by "the Lord God of recompenses."

It was a far cry, as fox-hunters would say, from the moment in which the silver trumpets of the heralds of Charles V. proclaimed Cortez "Governor, Captain-General, and Chief-Justice of New Spain," and so inaugurated a despotism, to that other moment on the 8th of May, 1753, when liberty found her voice in the first wailing cry of a new-born child—Miguel Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico.

How tremendous may be the issues involved when we say that a man-child is born into the world—a child that may become an Elwes or a Howard, an Alva or a Gordon, an Arnold or a Bayard, a Caligula or a Solomon, a Judas or a St. John! How curious to think that if this child had not been numbered with the living, Spain might even now be holding Mexico by the throat, and that the acorn of freedom which he planted and watered with his blood, and which

we hope to see grow into an oak of the fairest and noblest proportions, might not have germinated for another century. It would, it must, have come sooner or later, but how well that it should be as soon as possible!

A charming little pastoral is kept among the traditions of Mexico, which relates how, in 1752, a certain Don Cristobal Hidalgo of Costilla wooed and won a wife. He was a native of Tezupilco, in the *intendencia* of Mexico, and at that time was administering the *hacienda* of San Diego de Corralejo, in the municipality of Pénamo, state of Guanajuato. In the southern part of this *hacienda* there was a small farm, consisting only of a few fields, and a hut in ruins. Here lived the lessee, Antonio Gallaja, like the Chevalier de St. Foix, "*sans six sous, et sans souci*." With him lived two daughters and an orphaned niece, Anna Maria by name, a beautiful girl, to whom in the kindness of his heart he had given a home, if not much of a shelter. Anna Maria was not only beautiful, but gentle and good, and somehow these facts were noised abroad and came to the ears of Don Cristobal, who, purely in the capacity of *administrador* (as was proved by his arraying himself in his best), rode off a few days afterward to San Vicente, to assure himself that the *arrendatario* was managing that magnificent property upon entirely scientific and economic principles. He arrived about dinner-time, and no doubt the family were thrown into a pretty flutter in consequence. Anna Maria was evidently thought "not good enough," with all her piety, to sit at table with the great man, but served the meal for them all, and waited behind her uncle's chair. I have no doubt, personally, that worthy Antonio's daughters were ugly girls, who did their best to fascinate Don Cristobal, whose eyes were constantly wandering elsewhere, attracted by the modest beauty of the poor relation. The sequel shows as much, indeed, and pretty, dark-eyed Anna Maria knew as well as though she had been a woman of fifty, and had had a score of suitors, what those glances meant. She must have shown, too, that she was not exactly displeased by them, for after dinner she listened to a great deal that Don Cristobal found he had to say to her, and talked a little, and walked part of the way home with him when at last he took his leave without having mentioned corn or beans, ploughing or irrigation, once in the course of his visit. When he parted with her he gave her a gold-piece, man-fashion, which she, woman-fashion, hung about her neck in token that "my true love hath my heart and I have his." It would have bought a great many things that Anna

Maria must have needed and often longed for ; but I am sure that, poor as she was, she would have parted with all that she had rather than change it. When she returned to the cottage she shyly showed it to her cousin, who displayed the same feminine insight into such matters that Naomi did when Ruth brought home in her veil the six measures of barley given her by Boaz, and sagely bade her "await results." She had not long to wait, for Don Cristobal was back again soon, and asked her hand ; and very shortly after that, there being nothing and nobody to interfere, Boaz took Ruth—I mean Don Cristobal took "*la bonita* Anna Maria" away with him, and she became his wife.

Their first child, Hidalgo, according to Mexican usage, was born in the mother's house—in this case her uncle's house—at San Vicente. How little could his girl-mother, supposing her to have looked from the babe on her lap up to the roof overhead, thatched perhaps indifferently with patches of sky and *tulle*, have dreamed that her helpless little one, so poor, so humble a pariah among the Brahmins, was destined to overthrow the all-powerful Government under which she and her people had lived and groaned so long that it seemed as eternal and immutable as the sky itself. It had afforded her but little shelter ; it was in ruins, like that roof ; yet if Liberty (in her cap) could have appeared to the young mother and whispered the truth in her ear, she would certainly have been taken for mad Folly and shown the door. A roof was a roof, and a government a government, let them be as bad as they might.

Happy and tranquil beyond that of most children was the home of this child, the future leader of a sanguinary revolution. His father was a man of respectable position ; but it is possible to be respectable, and respected, on much less in Mexico than in England or the United States, and nothing could well have been simpler than the life of the family. But if there was no ostentation, or display, or luxury in it, there was no want either. At home there were the kind father, the simple, loving, virtuous mother, the duties and pleasures that filled each day to the brim. All around and about him were the wide, pleasant country, other *haciendas*, other humble families of kinsfolk and friends. No doubt he saw and heard many things in them that he never afterwards forgot (nearly all of our indelible impressions being made upon us, it is said, before we are seven years old)—scenes of grief, oppression, cruelty, that bred in him the love of his people and country that was to find such full and noble expres-

sion in his after life. No doubt his childish heart often swelled with indignation over some act of injustice, or melted with pity over the ruin or wretchedness of those whom he knew and loved. He must have kept these things in his heart and brooded over them.

For a long time it seemed as though he were to remain in, and be entirely of, this obscure community; for his father came of the class upon which the social and political ostracism told most severely—the creoles. Our Hidalgo was not an hidalgo in the Spanish sense "*hijo de alguno*" (son of a somebody), but the son of a nobody. Not an "*hidalgo de naturaleza*," deriving privileges from his ancestors; his patent was signed by his Creator alone. He was not an "*hidalgo de privilegio*," who had purchased rank or secured it by court favor; he was as poor as John the Baptist in the wilderness, and had as little to do with those in kings' houses. All the doors of position and preferment would have been open to him, when the question of his future came up, if he had belonged to any of these privileged classes. As it was, his parents were not troubled by any great choice of alternatives. There were open to creoles agriculture, or the brilliant career of Don Cristobal and his neighbors, commerce, the bar, the Church. Two of these required a considerable outlay of capital. Don Cristobal decided to educate his son and put him into the Church, which had more charity than any other Spanish institution, and did not go to the length of condemning all creoles as base, incapable of self-government, and worthy of nothing but contempt, because, forsooth, they had been born on Mexican soil. The Church had even persisted in educating the Indians, and had sent forth some men who afterwards became eminent astronomers, scientists, writers, mathematicians, although conservatives proclaimed it but labor lost and money wasted. Lopez complained to the Emperor in the beginning that it was but a foolish and wicked enterprise (that of establishing Indian schools), and said:

"They should be limited to the Pater Noster, Credo, Ave Maria, and Commandments. They have been taught to read, write, punctuation, music, grammar—thanks to natural ability, with the devil's help. They speak as elegant Latin as Tullius, such is their accursed skill. They have translated and read all the Scriptures—the same thing that has ruined so many in Spain and given birth to a thousand heresies—being disciples of Satan."

Happily for Hidalgo the Church was willing to receive him. There were those who, for love of God, were ready to develop and improve to the utmost the talents that God had not seen fit to reserve exclu-

sively for bestowal on Spaniards. The child was put to school, and proved a most docile and wonderfully intelligent pupil; learned to read and write like a flash (perhaps with "the devil's help") and could soon recite the *Ripalda* from memory; in short, he absorbed knowledge as a sponge does water. Almost as little is known of his youth as of his childhood; nothing, indeed, except that he was sent to a seminary from school, and, eventually, to the College of San Nicolas of Valladolid, founded by the first Bishop of Michoacan, under the patronage of Charles V. The archives of San Nicolas were destroyed, unfortunately, by the French, but the tradition of Hidalgo's brilliant scholarship has survived; of how he won golden opinions, numerous prizes, and the affection of his schoolfellows, who called him "*el gorro*" (the fox) because of his skill in debate, quoted him, admired him, imitated him, made him, even then, their leader and head. With the keen, unvitiated instinct of early youth, they had divined the great intellectual and moral superiority of their companion, and gave him the enthusiastic love and entire obedience that a boy is so glad to yield, where he honors the recipient, and honors himself, in yielding. And this influence, in the case of some of them, was to deepen; to link their destinies with his in a great and stirring future; to last as long as life itself. A college is a world in little, and that Hidalgo could inspire such feelings and gain such an ascendancy showed early what he was—a born leader of men. It was most characteristic of him that he refused to take the \$4,000 awarded him with his doctor's degree, insisting that it should revert to the institution and be used, as was intended, for the education of the ignorant. In due time he took orders. Born a thinker, a philosopher, a revolutionist, he now put on an ecclesiastical strait-jacket, and renounced all these things. "The pomps and vanities of this wicked world" could never have appealed very strongly to a nature so noble, and it was doubtless no great sacrifice to lay upon the altar the worldly success that, equipped as he was, may be said to have been already in his grasp, to renounce a service that gives the lowest rewards for the highest devotion, the most complete surrender of health, time, means, for one that repays the least sacrifice with the highest satisfactions. But to agree to rob himself of his birthright and surrender all personal freedom and intellectual independence was another matter; and it soon became evident that he had promised what it was impossible for him to yield.

In the Church, as in the world, it seemed that preferment awaited

him. He was admitted to the Chapter of the cathedral, and soon showed such ability that he was made its rector. A pastoral staff, perhaps a cardinal's hat, might have followed, for the force of his mind and the charm of his manner were beginning to be widely felt, when a stop was put to his further promotion. It began to be whispered that the gifted *Catedrático's* orthodoxy was by no means assured—that he had expressed anything but unqualified belief in sacred history as set forth by church historians; that he not only read the *Lettres Provinciales* himself, and the works of Serri and others of the same dangerous tendency, but had "introduced" the Jansenist literature. He was accused of these enormities; denied nothing; was disciplined. His private character was so unassailable and his talents so conspicuous, that to have dealt too rigorously with him would have been to create a scandal; so he was simply reprovved and relegated to an obscure parish. The Chapter (if it was the Chapter) of the cathedral may have congratulated themselves upon this clever solution of their difficulty. But if they did so, it was prematurely. It is no use to try to pop an extinguisher from a bedroom candlestick over the sun; and the only way to get rid of men like Hidalgo is to do as Santa Anna did when his enemies proved troublesome—kill them all. It was easy enough to put Hidalgo in the background, but to keep him there was quite another matter. Not that there was any revolt on his part—he accepted the position of a parish priest meekly enough. But nevertheless he became the famous *Cura* of Dolores. He had no personal ambition, and seems not only to have cheerfully accommodated himself to his new duties and surroundings, but to have had the highest conception of the moral and spiritual obligations assumed with the care of the humblest flock by a true priest. His field of action was changed, circumscribed, but he brought to it the zeal, energy, and abilities that had already made him a man of note. He began by making himself the father and friend of his people; interested himself in all their affairs; sympathized with all their joys and sorrows; settled most of the disputes that arose among them; instructed them; counselled, comforted, confessed them; and, not content with preparing them for death, taught them how to live. He put his whole heart into his work, and, as his knowledge of the character and needs of his people increased, his government of them assumed a more and more paternal and personal character, until his influence over them became unbounded. This enabled him

to carry out certain reforms that he had devised in their interest. They were such as only an acute intelligence, combined with unusual practical sagacity, could have successfully inaugurated and completed. Ignorance and poverty, as he saw, were the worst foes of his flock; so he gradually, but steadily, set himself to overthrow them. He established potteries; he set up brick-kilns and tanneries; he had extensive vineyards planted, and made wine in spite of the Government's prohibition; he had hemp planted for his rope-factories; he had groves of mulberry-trees planted (that are still shown), and settled thriving colonies of silk-worms upon them; he established parish schools; he lectured, advised, preached, catechised; he introduced new agricultural methods, new seeds and plants; and by the force of his own tremendous energy and will infused into a population accustomed to do only what their fathers had always done—and to do that day after to-morrow—enough spirit and intelligence to set and keep in motion every one of these industries. In short, he revolutionized his district. It took many years, a life-time, indeed, to carry out all these plans, but his patience matched his purpose. Strength is always patient. His name and his fame spread abroad, of course, while he quietly went his way, investigating, inspiring, directing, governing his little kingdom with an ideally royal wisdom and justice, but in his coarse serge cassock scarcely to be distinguished, outwardly, from one of his peasants.

But with all these duties and cares, he kept up his interest in men and things, in his friends, old and new, in public questions, in literature, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence. He made a critical examination of the Scriptures for himself. The Chapter of San Nicolas would have fallen down, like the lady-sailors in the *Mantelpiece*, in so many "separate fainting-fits," if they could have seen his library, so many books were there that they had only seen in the *Index Expurgatorius*. The ideas, the dynamic forces that were to explode later and rend the existing state of things with frightful violence—liberty of conscience, freedom of thought, hatred of tyranny—were generated slowly but surely in that quiet study. It contained in protoplasmic form the whole future of Mexico. But no one would have supposed so then, for the little room was the most cheerful spot in all Dolores. There the societies, benevolent or social, that he had founded, met, the clubs, the guilds, and other associations. There he had *musicales*, gathered about him the intimate friends whom he loved, the distinguished strangers who were

always seeking his society. These simple, friendly reunions were often merry affairs, with some jests, stories, laughter, a little music and talk, some modest refreshments, and then separation; the whole made delightful by Hidalgo, whose courteous manners, affability, amiability, and generally genial qualities did as much to make him a charming host as his extraordinary talents and culture. But more often it was a sort of congress, in which great questions were discussed, and in which some of the first men in Mexico took part; while Hidalgo, a trained disputant and debater, arraigned the Government, or advocated the emancipation and elevation of the Indians, and other radical reforms—the regeneration of society, the right of private judgment, “liberty in all for all”—with an eloquence that carried all before it and gave the first impulse to a national movement.

It was inevitable that a man so gifted, so audacious, so far ahead of his age and country, such an exceptional “dodo” of a curate as compared with the average Mexican parish-priest of the time, such a contrast to nearly every other official in Church or State; a man who read Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Voltaire, and, being neither a hypocrite nor a coward, made no attempt to conceal his views, but gave them the fullest and frankest expression; a man who knew more of law than the legal advisers of the crown; who could quote the early fathers to the confusion of archbishops; who could govern better than the Governor-General and all his satellites, and left nothing for the magistrates to do in his province—it was inevitable that such a man should be an “offensive” member of society, and should excite the suspicion and jealousy of the Spanish authorities, civil and religious. Accordingly, the governors of the Inquisition labelled him “unorthodox,” “dangerous,” and marked him for their own. The *cura's* pleasant little evenings were represented as dreadful orgies. Fray Joaquin Fresca denounced him as a wicked priest. It was said that he was opposed to the Government and all the powers that were; that he sympathized with the men and ideas of the French Revolution; that he was no ascetic, did not believe in flagellation, had mocked at Santa Teresa as “an old delusion,” called the apostles ignorant men, was not afraid of *inferno* personally, but thought that if there was such a place that some of the pontiffs and saints (so esteemed) were in it, “explained the world on philosophical principles,” interpreted the Bible to suit himself. All these reports, with a thousand others, were put

in active circulation and found eager, easy credence. But beyond this it was not easy to go. Hidalgo was noted for the conscientious fulfilment of all his duties. He was extremely popular with his charge. His life was so stainless that the worst thing that even his enemies could find to say of him in this respect was that he was "too cheerful," fond of music and the society of his intimates. So he was severely admonished—and did not distress himself in the least about it, the truth being that he knew that he had given no occasion for rebuke. Cheerful he was, as the sun is, and full of energy, enthusiasm, beneficent activity; but these were not crimes, and whatever his opinions might be, he felt that they were such as an honest man could not but entertain, and no priest need consequently blush for. So he merely went on quietly doing his best with his parish work and his multifarious schemes for improving the condition of his people, and left the Inquisition to do its worst.

The civil authorities were not one whit better pleased with him than the religious ones. His politics were as offensive as his economics (as shown in his province); it was known that he preferred a republic to a monarchy, and rumored that he wanted all the slaves liberated, regardless of public or private revenues, or considerations of any kind. He was "a Frenchman" and a foe to good (?) government—and one to be dreaded, too, as was shown not only by his influence in his own immediate neighborhood, but by the way in which it was growing and extending. The problem *que faire?* was solved by the Government far more successfully than by the Inquisition—if its action could be called a success when its effect was in the long run so disastrous.

It was the Government's settled policy to discourage all Mexican manufactures and industries; but the rulers must have known that they were striking Hidalgo in a vital spot when they applied these enlightened general principles to his province very specially and particularly, declaring that he was interfering with the revenues of the crown, and ordering his vineyards and other industries to be destroyed.

Hidalgo was utterly indignant—outraged, indeed, beyond measure; and one can fancy with what grief and wrath he must have stood by and seen the work of years—the best work of his life, as he no doubt thought it, the work of his heart, so wisely planned, so patiently and industriously carried out—utterly demolished by a brutally stupid set of rulers, really, and actually by a gang of workmen.

Great must have been the dismay and distress of his people, who were thrown back into a direr poverty and confusion of purpose and ideas than they had ever known. But the head that had devised it all, the great heart of the good shepherd that had so loved the flock, must have throbbed to bursting over this descent of the wolf into the sheepfold. Hidalgo's remonstrances were treated with contempt. There seemed no hope of better things in the future. He must have felt utterly defeated, for he was growing to be an old man; the century had gone that saw his birth, and with the new one had not come the new Mexico of which he had dreamed.

Yet she was coming, coming very rapidly; and this act of petty tyranny was but the signal for the curtain to rise and reveal her, not that for its descent upon a hopeless nation. It had done its work in showing him that there was no issue out of the tyranny and misery of Spanish rule except—revolution: and when “desperation is all the policy, strength, and defence” of a people, they are indeed formidable, as no one knew better than Hidalgo. The *cura* of Dolores no longer devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of his parish and his province. It was noticed that he went abroad a good deal and visited his friends in various parts of the country—his old comrades of the canton of Jalapa, Allende, Aldama, Abasolo; the Marquis of Rayas, Don Casimiro Chovell, Don Mariano Jimenez, Don José Maria Chico, and others, all wealthy and prominent gentlemen. Everywhere he was made welcome, pressed to stay, honored, if not feasted, and before leaving would always make or renew acquaintance with the *cura* of the neighborhood, usually one of the humble creole clergy and in sympathy with the people. These visits were returned, and the little house in Dolores became more than ever the resort of the thinkers of the country.

The fruit of these reunions was not long in making its appearance. Juntas were formed here and there; conspirators were found everywhere; forms of government were discussed; medals with the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe were cast. In spite of the ignorance of the masses, the absolutism of the rulers, the fanaticism of the women, and the precautions and suspicions of the clergy, certain ideas had been for a long while steadily gaining ground. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities books had crept in containing doctrines pronounced “dangerous and damnable”; theories and opinions had been disseminated among, and by, the higher classes, and had filtered down to the lowest in an extraordinary way. The

example of the English colonies, the French Revolution, Humboldt's visit, had been so many winged seeds floating far and wide, and lodging vague longings and desires in the minds of men. Three hundred years of pride, cruelty, bad faith, insolence, had prepared the soil but too well for their reception, had produced that hatred of tyranny and tyrants which makes patriots by implanting a deep love of country. So Hidalgo and his friends had no difficulty in gaining the ear of the people. The storm they had helped to brew was before long ready to burst, and it was now a question how to direct it. The discontent was genuine and wide-spread, but how to give it effective practical shape was a great problem. On one side were an absolute Government, an all-powerful Church, the army, all officials, the women, the greater part of the professional men, the petty traders, and a vast horde of *employés*, henchmen, parasites, such as "the power that is" always collects and maintains. On the other, ideas—"words, words, words." Great as were the material odds in such a conflict, the spiritual and moral were infinitely greater. The mountain of ignorance was in labor, but what could one reasonably expect it to bring forth? How free a people so long enslaved as to have become torpid, fanatical, degraded? How get any united action with class divided against class, the father against the son? It was not a problem to be solved at once. To talk of freedom and equality and "French liberty for Americans," was one thing; to get it, quite another.

A season of deliberation, preparation, disquiet, and agitation set in, yet not without significant signs of the times. Among these were the prosecution of Don Antonio Rogas, Professor of Mathematics, by the Inquisition, for liberal ideas; and an effort made by the merchants of Mexico, in 1808, to get the Viceroy to call a Cortes to decide upon all home affairs in the province of New Spain—resulting in the petitioners being promptly consigned to prison, although they represented all the wealth and respectability of the commercial class, which had become tired of the arbitrary, utterly contradictory, and senseless restrictions put upon trade by the mother-country. The people were rendered furious by this summary way of settling a political question, and thirsted to be revenged upon their rulers; yet, strange to say, it was a Spaniard, and no less a Spaniard than the Viceroy himself, who cast the first stone at that crumbling edifice, the régime he represented. When Napoleon "having picked up the French crown and put

it on his own head," set about providing similar ornaments for the members of his family, Ferdinand VII. was forced to give up the sceptre of Spain to Joseph Bonaparte, and Mexico became the appendage of an appendage. The Viceroy, Don José de Iturrigaray, thought he saw his opportunity in all this adversity, and declined to acknowledge, or pay tribute to, any one of several juntas convened in Ferdinand's name in different parts of Spain. He thought to rule Mexico himself, and the creoles and half-castes hailed him as the entering wedge that was to enable them to split off from the mother-country. But the Spaniards in the colony lost no time in seizing the Viceroy, put him first into the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, and then sent him back to Spain; put a Spanish marshal in his place, who reigned until, by order of the "Junta Central Española," the Archbishop of Mexico succeeded him. This saintly person, who ought to have remembered that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the State as well as of the Church, had the Liciendado Verdad (a creole leader whose name [truth] was as indestructible as his principles, which summarized were, "Mexico the fair, free forever from the foreigner!") brought to the archiepiscopal palace and executed, little dreaming that Spanish rule died with him.

A year after this a conspiracy in Michoacan was discovered and crushed. There is no proof that Hidalgo was concerned in it, but his friend Allende was, and he probably knew of, but did not devise or direct it. Juntas were now held by the conspirators in Valladolid and the city of Mexico to discuss ways and means of revolt, and, which was most characteristic, proclaim an independence not yet gained! The whole country was in a ferment. At midnight and long after, when the streets of Dolores were deserted, and there were a hundred echoes for every footstep, the *cura's* house was filled with eager, enthusiastic conspirators, impatient to begin the fray—Allende, Aldama, Abasolo, Hidalgo's three old college friends (captains of the Queen's Regiment in garrison at Guanaxuato), Jimenez, Chico, Chovell, the Marquis of Rayas, and other gentlemen, representing the principal families and interests of Guanaxuato; the Intendente Riaño, an official of high rank; Dominguez, a local magistrate who had discharged various public trusts with great credit and honor to himself. These, with a number of other and humbler friends in council, assembled, debated the principles of '93 and of the American Revolution, and tried to fix upon

some definite course of action. They were all of one heart, but not of one mind. Some were still for waiting, for appealing to the crown to reform certain evils and abuses, and grant a Mexican Cortes subject to that of Spain; in short, for temporizing. The more conservative among them could not at once make up their minds to shake off bonds which were grievous, indeed, but which tradition and custom had made familiar, if not dear. It was a signal evidence of Hidalgo's acute and comprehensive intellect, that at this crisis he saw the futility of all delays, compromises, regrets; and the necessity of breaking altogether with the past. He showed the courage of youth in advocating extreme measures—a courage the higher because he had none of the illusions of youth to support it. He knew exactly what he was doing, and had a clear vision of the consequences of such acts. "The authors of such enterprises never see their completion," he said, and then went on to advocate entire separation from Spain and the establishment of a government "founded on the eternal principles of liberty and justice," with all his own eloquence. With what profound emotion must the little company have listened to him, and entered into the covenant that so many of them were to seal with their blood. What a picture it is, this of the silver-haired *cura*, catching the light that God meant should lighten every man that comes into the world, like some Alpine peak, and transmitting it to the valleys—the lesser souls that were yet capable of receiving, dying for it! From this moment Hidalgo seems to have become the acknowledged, as he had long been the unacknowledged, leader of the movement for national independence, and to have commanded in war, as he had done in peace, "by sovereignty of nature."

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

(Conclusion in the next number.)

MEN OF LETTERS AT BORDEAUX IN THE SIX-TEENTH CENTURY.

BORDEAUX, for some fifty years in the middle of the sixteenth century, was the home of a circle of men of letters whose names, with the sole exception of Montaigne's, are now rarely heard, and whose work, save his, is now forgotten.

But the interest that Montaigne inspires may naturally extend to the men with whom he lived. He is so much our contemporary, as he has been of all the intermediate generations, his influence is still so living, that we may well desire to know what relation he held to the men of his own day; to know how far the character, the thoughts, of "*le Français le plus sage qui ait jamais existé*," as Sainte-Beuve styles him, were akin to those of his neighbors; and how many of those persons with whom he was in daily intercourse he could meet on grounds of sympathy, and terms of comparative intellectual and moral equality.

Bordeaux was famous in his time not only, as now, for her commerce, but for her college (which Montaigne declared "*le meilleur de France*"), and for the high character of some of her magistrates. She ranked as the third great city of France, and the office of her mayor (held by both Montaigne and his father, but usually only by noblemen of high rank) was one of much dignity and more than civic importance. Her past history—illustrated by the noble ruins of a Roman temple and amphitheatre, and by the scarcely less enduring parchment records of her dramatic fortunes under English rule, as well as under French—strengthened the local patriotism of her citizens, and kept them constantly on the watch against the abridgment of their liberties by royal tyranny. Such watchfulness led to frequent remonstrance and often violent resistance; while to the civic perturbations and to the public sufferings in Montaigne's day, due to the civil wars, during which hostile forces often trampled back and forth over the province of Guienne, were added the private dissensions that arose as Guienne became one of the centres of the Reformation.

But neither the spirit of war nor of religion prevailed over the

spirit of learning; and her scholars sought refuge from trouble in the company of "the ancients," and strove to forget the tumultuous scenes around them by cherishing the associations appropriate to Bordeaux as the birth-place of Ausonius.

The circle of classical students included learned magistrates of the Parliament as well as the regents of the college. To all these scholars the Latin tongue was almost more familiar than the French; they relieved their official duties by the composition of Latin poems, and even of tragedies in Latin, which "were represented," says Montaigne, "with some dignity in our *Collège de Guienne*." He adds that he himself, at the age of eleven, "was held to be a master workman" in this business, and sustained the principal parts in the performances. It was in Latin that they wrote letters to their friends as well as works for posterity; and, in spite of royal edicts to the contrary, Gascony still framed her laws in Latin. Montaigne did not approve this custom, and declared that he took it as a favor of fortune that, "as our historians say, it was a Gascon gentleman, and belonging to my part of the country, who first opposed the desire of Charlemagne to give us Latin, and imperial laws." But still he indulged himself in the pleasure of making Latin verses; and he confesses that, even for him, more than was reasonable, "*le latin me pèse par la faveur de sa dignité*." It would seem to have been merely the consequence of his original genius that he wrote his essays in French. He believed himself to be addressing "only a few men for a few years"; had he desired the duration of his book, he says, "it would have been needful to commit it to a strange language." Even twenty years later De Thou wrote his *History* and his *Memoirs* in Latin.

This prevalent use of Latin was allied to the passionate love of study that had sprung up all over France, stimulated by the familiarity with Italian civilization that resulted from the wars of Charles VIII. and Francis I.; and influenced in some measure by the personal tastes of Francis and of his sister Margaret. Everywhere, the young and the old, Frenchmen and learned foreigners, French by adoption, philosophers and poets, accomplished women as well as men, devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the acquisition of ancient learning, and labored with the utmost patience in its cause; or, more exactly, in that of erudition, since their studies were devoted more to the form than to the substance of literature. Montaigne accused the intellectual labors of the day of filling only the memory, not the

mind nor the soul ; but they were pursued with a disinterestedness most exemplary, save for its vein of rivalry. Browning has given a vivid presentation of the qualities of such students in his "Grammarians's Funeral," which one could almost believe had been suggested by the passage in Montaigne concerning the man who "will die at his books that he may teach posterity the measure of the verse of Plautus, and the true orthography of a Latin word." Sometimes, it is true, their ardor led, not purposely, but by chance, to fortune and high estate ; but many of them died behind the prison-bars of poverty, with their tasks only half accomplished, so that their imperfect labors made a scarcely perceptible addition to the treasure of the world's knowledge.

It was perhaps a hundred years later than this that an academy was founded at Bordeaux with the purpose, in the words of its founder, "*pour polir et perfectionner les talents admirables que la nature donne si libéralement aux hommes nés sous ce climat.*" In the sixteenth century the group of Bordeaux scholars composed, as it were, an informal academy. They communicated to one another their researches and their discoveries, the professors questioning the lawyers regarding difficult points of ancient jurisprudence, and the lawyers seeking light from the professors on matters of language and literature. The elder Scaliger was in frequent communication with them, and his sons were educated at the College of Guienne. Somewhat earlier, Rabelais visited Bordeaux more than once, and characteristically appears as originator first and mediator afterwards of an amusing quarrel between two of the professors—thin-skinned sons of the ancients, one of whom had a great taste for mustard, and the other a great fear of thunder ; and who, each attacking the other and defending himself, fought in the most voluble Latin verse and with the most classical Billingsgate.

One of the counsellors, called by De Thou "the first jurisconsult of the age," is spoken of by Rabelais as "*le bon, le docte, le saige, le tant humain, tant débonnaire, et équitable André Tiraqueau.*" A touch of personal gratitude mingled with these praises, for Tiraqueau, when lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Fontenoy, had released Rabelais from imprisonment at the hands of the Cordeliers of the place.

Among the professors of that time was for some years the well-known Scotchman, George Buchanan. He had previously been the private tutor of the boy who became Murray, Regent of Scotland,

and he was later the private tutor of the little French boy who afterwards wrote Montaigne's *Essays*. It seems a pity he did not make records of their doings, instead of writing *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*. Montaigne says that, in later years, Buchanan told him that he intended to write an account of the remarkable system of education arranged by the elder Montaigne for his son, which Buchanan was then more or less following out with another pupil; but he seems never to have done so.

Buchanan was in relations of close friendship with the first principal of the college, André de Gouvea—to whom it was indebted for much of its wide renown—and with one of his successors, the learned Vinet. Gouvea was a Portuguese, but in the course of his thirteen years' residence at Bordeaux (whither he came after distinguishing himself at Paris), he received, with much public ceremonial, letters of naturalization in France, at the hands of the elder Montaigne. He afterward, however, returned to Portugal by invitation of the King, to found the University of Coimbra; and not only Buchanan, but all the regents (the professors) of the *Collège de Guienne* accompanied him. Fortunately, other distinguished scholars stood ready to replace them.

As we come down from the days of Montaigne's boyhood to those of his manhood, the most conspicuous figure at Bordeaux is that of Largebaton, President of the Parliament, a man of great learning, experience, and authority, of equal courage and devotion to justice, and an eager defender of the political liberties of his fellow-citizens. Nor of *their* liberties alone. It was during his presidency that a Norman merchant brought to Bordeaux negroes for sale. The Parliament ordered their chains to be struck off, and by a memorable decree declared that "France, the mother of liberty, could not recognize slavery."

After the death of Largebaton there were found, it is said, among his papers a number of royal edicts which he had suppressed of his own authority, because they seemed to him too burdensome on the people; and it is further reported that, at times, when he received such royal missives, he could not master his indignation, and would slit them with his penknife, saying: "*Par Sainte Claude, vous serez ganivetés* [cut to pieces]!" The irascibility and curtness which this tradition indicates as enlivening his moderation and wisdom, found vent also, less happily, in a political quarrel with Montaigne, of which the details are too involved with public

affairs for narration here. He was the L'Hôpital of Bordeaux, and, like L'Hôpital, not less learned in letters than in law.

In 1565 he welcomed L'Hôpital to Bordeaux. It was on the occasion of a "*lit de justice*" held by Charles IX. Various motives determined the King, or, rather, his mother, to this step, but in the mind of the royal chancellor, L'Hôpital, the prevailing influence was the wish to deliver a "*mercuriale*" to the Parliament of Bordeaux, which he knew to be occupying itself with party politics, to the prejudice of its proper business. Largebaton himself, its own president, had denounced it, both to the King and to the Queen-mother, an act of generous daring for which his subordinates never forgave him.

Bordeaux received the King with a splendor surpassing that displayed by any other city he visited in the progress he was making through the kingdom. The accounts of the great procession that welcomed him are dazzling with the cloth of gold and scarlet robes and furred mantles and velvet caps of the dignitaries, who were attended by twelve hundred armed citizens. After them came the bakers of the city, in white dresses, with an ensign, followed by other guilds; and then companies of twelve men each, representing foreign nations—Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Moors, Tartars, Indians, Brazilians, and various savage tribes—some of the actors really belonging to these peoples, some assuming the part, each company having its chief, who harangued the King in its native speech. Then came the beggars and the parish priests. Last of all, preceded by a trumpeter, came a company of little children on horseback, dressed in white, carrying in their hands little blue flags that bore the King's arms, and shouting *Vive le Roi!* The procession attended the King to the great church of the city, where he was received by the archbishop and the mayor.

Montaigne, already a friend of L'Hôpital and well known to many of the court, must have been present at these ceremonials. He would, also, naturally be present as a "*conseiller au parlement*" at acts that two days later took place at "the Palace," in the great hall of the Parliament. There, in the presence of the King and the Queen-mother, and of many princes and lords, the chancellor harangued the members of the Parliament. He handled them very roughly, accused them in vigorous terms of grave misdemeanors, of disobedience to the royal authority, of discords and factions among themselves, of not having clean hands in the administration

of justice, of love of money and love of power, of want of courage in well-doing. One single sentence exculpated and eulogized the good men among them, "*Il y a ici*," L'Hôpital acknowledged, or rather declared, "*il y a ici beaucoup de gens de bien, desquels les opinions ne sont suivies; elles ne se pesent point, mais se comptent.*" He may have had in mind not only the living but the lately dead. De Thou mentions "three great men" whom France lost in 1563; two of them were of Bordeaux, and both "councillors of the court." The one was Arnaud de Ferron, renowned for his historical works, the other was Etienne de la Boétie.

It is as "the friend of Montaigne" that La Boétie is most widely known, but De Thou's judgment and that of other contemporaries confirm and justify Montaigne's profound admiration for him, while it is not merely a matter of chance that his works have been brought by successive reprints down to our own day, and may be read by us with a deeper interest than any of those of his fellow-students. He is the noblest representative of those among them who derived strength from the teachings of antiquity. His love of mankind, his faith in human nature, his lofty and ardent passion for public welfare, and the high simplicity and sincerity of his course of life, made him, in Montaigne's phrase, a man "*à la vieille marque.*" In his writings may be discovered a vehement and somewhat utopian nature, but also excellent good sense with peculiar sweetness and delicacy of feeling. The interest which attaches to them, however, is due not merely to his personal character, nor to their own intrinsic merits; but, in part to the fact that he expresses what many men were feeling, and that in listening to him the historic background against which he stands becomes visible to us.

He died in early middle age—at thirty-three years—and his principal piece, the essay on *La Servitude Volontaire*, was written in his youth. But earlier still, in accord with a prevalent custom of the day, he made several translations, among them one of the *Œconomus* of Xenophon, which he entitled *La Mesnagerie*. The subject suited the tastes and needs of the time. Montaigne, a little later, wrote, "The most useful and honorable knowledge and occupation for a mother of a family is the knowledge of household affairs, *la science du mesnage*. I see some who are miserly, of good managers (*mesnagères*) very few; it is their highest gift, and should be sought for before all others as the sole dowry which serves to ruin or save our families. Say what you will—*qu'on ne m'en parle pas*—from

what experience has taught me I would require of a married woman above all virtue, the virtue of economics (*la vertu économique*)."

It was to aid in the acquirement of this virtue that La Boëtie chose for translation the *Œconomicus*, following the example of Cicero, who also had translated it in *his* youth. La Boëtie's translation may still be read with pleasure as well as interest by those who would acquire the art "*de bien gouverner la maison*," and not less by the employers of labor. The closing sentences, in fact, rise to the height of a noble description of the man who has a right to command others because he has the power to secure their willing obedience.

The youth who had felt this admiration of voluntary obedience could not but pass on to that detestation of voluntary servitude which inspired the only original prose work of La Boëtie—a short treatise, whose title, *La Servitude Volontaire*, is more widely known than its contents.

The greater part of it was written, it is believed, when he was only eighteen, and there is perhaps no questioning Sainte-Beuve's judgment that it is an echo of classical declamation. But it is something more than this. The ardor of generous emotion breathes life into the rhetorical phrases, and the youthful redundancy of expression is dignified by a remarkable mastery of language. Sainte-Beuve himself admits it to be "a masterpiece" of its kind, adding: "In this piece, of which the ideas are so narrow and so simple, there are strong pages, vigorous and connected trains of thought, eloquent bursts of indignation, a superior talent for style, and a great number of happy comparisons which produce on the reader a poetic impression."

These "eloquent bursts of indignation" were the essentially personal parts of the composition; not "personal," in the sense in which the word might be applied to the indignations of the youthful Shelley, of whose opposition to usurped power the work of La Boëtie may in some respects remind us; but "personal," as coming from the heart, and being inspired by events which the author had himself witnessed. At the moment when he wrote, Bordeaux was suffering the most cruel penalties for her share in a great rebellion throughout Guienne, that followed an oppressive increase of the salt-tax; and the protests and exhortations with which the boy-student of antiquity attempted to defend and to arouse his own people, possess an abstract force and truthfulness which address themselves to the people of all countries and of all times who may

basely permit themselves to be governed as if they were but dumb animals.

The thesis of the paper is that the unjust power of tyrants is only possible through the connivance of the people whom they oppress. The people have no need to combat their oppressor, La Boëtie declares; they need only not assist him. "What could he do to you," he cries, "if you were not the partners of the robber who pillages you, the accomplices of the murderer who kills you, and traitors to yourselves?"

The extravagance of this doctrine, which rests on the assumption that the oppressor is but one, is but the King alone (one of the titles given to the essay is *Le Contr' Un*)—while in truth the King's power in a tyrannical government is due to his being the head of innumerable tyrants—the irrationality of this conception has not prevented La Boëtie's work being made use of frequently in France as an arm by men of more revolutionary tenets than his own. (Indeed, the influence of La Boëtie may more justly be called *revolutionizing* than *revolutionary*.) It was not published for almost thirty years after it was written, and not till thirteen years after its author's death; and then, four years after the night of St. Bartholomew, it was made public by the Protestants, who, though La Boëtie had never belonged to their body nor adopted their opinions, found in it arguments well fitted to their cause. In 1789 it was brought forward, and again in 1835 (by Lamennais), and the next year once more, under still other auspices.

If it is not a weighty weapon, it is a keen and a piercing one. There is more than one passage of eloquence as moving as this:

"You sow your seed that he [the bad prince] may enjoy the fruit of it; you furnish and fill your houses that he may rob them; you bring up your daughters that he may have wherewithal to satisfy his lust; you bring up your sons that he may send them to be butchered in his wars, that he may make them the ministers of his greed, the executors of his revenge; you wear out your bodies in labor that he may wanton in his delights, and wallow in foul and villainous pleasures; you enfeeble yourselves in order to make him stronger and stiffer in holding your bridle tight."

By the side of this vehemence there are passages of simple thoughtfulness equally vigorous in expression. In speaking of the power of circumstances upon the growth of character, he says:

"It cannot be denied that nature has a strong hold upon us to draw us where she will, and to cause us to be called well or ill born; but it must be confessed that she has less power over us than habit possesses, because our natural qualities,

however good they may be, are lost if they are not cultivated, and education [*la nourriture*] makes us over always after its fashion, whatever that may be, in spite of nature. The seeds of worth, which nature puts in us, are so small and slippery that they do not sustain the least shock of an opposing education. They do not hold their own more easily than they degenerate, disappear, and come to nothing, just as fruit-trees, which all have some nature of their own, which they keep, indeed, if they are allowed to mature, but they throw it aside at once if they be grafted, to bear foreign fruits, not those natural to them. Every herb has its property, its nature, and its peculiarity; but yet the frost, the weather, the soil, the hand of the gardener add to its virtue, or diminish it. The plant seen in one place may scarcely be recognized as the same, when growing elsewhere."

La Fontaine, a hundred years later, expressed the same thought in almost the same words. In his fable of the two dogs, *Laridon et César*, he speaks of

la diverse nourriture
Fortifiant en l'un cette heureuse nature,
En l'autre l'altérant;

and the moral is,

On ne suit pas toujours ses aïeux ni son père;
Le peu de soin, le temps, tout fait qu'on dégénère,
Faute de cultiver la nature et ses dons;
Oh ! combien de Césars deviendront Laridons !

Montaigne was of a different mind. "Natural tendencies may be helped and strengthened by education," he says, "but they can scarcely be changed and overcome: a thousand natures, in my time, have escaped towards virtue or towards vice in spite of opposing discipline; we do not extirpate the original qualities, we cover them and hide them." And he quotes, in illustration, a passage from Lucan about the indomitable bursts of wildness in tamed animals.

There are interesting similarities between the thoughts of La Boëtie, concerning national liberty and kindred topics, and those of Rousseau in the *Contrat Social*. La Boëtie says: "It is an extreme misfortune to be subject to a master of whose goodness there can be no assurance, because it is always in his power to be bad when he will." Rousseau: "The best kings desire to be able to be bad if they choose, without ceasing to be masters." Again, Rousseau condenses into the famous phrase, "Peoples who are free, remember this maxim: Liberty can be acquired, but never recovered," these more diffuse sentences of La Boëtie: "It is scarcely to be believed how speedily a people, so soon as it is subjected, falls into such and so profound a forgetfulness of freedom that it cannot be roused to regain its liberty; for it yields to enslavement so freely and willingly, that

one might well say, in beholding it, that it has not lost its liberty, but gained its servitude." Other like examples have been noted.

Picturesque images abound in these pages, giving them color and light and grace, and one often notes a happy choice of words and originality of phrase. These charms, strange to say, are lacking in La Boëtie's verse.

His French verse, cast for the most part in the form of delicate love-poems, is a little feeble and dull, but of such refinement of sentiment that the reader willingly lingers over the pages. It is of interest, too, as an illustration of the efforts toward new developments of poetic expression, which were contemporaneous with the more formally-studied productions of the school of Ronsard, the achievements of the seven poets known as the Pleiades. It is still an open question whether La Boëtie followed Ronsard, or Ronsard La Boëtie, in passages where it would seem that one or the other must have led the way; and La Boëtie's sonnets are a good example of how men were poetizing who were not classed as poets and belonged to no school of pronounced poetic doctrines.

The Latin poems of La Boëtie are more interesting than those in his native tongue, for, besides their perfume of classic studies, they are more varied in subject and deeper in thought. The civil wars of France began a year before he died (1563), and the change which they brought about in the intellectual temper of the country had been preceded in the minds of many thinking men by apprehension and a sort of despair. La Boëtie's patriotic sadness was of the deepest. Montaigne speaks of "the tender love which he bore to his wretched country," and there is expression of it in a poem addressed to Montaigne and another friend, and probably written about 1560. It has a peculiar interest for us, because in it, confiding to his friends his wish to fly from "these cruel days," to "bid a long and last farewell to his native land," his thoughts turn to "those unknown tracts of earth extending to the West," beyond "the waste of waters," where are found "*vacuas sedes et inania regna*." We may believe, he adds (we condense in translating), "that the gods, destroying all Europe by the sword, have provided a new land for the unhappy fugitives, and that it is for this that another world has risen from the sea; where the illimitable fields accept for lord, without requiring payment, whoever chooses to till them, *ceduntque in jura colentis*. Here must we go, thither must we bend our oars and turn our sails."

These lines reflect the great emotions of the time, and elsewhere we find lesser accidental conditions of the day mirrored in his verse. Such as this, for instance: "I have seen," says Montaigne, "deafness a fashion (*la surdité en affectation*)."^{*} The fact was that the famous Ronsard was "*un peu sourdaut*," a little "hard of hearing," and in consequence his ardent admirer, Du Bellay, thought it the thing to write a hymn to deafness, extolling it as a divine blessing, and we have La Boëtie addressing these verses:

Ad Maumontium surdum
Deficiunt aures; quid tum, cum lingua supersit?
Quod discas nihil est, plurima quae doceas.

"Thy hearing gone? What then?—so but remain thy speech.
 Thou nothing hast to learn, but everything to teach."

The most charming of all these poems is one full of domestic sweetness, addressed to his wife, too long to translate and too graceful and gay in its original and vivacious metre to admit compression.

We may pass almost without a break from La Boëtie to Pierre de Brach, another familiar friend of Montaigne, another Bordelaisian, whose devotion to his wife was as tender, as sincere, and as poetic as that of La Boëtie. His affection for Montaigne, who was his senior by fourteen years, was heartfelt, and his own memory is dignified by the touching letter in which he announced to Justus Lipsius the death of Montaigne, and describes his admirable demeanor during a dangerous illness in Paris, five years before, of which exhibition of Montaigne's character we should, but for this letter, be ignorant.*

De Brach had a less vehement and virile nature than La Boëtie, but he had the same reverence for great things and love of pure things; and the man whose absence from his deathbed Montaigne regretted can have been no weakling. Still, the mass of his poems is uninteresting (though he was a poet *by profession*). But as his last (his sole) editor, M. Dezeimeris—(whose scholarly labors were praised a quarter of a century ago by Sainte-Beuve)—as M. Dezeimeris

* A point of interest in connection with the friendship between De Brach and Montaigne is the reference to him in what is known as "*la grande préface*" of Mlle. de Gournay (the preface to the 1595 edition of the *Essais*). She there speaks of the offices "*de bon amy*" which he has rendered to the book; and M. Dezeimeris, in his *Recherches sur la Recension du Texte Posthume de Montaigne*, argues with great plausibility, and goes far to prove unquestionably, that the position usually assigned to Mlle. de Gournay herself with regard to this most important edition really belongs to De Brach; that it was he, in truth, who was its sole and responsible editor; and that Mlle. de Gournay only superintended its printing, and wrote the preface.

has remarked, "De Brach gives us an exact idea of the literary form of his time and place; . . . and from his very lack of originality he speaks more completely [than greater authors] the language of the literary circle in which he lived, and he speaks it with much care and consideration. . . . The Bordeaux poet deserves to be studied by philologists, were it only to furnish materials for a comparative study of the language of Montaigne." *

One of the longer poems of De Brach is dedicated to Montaigne. It is a narrative of the combat of David and Goliath, a common subject with the poets of that day. They all felt

*Las ! ce temps à toute force,
Chanter la guerre me force,
Car par-mi tant de soldats,
Qu'eusse je chanté que Mars.*

And to a Gascon, even a Gascon poet, Mars (who is a droll deity in connection with David) was the most familiar of the gods. "*Le Gascon est naturellement soldat*," says Pasquier. None the less De Brach, like Montaigne, regarded war with detestation.

A hymn to Bordeaux, of more than a thousand lines, dedicated to Ronsard, is the most ambitious, and the least readable, of these "musings." Both in this and in the poem just mentioned are passages which his compatriot Du Bartas† took as models and copied

* De Brach's principal work was a collection of sonnets, odes, elegies, and epigrams published by him under the title of *Les Amours d'Aymée*. A similar series written after his wife's death, entitled, *Les Regrets et Larmes Funèbres*, he desired "should not appear till he himself had followed her to the tomb." Alas! when that event occurred no friendly hand was found to bring them to light; and in our day they seemed to have disappeared forever. Not so; they were only waiting for M. Dezeimeris. His heart had already been touched by the thought of these lost poems, when, suddenly, one fine morning, they knocked at the door of his library. A descendant of De Brach had discovered them in his own possession. He put them at once into the hands of M. Dezeimeris, where they found themselves in company with a printed volume of his earlier poems corrected by De Brach himself, for the complete edition of his works he hoped would be given to his contemporaries. For almost three centuries these kindred volumes had been parted. We cannot enter into all the details charmingly narrated in his preface by M. Dezeimeris, but we echo his question, "*Savez-vous le moyen de ne pas imprimer dans de telles circonstances?*" Two beautiful quarto volumes were the result, embellished by interesting portraits of De Brach and old views of the Roman edifices at Bordeaux, and including the *Tombeau et Regrets Funèbres de plusieurs Auteurs sur la Mort d'Aymée*—the poetic lamentations of some twenty and more friends. Among them we find Etienne Pasquier (the friend, likewise, of Montaigne), Adrian Turnèbe, son of the scholar whose praises Montaigne affectionately uttered as those of "*mon Turnebus*," Mlle. de Gournay, the "*filie d'alliance*" of Montaigne, and M. de Lestonnac, his brother-in-law.

† Du Bartas has a singular foothold in English literature. The students of Milton recognize him as one of the sources from which Milton drew the water which in his cup

closely ; but there are few lines to attract either a pilfering poet or a sympathetic reader.

Better than these is a narrative poem, in which he gives an account of a journey he made on horseback in company with Du Bartas. It is full of pretty description and pleasant feeling and entertaining details, that bring scene after scene vividly before the reader, but for a line of poetry or a touch of imagination he looks in vain from the first page to the last.

De Brach dedicated his first volume to the "*très illustre et vertueuse damoiselle Mademoiselle Diane de Foix de Candalle*." It was to her also—four years later—as Comtesse de Gurson, that Montaigne dedicated his famous essay on "L'Institution des Enfants." She married her cousin, the son of Gaston de Foix, Marquis de Trans, with whom Montaigne was on very friendly terms, and whose château was visible from Montaigne's tower.* It was from his hands that Montaigne received the order of St. Michel, more than once referred to in the *Essays*.

The dedication of De Brach is followed by a sonnet from Florimond de Raymond,† in which he tells the fair Diana that her "*brave nom de Foix*" is nothing, nor her pretty name of "the mother of the months," nor all the gifts bestowed on her by the gods:

*Mais en dépit des ans cette Muse nouvelle,
Te fera vivre et grande et vertueuse et belle.*

One smiles (not unkindly) at this, as one does not at

"Yet do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young."

changed to wine. Jeremy Taylor borrowed from him (as he did so boldly from Montaigne) ; and it is said that traces of Du Bartas are found in Byron and in Moore. In Italy Tasso imitated, in his *I sette Giorni della Creazione*, the plan and even the title of Du Bartas's *La Semaine* ; and in Germany his fame revived, only fifty years ago, under the influence of Goethe's admiration for him.

* The young Comte de Gurson and two of his brothers, "*trois frères mes bons seigneurs et amis*," Montaigne calls them, in recording (in his *Ephémérides*) their death, were all killed on the same day, at the battle of Moncrabeau ; and it is their father (the Marquis de Trans) of whom Montaigne speaks (not by name) in the Essay *Que le goust des biens et des maux despend, en bonne partie, de l'opinion que nous en avons*, as a man who had received this "*aspre coup de verge*," almost "*à faveur et gratification singulière du ciel*."

† Florimond de Raymond was still another Bordelaisian. Pasquier speaks of him as one of the three prose writers (in French) of Gascony, placing him by the side of Montaigne and Monluc. It was through his zeal that Monluc's famous autobiographical *Mémoires* were first published (at Bordeaux, in 1592). His chief work was *L'Histoire de la Naissance et Progrès de l'Hérésie*.

The "*brave nom de Foix*" belonged also to an uncle of this young countess—François de Foix—"Monsieur de Candale" in Montaigne's *Essays*, afterwards the Bishop of Aire, who, Montaigne said, "gave birth every day to writings" which would extend to distant generations the knowledge of the love of letters belonging to his family. He was learned, also, in geometry and the mechanical sciences, and had laboratories and workshops and forges, where he employed himself diligently. De Thou gives a very entertaining account of a dinner at his house, "which was seasoned by learned conversation, according to his custom." The conversation, on this occasion, was about an ascent he had made, for scientific purposes, of one of the mountains near Pau, when he was there in the *suite* of the grandfather of Henry IV., whose near relation he was.

This dinner took place in 1582, when De Thou was at Bordeaux for some months. A "*chambre de justice*," consisting of fourteen lawyers of the highest standing in the Parliament of Paris—among whom was De Thou, then twenty-seven years of age—was sent to Bordeaux as a court of high commission, under the presidency of Antoine Séguier, to render justice in cases where the verdicts of the local courts were evidently marked by political and religious prejudice.

It was when Montaigne was mayor; and the long account of this visit that De Thou has left in his *Mémoires* is the more interesting because these distinguished men were in close relations with him. He was present at this first sitting of the court, and listened to the discourse with which it was opened by the famous Loysel, advocate of the commission, with much satisfaction and approval; as is to be gathered from a letter of Loysel to him,* written some months later, sending him a copy of his closing "remonstrance" at Bordeaux (so these discourses were entitled),

* The letter is as follows :

"*Monsieur* :—If you took some pleasure in hearing what I said at the opening of our first sitting, as you gave me assurance of at the time, I hope you will receive as much, or more, in reading what I send you with this. You will indeed find in it yet more details with regard to your Bordelais cities and districts. As I know not to whom more fitly to dedicate this *clôture* than to him who, being mayor, and one of the magistrates of Bordeaux, is also one of the principal ornaments, not only of Guienne but of all France, I pray you to receive it with as good will as I send it.

"Praying God, sir, to have you in his grace,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"A. L'OYSEL."

which he had dedicated to Montaigne. Montaigne was absent from Bordeaux at the time of its delivery.

De Thou, who had already conceived the intention of writing the history of his times, speaks of gaining much information from Montaigne, and describes him as "a frank man, an enemy of all fear, who had joined no cabal; who was also very conversant with our affairs, especially with those of Guienne, his native land, which he knew thoroughly." In his history, after Montaigne's death, he writes of him more warmly, and closes an admirable sketch of him by saying: "To myself, while I was in relation with him in that province (Guienne), at the court, and in Paris also, he was most closely united in communion of tastes [*studiorum*] and of will [*voluntatem*]. To his friendship and virtue I have deemed that I owed this grateful testimony."

The future historian was also, he says, "instructed in many remarkable particulars by Largebaton, first President of Bordeaux, an old man, venerable both from his very advanced age and from his learning;" and he was charmed with Elie Vinet, "Director of the College of Bordeaux, formerly so celebrated." Vinet was then "busying himself with retouching his *Ausonius*; he was in earlier days a friend of Turnèbe, of Muret, of Grouchy, of Guerente, and of George Buchanan"—names familiar to the reader of Montaigne, for they were all of them his friends and some of them his teachers. "Every year Vinet received letters from Buchanan, when the Scotch merchants came to buy wine at Bordeaux; De Thou [he uses always the third person] saw the last letter that Buchanan had sent Vinet, written with a trembling hand, in truth, but in a firm style; it showed no trace of the weaknesses of his great age—of these Buchanan, in fact, did not complain, but expressed the weariness that a long life causes. He told him that he had left the court, and retired to Stirling; he added at the close these words, which De Thou has remembered ever since: 'For the rest, I think only of withdrawing noiselessly and dying quietly; I consider myself already but a dead man, and intercourse with the living no longer befits me.'" He died within the year.

After a time the commissioners took a vacation, and De Thou, accompanied by Loysel and Loysel's *alter ego*, Pithou, and by another friend, and furnished with letters from M. de Foix-Candale (to whom they had paid frequent visits at Puy-Paulin, at Bordeaux), made a little tour through Médoc. When they came to La Teste (de Buch),

close to the sea, whether or not they remembered, as M. Dezeimeris suggests, that Ausonius had spoken of the oysters of the place—“*Non laudata minus nostri quam gloria vini*”—or that in *Pantagruel* “a peck of Buch oysters” is offered in wager, they proposed to eat oysters there.

“These gentlemen had a table arranged on the shore for dinner, as the sea was low: they were brought oysters in baskets; they chose the best, and swallowed them as soon as they were opened; they have so agreeable and rich a flavor, that one seems to be breathing violets while eating them; besides, they are so wholesome that one of the lacqueys swallowed more than a hundred without being inconvenienced. Here, during the freedom of the repast, there was various talk, sometimes of the beauty of the place, sometimes of what might be judged best for the welfare of the State, sometimes of that famous captain just now referred to [*le Capitai de Buch*], sometimes of those great men whom Cicero speaks of in a passage in his works, who did not think it beneath them to use a wise repose, necessary to refresh the mind from its great occupations, in picking up shells and little stones on the sea-shore at Gaeta and at Laurentium.”

We part reluctantly from these gentlemen, these “men of letters,” as they rise from this pleasant repast, where the talk had adequately represented the poetic feeling, the refined tastes, the patriotic emotion, and the scholarly habit of mind which distinguished them and their friends at Bordeaux.

UNCLE MINGO'S "SPECULATIONS."

"L-LORD-a-mussy, Boss! You d' know nut'n! De idee o' you a-stannin' up dar an' axin' me whar I goes ter markit!

"Heah! Heah! Well, you see, Boss, my markit moves roun'! Some days hit's right heah in front o' my residence, an' den I goes ter markit wid a drap-line an' a hook; an' some days hit's back heah in de Judge's giarbage bar'l, an' den I goes wid a hook agin—a hook on a stick.

"Don't you go to heavin' an' a-hawkin' an' a-spittin' over my markitin', Boss! I'se clean ef I is black, an' I'se pretickilar ef I does go to markit pomiscyus!

"I aint niver seed a fresh giarbage bar'l outside o' no quality kitchen do', whar de cook had good changeable habits, whar I couldn't meck a good day's markitin', but I has ter know de habits o' de cook befo' I patternizes a new bar'l, an' dat bar'l's got ter be changed an' scalted out reg'lar, ef hit gits my trade, caze I niver eats stale pervisions.

"In cose, Boss, I uses 'scretion long *wid* my hook, caze some o' de contentions o' de bar'l aint fittin' fo' no genterman ter eat, but sech as dish-water an' coffee-grounds, dee don't tantalize me, caze dee don't hook up, an' I niver markits wid no dipper, caze hit markits *too* pomiscyus!

"Why, Boss, ef you was good-hongry, *you'd* eat de cyabbage an' little bacon eens arter I'se done washed an' biled 'em!

"De bacon eens wid de little pieces o' twine in 'em looks like dee was jes' lef' *to* be hooked! I tell yer, Boss, de wuckins o' Providence is behelt in de leavin' o' dem twine strings.

"You see, yer has ter onderstan' how ter 'scriminate in markitin'. Dey's diffent kinds o' scraps. Dey's kitchen scraps an' dish scraps an' plate scraps. De kitchen scraps I uses mos'ly fo' seasonin'—de green tops o' de ingons, pasley stems, cilery leaves an' sech. De dish scraps is de chice scraps. Dee's fowl cyarcases an' ham bones an' roas' beef bones an' de likes. De plate scraps I aint niver fooled wid. I aint come ter dat yit! I niver likes ter see de pattern o' nobody's mouf on my vittles! Yer see, I was raised high, Boss, an' I aint niver got over it.

"Talk about gwine ter markit! I don't want no better markit dan a fus' class giarbage bar'l an' 'scrimination. Ef I wants ter know who's who, jes' lemme peep in de giarbage bar'l, an' I'll tell yer ef dee's de reel ole-timers er new sprouters er jes' out-an'-out po' white trash! My old mudder uster say, 'Show me de cloze-line, an' I'll tell yer who folks is!' an' she could do it, too! but I say, show me de giarbage, an' I'll tell yer ef dee'll parse muster!"

The speaker, Uncle Mingo, was an aged, white-haired black man, and he sat, as he talked, on a log of drift-wood on the bank of the Mississippi River at Carrollton, just above New Orleans. I often strolled out for a breeze and quiet smoke on the levee during the warm summer evenings, and it was here that I first met Uncle Mingo. He was a garrulous old negro, who lived alone in a shanty outside the new levee, and was evidently pleased in discovering in me an interested listener.

In reply to his last remark I said, "But you forget, old man, that most of us 'old-timers,' as you call us, are poor now!"

He raised his face in surprise, and exclaimed:

"Lord, Boss, does you spose I'se a-talkin' 'bout riches? I'se one o' deze befo'-de-war-yers, *an' I knows!* I tell yer, Boss, hit aint on'y de money what mecks de diffence, hits de—hit's de—Boss, I wisht I had de book words ter splain it de way I knows it in heah!" He tapped his breast. "Hits de—de diffence in de—in de cornsciousness. Dat's de on'y way I kin splain it. Hit seems ter me de ole-time folks had de inner cornsciousness, an' all dese heah new people aint got nut'n' but de outer cornsciousness!"

"De inner cornsciousness strikes out mighty kind an' sweet when it do strike out, an' hit's gentle in de high places, an' when de waters o' tribulation runs agin it, hit keeps a stiff upper lip an' don't meck no sign.

"Dars my ole madam, Miss Annie, now, dat uster smile on ev'y nigger 'long de coas', so 'feerd she mout be a slightin' some o' she's own people, caze she own so many she don't know half on 'em—dar she is now, a-livin' back o' town a-meckin yeast cakes fo' de Christian Woman's *Exchange*, an', Boss, I wish you could see her!"

"You reckon she talk po' mouf? No, sir! She's mouf warn't cut out by de po' mouf pattern! She nuver lets on, no more'n ef de ole times was back agin.

"I goes ter see her de days my rheumatiz lets up on me right smart—I goes ter see her, an' she sets in dat little front room wid

de two little yaller steps a-settin out at de front do', an' she axes me how I come on, an' talks 'long peaceful like, but she nuver specifies!

"No, sir, she nuver specifies! Fo' all you could see, she mout have her ca'ge out at de front do' an' be out dar ter see po' white folks on business. Dat house don't fit her, and Marse Robert's portrit a-hangin' over dat little chimbly look like hit's los', hit look so onnachel.

"I axed Miss Annie one day how long she specs ter live dat-away, an' ef Gord forgives me, I aint a-gwine ter quizzify her no mo'!"

The old man hesitated and looked at me, evidently expecting to be questioned.

"Why, old man, didn't she answer you?" I said.

"Oh, yas sir! She answered me; she say, 'Well, Unc' Mingo, I hardly know. I finds it ve'y pleasant an' quiet out heah!'

"'Pleasant an' quiet!' Lord have mussy! An' 'bout a million o' po' chillen a-rippin' an' a-tarrin' up and down de banquette, an' de organ-grinder drowndin' out de soun' o' 'Ole Sweet Beans an' Ba'ley Grow' on her little box steps dat minute!

"I aint nuver answered her, on'y jes' tunned my haid an' looked at de crowd, an' she say, 'Oh, de chillen, dee are a little noisy, but I meant in a'—some kind o' way—is dey got sich a word as soshual, Boss?'"

"Social? Yes."

"Dat's hit—in a *soshual* way she say she fine hit's quiet, caze, she say, she aint made no new 'quaintances out dar; an' den she aint said no mo', on'y axed me ef de ribber's risin', an' I see she done shet de do' on my quizzifyin'. An' I say ter mysef, 'New 'quaintances'—I reckon not! New 'quaintances in dat mixtry o' Gascons an' Dagos an' Lord knows what! I reckon not. Why, Boss, I kin smell de gyarlic jes' a-talkin' 'bout 'em! De Lord!"

"Does she live alone, old man?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir, she got 'er ma wid 'er!"

"Her ma! I thought you called her 'old madam.'"

"So I did, Boss, Miss Annie's we's ole madam, she's jes' lackin' a month o' bein' as ole as me, but *Ole Miss*, she's Miss Annie's ma, she's *ole, ole*. She's one o' dese heah ole Rivolutioners, an' she's git-tin' mighty 'cripit an' childish.

"She's got 'er pa's commission in de army signt by Ginerol Wash-

ington. All we ole fambly servants knows all dat, caze we's seen 'em teck it out an' show de han'write *too* many times!

"Yas, sir, she's a ole Revolutioner, an' in place o' dat, heah she is to-day a-livin' back o' town gratin' cocoanut!"

"Grating cocoanut! What do you mean?"

"Ter meck *pralines* ter sell, Boss!"

"And how does she sell them, pray?"

"*She* don't sell 'em, bless yo' heart, no! My daughter, *she* sells 'em!"

"Your daughter!"

"Yas, sir, my younges' gal, Calline. She's de onies' one o' my chillen what's lef'. She's de baby. She mus' be 'long 'bout fifty."

"And you have a daughter right here in New Orleans, and live here by yourself, old man! Why doesn't she come and take care of you in your old age?"

"An' who gwine to look arter we's white folks?—lif' Ole Miss in an' out o' de baid, an' go of arrants, an' do de pot an' kittle wuck, an' ca'y de yeas' cakes ter de *Exchange*, an' sell *pralines*, an' answer de do' knocker? Yer see, Boss, de folks at de *Exchange*, dee don't know nut'n 'bout Ole Miss an' Miss Annie. Yer see Calline, she's dee's pector! I aint a-sufferin', Boss, I aint! An' ef I was, hit would be Gord's will; but we aint made out'n de kine o' stuff ter try ter meck we-selves comfable, whilst we's white people's in tribulation."

I turned and looked at the old man. A ray from the sun, now setting, across the river, fell into his silver hair and seemed to transform it into a halo around the gentle old face. I had often found entertainment in the quiet stream of retrospective conversation that seemed to flow without an effort from his lips, but this evening I had gotten the first glimpse of his inner life.

"And don't you feel lonely here sometimes, old man?"

"I know hit looks ter you dat-a-way, Boss—I know hit looks dat-a-way—but when I sets heah by de water's aide, you cyant see 'em, but company's all around me! I'se a-settin' heah an' I aint settin' heah! I'se away back yonder! Sometimes seems like dis levee is de ole plantation, an' in dat place whar de sun's a-shinin' on de water, meckin' a silver road, all de ole-time folks dee comes out dere an' seems like dee talks ter me an' I lives de ole times agin!"

"Sometimes dee comes one by one down de shinin' road, an'

sometimes a whole passel on 'em at onct, an' seems like dee sets down an' talks ter me.

"Lonesome! If ever I gits lonesome all I got ter do is ter come heah on de river bank an' ponder, and when I 'gins ter speculate, heah dee come, a-smilin' jes' like dee was in de ole days, an' sometimes, Boss, you mout come ter de top o' de levee dar, an' you mout look out heah an' see me, a ole black dried-up critter, settin' heah in rags, an' maybe at dat minute I mout be a million o' miles from heah, a settin' up on top o' Ole Miss's ca'ge, a-drivin' my white folks to chu'ch, an' Marse Robert, de one dat was kilt in de army, a little boy no more'n *so* high, a-settin' up by my side, a-holdin' one rein an' a cluckin' ter de horses!

"I tell yer, Boss, when I uster git up on dat silver-mounted ca'ge, wid my stove-pipe hat on, dey warn't nobody what could o' bought me out. I wouldn't o' sole out to de Juke o' Englan'! I was dat puffed out wid stuck-up-ishness!"

He paused, smiling in happy contemplation of his departed glory.

"Uncle," I said, "I am going to ask you something. What was the matter with you last evening?"

"Istiddy? Why, Boss?"

"Well, I was sitting out here on the levee with a party of friends, smoking, and while we laughed and told old jokes, I thought I heard some one sobbing—crying out aloud. Peering through the twilight, I saw you right here where you sit now. We stopped and listened, and presently I think—yes, I am sure—you were laughing. Would you mind telling me what was the matter?"

"Did you heah me, Boss? I reckon you 'lowed dat I was gone 'stracted, didn't you?"

"Well, no, I can't say that, but it did sound queer, out here by yourself."

"An' you'd like ter know de 'casion of it, Boss. Well, I'll tell yer, but I'se afeerd, ef I does tell yer, yer'll 'low dat I'se wus 'stracted dan yer did befo'. Howsomever, hit was dis-a-way!

"Istiddy mornin' I was a settin' in my cyabin a-sortin' out my markitin'—a-puttin' a pile o' cyabbage-leaves heah like, and de chicken-haids like heah, an' pilin' 'em up accordin' ter dey kinds, when, all on a suddint, a picture o' de ole times come up befo' me, an' in de place o' all dese scraps, I see de inside o' Ole Miss's kitchen, an' seemed like I could heah de chicken a-fryin', an' de hot rolls was

piled up befo' me, an' 'fo' I knowed it, seemed like I was a-flyin' roun' de big breckfus table wid a white apoon on, an' all de diffent kinds o' seasonable steams out'n de dishes come a-puffin' an' a-puffin' up in my face an' I couldn't get shet ob 'em !

" I tell yer, Boss, I nuver did have my day's markitin' look so po' as it did in de presence o' dat visiom o' de ole dinin'-room ! An' when I looked at my chicken-haids, seemed like all dee's eyes was a lookin' at me sort o' gretful, like dee had feelins fo' me, an' like dee 'lowed dat I mout hab feelins fo' dem, seein's we was all havin' hard times togedder.

" Yer can look at me, Boss, an' 'cuse me o' high-mindedness, but my stummick turned agin dat vittles, an' I couldn't eat it, an' I upped an' put it back in de baskit, an' I baited a swimp-bag an' a hook, an' I come out heah ter fish for my dinner, caze I says ter myse'f, 'When giarbage markitin' goes agin yer, yer cyant fo'ce it !'

" Hit warn't 'zactly goin' agin me, but hit was goin' agin my ricollections, an' dey aint much diffence, caze dey aint much lef' o' me les'n 'tis ricollections.

" Well, Boss, ef flingin' dat dinner in de ribber was chilish in me, Gord was mighty good. He nuver punished me, but humored me, same as we humors a spiled chile, an' gimme good luck wid de bag an' line, an' I eat off'n fried cat-fish an' biled swimps fo' dinner.

" Well, dat was in de mornin'. Dat was my fust spell o' onsatisfaction, an' arter dinner, hit sort o' come on me agin, an' I got sort o' lonesome, an' long todes evenin' I come out heah fo' company.

" I d'know how 'tis, but I meets all de ole-time folks better out heah on de ribber bank dan any place—so I set down an' I commenced ter ponder, an' treckly heah dee come, an' fus' thing I know seemed like I lef' my ole lorg heah, an' slipped out'n my rheumatiz, an' was out in de silver road wid de res', a-flyin' an' a-dancin' roun' wid all de young boys an' gals what I knowed way back yonder. Seemed like I *reely was dar*, Boss, an' de wah, an' de breckin' up, an' all de tribulations we been pass froo, was blotted out, an' I was young agin !

" An' now, Boss, come de strange 'speunce dat upsot me. Whilst I was a-dancin' in de light an' ac'in' skittisher 'n a yong colt, I happened ter tun my haid roun' an' look todes de levee, an' I see a 'cripit, lonesome ole man, a-settin' still on a lorg by hesef, an' de bones o' he's laigs a-showin' froo de holes in he's breeches.

" Fust, I aint knowed 'im, twell I looked agin, an' den I seed

'twas me, an' seemed like I was a-settin' on de outside aide o' de worl', an' I cyant tell yer how I felt, Boss, but hit sort o' upsot me. I tried ter laugh an' den I cried. I knowed I warn't ac'n sponserble, an' hit was chilish in me. Dee does say when a pusson gits ter a sut'n age dee's obleeged ter ac' chilish, an' I reckon I mus' be agin'; but whensomuver I comes out heah ter ponder, arter dis, I'se sho'ly gwine ter set heah an' look back, caze a-gwine back an' lookin' dis way don't bring no comfort.

"Ter teck comfort out o' speculatin', yer has ter know which een ter start at!"

It seemed to me that the old man was weaker than usual when he rose to go into his cabin, and he allowed me to take his arm and assist him. When we reached his door, I felt reluctant to leave him alone. "Let me light your candle for you," I said.

"Candle! What fer, Boss?"

"Why, so that you may undress and go to bed comfortably."

"What use is I got fer a candle, Boss? All dese years I been livin' heah, I aint niver had no light yit. All I got ter do is ter lay down an' I'se in baid, an' ter git up an' I'se up. I aint prayed on my knees sence de rheumatiz struck my lef' j'int."

I slipped a coin into the old man's hand and left him, but the realization of his lonely and feeble condition was present with me as I walked down the levee, across the road, up through the orange-grove to my comfortable home. I realized that age and want had met at my own door. What if the old man should die alone, within reach of my arm, in an extremity of poverty for which I should become personally responsible, if I allowed it to continue?

The question of old Mingo's relief came again with my first thoughts next morning, and when Septima's gentle tap sounded on my door, and she entered, freshly *tignoned* and aproned—when her black arm appeared beneath my mosquito-netting with my morning cup of steaming Mocha, I thought of the lonely old man in the levee cabin and of his tremulous handling of his cooking utensils that moment, perhaps, in the preparation of his lonely meal.

The picture haunted me, and so the warm breakfast which Septima carried him was sent as much for the relief of my own mind as for his bodily comfort, as was also the dinner which I myself placed on the waiter. The boiled heart of a cabbage, with a broad strip of bacon, cut far removed from the perforation that betrays the string, and the headless half of a broiled chicken—with no eye to witness its

own humiliation or to gaze in sympathetic contemplation of the old man's environment of poverty.

In the early afternoon, while the sun was still high, I yielded to an impulse to go out and see how my protégé was getting along. I found him sitting with head uncovered in the full glare of the afternoon sun, outside his cabin door.

"Are you trying to bake yourself, Uncle?" I said, by way of greeting.

"Oh, no, sir; no, sir. I'se jes' a-settin' out heah teekin' a little free-nigger-fire," he said; and immediately began thanking me for my slight remembrance of him at meal-time.

"You mus' o' been tryin' ter meck my visiom come true, Boss, caze when I looked at dat breckfus dis mornin', hit come back ter me, an', Boss, I'se ashamed ter tell yer, but I did ac' chilish agin, an' my froat seemed like hit stopped up, an' I kivered de plate up an' come out heah an' cried scan'lous. Hit looked like Gord was jes' a-spilin' me wid humorin' me dat-a-way.

"But treckly dat passed orf, an' I come in an' sot down, an' seemed like I was mos' starved, I was dat hongry, but I saved orf a little speck o' everything you sont me, jes' so dat ef I los' myself in ponderin', an' mistrusted de sho-nuf-ness o' dat breckfus, I could fetch 'em out fo' proof, caze hit don't meck no diffence how big visioms is, dee don't leave no scraps; an' you know, Boss, jes' livin' like I does, ter myself, sort o' on de aidege bertwix visioms o' de mine an' visioms o' de eye, I does get mixed up some days, an' I scacely knows ef I kin put out my han' an' tech what I sees or not."

"How long have you been living this way, Uncle?" I asked.

"Well, I d' know ezzactly, Boss. I stayed long wid Ole Miss, down in Frenchtown, s'long's I could meck a little off'n my buck an' saw, an' dee quarls at me reg'lar now fo' leavin' 'em—inspecially Ole Miss. She so 'feered I mout git sick an' dee not know. Calline, she comes up mos'ly ev'y Sunday ter see me, an' fetches me clean cloze an' a pone o' fresh braid, an' Ole Miss sons me a little small change, an' I daresn't 'fuse ter teck it, needer, but I aint nuver used it. Lord—No! I couldn't use de money dee mecks wid dee's white little hans——"

The old man seemed to forget my presence and his voice fell almost to a whisper.

"You didn't tell me how long you had been here, Uncle."

"Dat's so, Boss—dat's so!" he said, rousing himself. "I was

a-sayin' 'bout leavin' Ole Miss—I nuver liked it down dar no how in Frenchtown, whar dee lives. Seemed like I couldn't git my bref good behint dem clost rows o' box steps, an' so when I 'scivered dat I could git reglar wuck a-sawin' drif' wood up heah, I come up an' rid down in de cyars ev'y day, but dat was wearin' on me, an' so—You ricollec' de time o' de cavin' o' de bank below heah, when two o' my color, Israel an' Hannah, got drowned?—Well, dat sca'd off mos' o' dem what was a-livin' outside o' de new levee, an' dey was a heap o' shanties up an' down de coas' lef' empty, an' I moved inter dis one. Dee's mosly caved in now. Ev'y time my daughter heahs now o' de cavin' o' de bank up or down de ribber she comes an' baigs me ter go home—but I aint afeerd, no, I aint. Dis bank's got a stronger holt on de main lan' dan I got on de bank o' Jordan."

"You talk about Jordan as if it were nothing. Aren't you ever afraid when you think of it, Uncle?"

"Afeerd o' what, Boss?"

"Of dying," I answered plainly.

He smiled. "Was you afeerd o' yo' pa when you was little, Boss?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Den I aint afeerd nuther. Aint Gord we's Father? He done handled me too tender fo' me ter be afeerd o' Him. Yas, He done handled me too tender, an' now, when I'se gittin' notionate, He's a-spilin' me wid humorins an' indulgins. Afeerd! No, no!"

The requirements of beauty, as laid down by authorities on the subject, are always resolved into a question of lines and color, of curves and tints—a certain synthesis of corresponding parts into a perfect unit of grace. It may, or may not be, that an analysis would demonstrate that the conditions had been for the moment fulfilled in the unconscious person of this old negro. I know not how this may be, but I am sure I never saw any countenance more spiritual and beautiful than the gentle brown face he turned upward toward heaven, as in half soliloquy he thus spoke the childlike trust of his undoubting heart. I understood now how he might even doubt whether he might not "put out his hand and touch" the hand of the Giver, who was as real to him as the gifts with which he felt himself "humored and indulged."

"Except ye become as little children——" God give us all such faith as this!

"You are not all recollections after all, Uncle," I said.

"Not in de sperit, Boss—jes' in de *mine*. Yer see, de sperit kin go whar de mine cyant foller. My mine goes back an' picks up ricollections same as you tecks dese heah pressed flowers out'n a book an' looks at 'em. My mine is de onies' book I'se got, an' de ricollections is pressed in hit same as yo' pressed flowers.

"Gord aint forbidden us to gyadder de flowers what He done planted 'long de road, an' de little flowers we picks up an' ca'ys 'long wid us, dee aint a-showin' dat we's forgittin' we's journey's een."

I left the old man with a keener regret than I had felt the evening before, and I was annoyed that I could not shake it off. I knew the thing that I ought to do, but it involved an annoyance to me which my selfishness resented. I had cultivated the old negro to put him into a book, and now I felt impelled to move him into my *yard*. I could not deal otherwise than gently with this antiquated bunch of aristocratic recollections, nor treat with dishonor the spirit that soared to heights to which I had not attained.

I strolled up the levee and back again several times, always turning before I reached the little cabin ; but finally I approached it and seated myself as before on a log on its shady side, facing the old man. "Uncle," I said, plunging headlong into the subject, "I want you to come and live in a cabin in my yard. You can't stay here by yourself any longer !"

"Yer reckin' dee'll mine ef I stays?" he said.

"Reckon who'll mind?"

"De owners o' de cyabin, Boss. Yer reckin dee'll mine?"

"I'm the owner, Uncle, and I don't mind your staying, but I can make you more comfortable in another empty cabin inside my grounds. Won't you come?"

The old man looked troubled. "You'se mighty kine, Boss—an' mighty good ; but, Boss, ef yer don't mine, I'll stay right heah."

"The 'other cabin is better," I said ; "the chimney of this is fallin' now—look at it."

"I know, Boss, I know ; hit aint dat—but hit's my white folks. Dee's dat proud dee wouldn't like me ter be berholten ter nobody but dem. Yer see, I'd be a 'umblin' dem, an' dat aint right."

"Well, Uncle," I said, "do you know where I could get a good, steady old man to come and stay in my little cabin and look after things? I am away a good deal, and I want some reliable man to carry my hen-house key and gather eggs and vegetables for me. I'd give such a man a good home, and take care of him."

"H-how did you say dat, Boss?"

I repeated it.

"Yer reckon I'd do, Boss?"

"Well, yes, I think you'll do. Suppose you try it, anyway."

We moved him over that evening, and he seemed very happy in his new home. He even wept, as, on entering it, he glanced around at its homely comforts; but he was evidently failing, and it was not long before he often kept his bed all day.

He had been with us a month when, one evening, he sent for me. "Set down heah, Boss, please, sir," he said. "I wants ter talk ter yer. I'se worried in my mine 'bout my people—my white folks. Dis worryment aint nuver come ter me fo' nut'n, an' I'se sturbed in de sperit."

"Aren't you sick yourself, Uncle?" I asked, for he looked very feeble.

"No, sir, I aint sick. I'se jes' a-nearin' home. Some days hit seems ter me I kin heah de ripple o' de water, I'se dat near de aide. De bank's nigh cavin', but Gord's a-lettin' me down mighty tender—mighty tender.

"But dat aint what meck me son' fer you, Boss. I'se troubled 'bout my people. I had a warnin' in my dream las' night, de same warnin' I had when Marse Robert was kilt, an' when Ole Boss died, an' when all we's troubles come; an' I 'spicion now dat hit's Ole Miss gone—an' would yer mine 'quirin' 'bout 'em fo' me, Boss?"

Thrusting his hand nervously under his pillow, he brought out a little soiled package, wrapped and tied in the corner of an old bandana handkerchief.

"An' won't yer, please, sir, ter teck dis little package wid yer, an' ef Ole Miss is daid, jes' give dis ter Calline fer me? Don't 'low nut'n ter nobody else—jes' give hit ter Calline, an' say as I sont it. Hit's twenty dollars what I saved f'om my wood-sawin', 'long wid all de change Ole Miss sont me.

"I done saved it by, 'gainst de comin' o' dis time fo' Ole Miss, an' maybe dee mout be scase o' money. Dee's address is in dar."

Untying the handkerchief, I found on a scrap of paper the name of a street and number, but no name of a person. Sometimes pride survives *after* a fall.

"Tell Calline," the old man continued, "I say hit's all fo' Ole Miss's buryin', an' don't specify ter Miss Annie, caze she's dat proud she moun't teck it, but Ole Miss wouldn't cyar—she wouldn't cyar.

Ef I 'lowed dat Ole Miss would cyar, I wouldn't fo'ce it on her, caze I wouldn't have no right—but she wouldn't cyar.

"She nussed me when I was a baby—Ole Miss did.

"My mammy, she nussed Miss Annie reg'lar, an' yer know she an' me is jes' a month older dan one anudder, an' you know how women folks is, Boss, jes' changin' roun' an' a nussin' one anudder's babies, jes' fo' fun like. Ole Miss cay'ed me roun' an' played wid me, same as you'd pet a little black kitten, an' soon's I could stan' up dee'd meck me clap an' dance, and I couldn't scacely talk befo' dee had me a-preachin' an' a-shoutin'.

"Dee had me fur a reg'lar show when dee had company. Dee jes' out an' out spiled me. I was jes' riz up wid 'em all, right in de house; an' den, all indurin o' de war, when all we's men folks was away, I slep' at Ole Miss's do', an' Calline, she slep' on a pallet in dee's room, 'twix dee's two baid's.

"Dat's de reason we loves one anudder. We's done seen good an' bad times togedder—good an' bad times—togedder."

His voice faltered—I looked at him quickly. He seemed suddenly to have fallen asleep. I felt his pulse gently, so as not to rouse him. It was weak and flickering, but not alarmingly so, I thought. Calling Septima, and bidding her sit with the old man for a while, I left him. About bedtime Septima summoned me to come into the cabin. Mingo had fainted. He was reviving when I entered, and his eyes wandered with uncertain glance about the room.

When he saw me he smiled. "Tell Ole Miss, don't be afeerd," he said; "I'se a-sleepin' at de do'."

His mind was wandering. He lay in a semi-conscious state for an hour or more, then he seemed to be sinking again, but reaction came a second time.

"Hit's a-cavin' in!—cavin' in easy an' slow—He's a-lettin' me down—mighty tender."

Suddenly a new light shone in his eyes. "Heah dee come—down de shinin' road—Marster!"

The Master had come. At this supreme moment, when his spirit passed away, his face wore again that expression of exquisite beauty, that illumination as with a spiritual light from within, that had glorified it once before when he spoke of the surpassing love of God.

Early next morning, a neat old colored woman came in haste for Uncle Mingo. It was Caroline. The old lady, "Ole Miss," had died during the night, and Caroline had come for her father.

Finding the levee cabin empty, she had made inquiries and been directed here. She was in great distress over her new sorrow, and seemed much disturbed lest the old man had missed her.

I insisted that I was the old man's debtor to at least the paltry sum needed for his burial—and was it not so? We pay directly or indirectly for the privilege of hearing sermons; we pay for stories of self-sacrifice and devotion; we pay for poetry; we pay for pictures of saints. I had gotten all these, and what had I given? One month's rent of an old cabin and a few crumbs from my table.

And in another sense still, I was old Mingo's debtor. Had he not made known to me the silent suffering of two Southern gentlewomen; and inasmuch as every true Southern man feels himself to be the personal champion and friend of every needy Southern woman, I might now become, in this small matter, a friend to the lonely lady who hid her pride, as well as her poverty, in the little grief-stricken house on a shabby street "back of town."

I asked this much, but a dainty note in a tremulous feminine hand 'thanked Monsieur most heartily for all his kindness, and for his present generous offer, but assured him that the privilege of caring for the body of one of the most beloved of her old servants was one which his former mistress could not forego.' There was no signature, but what was the need of one?

A plain black hearse, followed by a single carriage, in which Caroline sat alone, came in the afternoon for the remains of Uncle Mingo. Moving slowly down St. Charles Street to Canal, they turned down and across, out four, five squares, then down again, till, finally, hesitating a few moments, they fell into line with another hearse that stood before a pair of box-steps in a tenement row, and continued to the old St. Louis Cemetery.

The old lady sleeps her last sleep in a marble bed, the stateliest in a stately row. I started as I read the name: "These people here—and in want! Robert—Marse Robert—Yes—No, it cannot be! We were friends—in the army together—he was killed at Shiloh. Something must be done—but how? I must inquire—down town—at the Pickwick. Or maybe through Caroline——"

As, in the old days, Mingo slept outside his mistress's door, so, in a little grave all his own, in the corner of the family lot, he sleeps now at her feet.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

WHAT PROPERTY SHALL AUTHORS HAVE IN THEIR WORKS?

THE subject of copyright is again before the public, as Congress has assembled, and again the simple question at issue is befogged by many of those who discuss it. The question ought to be precisely that which we have placed at the head of this paper. But in Congress, in public discussions, in the minds of many persons, there is another question, which has been mixed up with this, and this mixture has produced the muddle which prevents legislation giving to authors what all honest minds agree they ought to have. To place the whole subject plainly before the reader, we will put the questions here side by side.

First—The authors' question : *What law shall be enacted to define and protect the property of authors in all works to be by them hereafter produced?*

Second—The publishers' question : *What law shall be enacted to secure to publishers a mortgage interest, or a share, in the property of authors in all works they hereafter produce?*

To the honest mind of an average American, this second question is startling. Have we come to that pass that a class of manufacturers dare ask Congress to make special law by which they shall have a permanent property interest in the raw material produced by other men's industry and skill? Yes, we have; and more than this; Senators and Representatives have been misled into introducing, printing, and advocating in Congress, bills which make this iniquitous provision for publishers.

Let it be said here that there are honorable exceptions among the American publishers, and if they should speak out loud they would do much to stop the evil course of those in their trade who seek this wrong. But thus far the voice of the publishers before Congress has been only that which we now speak of. We wish to make the position of this copyright question plain to American citizens of fair mind. We therefore condense into a few lines the substance of the legislation asked for. It will be understood that by "copyright" is meant all the property interest which law can give to an author in his works. For the present purposes the American author's property in America is well defined by existing law, and the annual discussion, now aroused, relates to securing by agreement, treaty, or by separate statutes, the enjoyment of that property in all countries in which the English language is spoken and read. Therefore the purpose is to secure in England and the United States the same legislation, and the following is the substance of that legislation as asked for by the different applicants.

First : The law asked for by authors.

All persons of whatever nationality shall have property in the literary product of their brains and hands, in the same manner as citizens of this country now have it by copyright-law.

Second : The law as publishers ask for it.

All persons of whatever nationality shall have property in the literary product of their brains and hands, in the same manner as citizens of this country now have it by copyright laws. But no American author shall have copyright in England, and no English author shall have copyright in America, until such American author shall by deed or contract of royalty give to an English publisher (or such English author to an American publisher) a share in the profits of publishing his said literary product, on such terms as the publisher may be willing to make.

Third : An ingenious variation of the publisher's plan, befogging the question by dragging in the subject of a protective tariff, and creating a permanent protection which neither country can revoke without destroying the whole international copyright.

But no American author shall have copyright in England unless he shall employ an English publisher or other person, to print and publish his work in England within — months after he has copyrighted it in America, and no copies of his book published in America shall be sold in England. *Vice versa* for English authors and American publishers.

Fourth : The resulting effect of the legislation asked by the publishers, which will be law precisely as if enacted by statute.

"If English publishers decline to contract for any book by an American author, or American publishers for an English author, or if, by reason of inability to pay the expense, want of acquaintance with foreign publishers, residence in remote parts of country, want of knowledge how to address and deal with foreign publishers, or other cause, such author shall not have given an interest in his or her book to a foreign publisher, he or she shall have no property in it except in his or her own country, and American or English publishers shall have free right to print, publish and sell the same as their own property, free and clear of any debt to the foreign author."

There, good honest people, you have the varieties of legislation proposed in Congress. The authors' legislation is simple, honest, upright, and no honorable mind hesitates to recommend it. What do you think of the publishers who prevent its adoption? For they alone prevent it. If the publishers of America, like honest men, would say to Congress, "We, too, ask you to enact the law the authors ask for," it would be passed this winter. But what do you think of the annexes, the conditions, with which they ask England to load our property in our work? Mark you, in this matter of international copyright, American publishers are asking the British Parliament to legislate on the property of American authors in England. Don't let them befog you, as they befog senators, with the idea that all this discussion is about the rights of foreigners in America. We ask justice to all men of all nations, and we ask our legislature to make laws which England will at once copy, securing to us the same property in our books that we now have in

our watches on both sides the Atlantic. And we are prevented from getting what honesty wants to give us by American publishers, who ask Congress to mortgage us and our children to English publishers, so that they may get in return a mortgage on English authorship for all time to come.

Authors are producers of raw material for manufacture. Publishers are manufacturers of the raw material into goods for sale. The relations of the two are precisely those of the cotton grower and the cotton manufacturer. Here is the law applied to cotton and other produce which the publishers desire applied to the produce of authorship :

“ No grower or producer of cotton, tobacco, wool, or any other raw material shall have any ownership or property in his product, but it shall be the right of any manufacturer or other person to seize such material wherever he finds it, and manufacture and sell the same, enjoying all profits and proceeds to himself, without debt or obligation to the producer. But whenever such producer desires to acquire ownership of the material he has produced, he may do so by contracting with a manufacturer on such terms as he may be able to make for the manufacture thereof, or by manufacturing his product into goods in the country in which he desires ownership.”

Publishers, like cotton manufacturers, have now all the law they need. No word of new law is required for their interests. Their property in cotton and books is the result of what purchases they may make of the raw material from planters or authors. Both parties are free to buy or sell, and the contracts they make are protected by the laws of their countries. But whenever authors ask for legislation affecting their property in the raw material they produce, you are sure to hear publishers cry out, “ Do not give authors any more property in their work without giving us a mortgage on it.” Authors cannot approach Congress without this interference of publishers; and yet you see plainly that the question is one with which publishers, as such, have no concern whatever—none which cotton manufacturers have not equal right to claim in cotton growers' crops.

But let us see the absurdity and iniquity of the pretence that the legislation proposed by publishers is all that American authors need for protection of property in literature, produced by their brains and hands. Like many persons, you have perhaps been misled by the idea that all this copyright talk is with reference to those authors whom you know by reputation, and whose books have large sales. This is a great mistake. In our industrial system the publishing business is of immense importance, rivalling cotton and other large subjects of manufacture and trade. It is safe to say that for the manufactured material, literature, many millions are annually paid to publishers. This is one of our largest industries, employing thousands of people. Can you guess what portion of the money coming from purchasers of the finished goods goes to the producer of the raw material ? We have no statistics to help us answer. But the pay of authorship is very small. The girl in the book-bindery gets as much pay for her work on the book as the author gets, in the cases of many books published. The paper-maker gets more for the paper than the author for the literature. A

publisher, like any other manufacturer, is a business man. He will not buy raw material which he does not think will manufacture into marketable and salable goods. Known authors are of course welcome, when they offer him raw material, and he readily contracts for their material and pays them according to their reputations, because the sales will be very sure. When unknown authors or authors of moderate or little reputation offer raw material, the publisher subjects it to careful examination before making a bargain about it. Will the book sell? Is this material which people will buy when manufactured? These are proper business questions.

Contracts between publishers and authors are of various kinds, the most common being this: the author assigns his copyright to the publisher, who agrees to manufacture the book and sell what he can, and pay the author a percentage on the receipts. This percentage varies with various authors.

With unknown or not popular authors it is often this: 10 per cent. on the retail price of all books sold after the first thousand; nothing on the first thousand.

With most authors, 10 per cent. on the retail price of each book sold.

With very popular authors, higher percentages, or what is called half profits.

When an author offers a book to a publisher which the latter does not think will pay to publish, he will, if the book is not objectionable, agree to publish it and pay the author a royalty, if the author will pay the expense of making the electrotype plates; or, in another case, if the author will furnish a guarantee that the book will sell a certain number of copies. Special contracts of this nature are of various characters.

If an author makes the common 10 per cent. contract, and his book sells 1,000 copies at \$1, he receives \$100 for his work. If the book sells at \$2 he gets \$200. Very few \$1 books sell 2,000 copies. Still fewer \$2 books sell 2,000 copies. The average sale of all books published is not above 1,000 copies per book.

Now dismiss great authors from your mind and realize how many poor authors, women and men, do weary work for the few dollars pay they earn. They get it because of copyright laws. They would have nothing to sell to a publisher but for those laws. The publisher would not buy but for those laws. For every book he published, if likely to sell 1,000 copies at \$1, would be stolen by another publisher, and issued in a cheap edition at 10 cents. It is the hundreds of poor and humble authors, women and men, who are to be chiefly considered in copyright legislation. A thousand books have been copyrighted in America of which you never heard, by authors you never heard of. Good books they are, too, many of them. It is not the most valuable literature that has the largest sale. The most important contributions to human knowledge, books whose publication is of priceless value to the country and the age, prepared with years of labor by scholars, are books of very small sale. Hundreds of little books, books for children and books for grown folk, are made annually by worthy authors.

There are publishing houses which issue many of these little books annually that are sold in small numbers everywhere. Authorship is not the trade which some persons seem to think it, spending a few hours in dashing off pages of brilliant fiction, sending it to press, and receiving ingots of gold from the reading public. For every eminent author, whose works pay largely, there are fifty poor, meritorious authors, whose very poverty appeals to Congress for consideration. We know several poor women, of brilliant intellect, who eke out their slender incomes from various work by writing for publication. Every dollar they earn goes for the necessities of life to them and those who are dependent on them. Can law add to their incomes a few dollars? Yes, by increasing the value of their property in their writings. How? The value depends on the extent of the market into which the author can go and say: "This is my property which I wish to sell, and I alone can furnish it to you." If the author can say that in America, the woman's little book on a 10 per cent. royalty may pay her \$50. If she can sell it wherever people read English, she may get \$5 or \$10 more. Every one of those dollars is worth as much to her as the hundreds or thousands he would receive are to the distinguished author. The authors of America ask Congress to procure English copyright, not only for renowned American authors, but for such humble authors as the women we speak of.

Let no man, English or American, tell us that no English publisher will steal these unknown little American books. We are tired of hearing this falsehood, especially tired of hearing Englishmen talk as if all the stealing was on this side the water. Precisely this class of books is stolen every week and reprinted in England. The naked, indisputable fact is this, that English railway and news-stands groan with loads of American reprints, stolen books, and American markets are glutted with stolen English books.

And a publisher has the audacity to tell us, men of at least a little common sense, that that poor woman, in a remote country village, an invalid who writes little books sitting propped up in her bed, will be perfectly protected by law, when she has only to go and find a publishing house in London, who will make a contract with her for her book, and will give her a part of the profits of an English edition!

What do such poor authors know of English publishing houses? Why should our law relegate us to contracts with manufacturers 3,000 miles away from our seaports, and more thousands of miles away from our various homes all over this vast United States territory? We ask only to be protected against British thieves of our property. We want to be able to sell our produce there as cotton and wool growers can sell theirs, and punish those who steal it. If England chooses to put a duty on our cotton or our wool, on our cotton goods or our woollen goods, on our literature in manuscript or our manufactured books, we have no complaint to make. That is her right. It does not concern our present needs. We want to own our produce. We want thievery of it suppressed. Give us ownership in what we produce, as other men and women own what they produce, and

then tax it as you please. But don't rob us by law, and provide that we shall not own it unless we give some manufacturer a part interest in whatever it is worth in the markets of America or Europe.

Now see the amount of iniquity which this publishers' legislation is designed to legalize. An author, in most cases, has hard work to get a publisher to buy or publish on any terms his first book. Many young men and young women at this moment have written, or are writing, their first books. No English publisher would dream of buying them. Among these are authors who, ten or twenty years hence, will be renowned authors the world over. Then, when they are famous, what plunder there will be for publishers in their early works, if Congress and Parliament have legislated as the publishers propose. For they cannot get copyright on their first books outside their own countries, and when their fame gives them ability to get repaid for their earliest and most difficult work, lo, a horde of publishers are reaping the benefit and enjoying the profit of that fame out of editions, cheap and expensive, in which the author has no interest.

A country school-master, a man of might, but utterly unknown to fame, makes a school-book. It is a little grammar, or spelling book, or arithmetic, or geography. It is not difficult to imagine it a vast improvement on any such book yet made, a blessing to millions of children, who are to be men and women. He has no means of getting a publisher, and, as a matter of fact, every publisher of school-books has one of the kind already which he is running, and does not want a rival book, however good. The school-master, however, prints his little book at a job office in the village, copyrights it, and his friends help him pay the cost of a small edition. It becomes, what such books have become, famous.

Now there is more profit in publishing small elementary school-books than any other class of books. And there is a great deal of stealing from such books, and the stealing is by men calling themselves authors. This school-master, of course, could not comply with the conditions of the publishers' new copyright law, and get a copyright in England. His book has been out a year or two when an English school-book maker hears of it, sees it, recognizes its value, steals it in part or as a whole, and an English publisher realizes thousands of pounds—perhaps in some cases thousands *per annum*—from its sale. And American publishers propose a law to legalize this. What moves them? Is it uncharitable to think they want opportunities to do likewise, without accounting to English authors?

THE ETRUSCAN TEMPLE.

WHILE the arts of Etruria are familiar to us through its tombs, frescoes, and ceramics, a singular fatality seemed to have debarred the modern world from any *de visu* knowledge of the Etruscan temple. None of the excavations, conducted for so many years on numerous sites of ancient cities of

Etruria, had helped to lift the veil ; and it was to literature, especially to Vitruvius, that archæologists have looked for information as to the form, materials, and decoration of the temple. This is changed by the recent discovery at Civita Castellana, not far from Rome, of the ruins of a large Etruscan temple, an event of great archæological importance. The site is that of the ancient Falerii, whose capture by Camillus, in 394 B. C., is well known. The origins of this city seem not to be Etruscan, but, according to tradition, "Pelasgic," and whether we follow the theory of an Argive colony, with Pliny and others, or, guided by the appellative of *Curites* given to the Juno of Falerii, from the Sabine city of Cures, we make the city a settlement of the Sabines, there can be no reasonable doubt that the strong local characteristics which the Falisci are known to have preserved, even up to the imperial Roman period, were not Etruscan. The discoverers agree in identifying the ruins with the famous Temple of Juno, the chief sanctuary of the city, destroyed by Manlius Torquatus in 241 B. C., the magnificent position and ceremonial of which are referred to by Ovid and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The sheltered position at the foot of a hill, in a pleasant grove, from which a number of ancient roads branch off, agrees with the surroundings of the Temple of Juno.

If, anticipating the results of restoration, we were to picture this famous building as it stood in the latter days of its glory, we would see it to be a work on which the greatest skill in every branch of Etruscan art was lavished. Rising above a platform, the façade, about 145 feet in width, is formed of a portico, the front columns of which support a long architrave, while above rises a cornice, and then a gable, like that of the temples of Greece. While there is no longer that beautiful symmetry and elegance, the æsthetic relation of the various parts, which make the charm of the Parthenon, there is in their place a greater richness of detail. Every inch of the terra-cotta plates that cover the wooden framework is painted with varied ornamental designs, while at intervals the surface is relieved by the *antefixæ*, moulded in high relief, with heads of fauns and nymphs. The gable is filled with scenes from the lives of gods or heroes, executed in richly painted terra-cotta reliefs, for marble did not come into general use until the close of the republic. Passing through the three rows of columns that support the portico, the closed portion of the building is reached, composed of three parallel cells of equal dimensions, the walls of which are covered with slabs of terra-cotta, decorated with frescoes, forming a series of wall-pictures of considerable dimensions, framed by a monochrome border. Above is a row of large windows, the light from which is tempered by the terra-cotta *plaques* of openwork design that close them. Out of the rear of the central *cella* opens a small chamber, the *sanctum sanctorum*, in which stands, on a pedestal, the sacred image of the goddess, carved in tufa, with a sacrificial basin beside it : this statue had been venerated for centuries, like the early statues of Greek divinities, and the cell containing it, preserved from the destruction that overtook the early temple to which

it belonged, was incorporated in the new building, erected not half a century before its final destruction by Torquatus.

The ground-plan (145 ft. by 165 ft.) is similar to that of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome: how many columns adorned its portico cannot be determined, for the waters of a swift stream have washed away all traces of the front part of the building, but there was probably no deviation from the usual three rows of four columns. The only deviation to be noticed is the addition of the small cell containing the archaic statue, dating back, probably, to as early a period as the sixth century. Among the numerous terra-cottas found, there are some *antefixa* that apparently belong, also, to this primitive age of Etruscan art. The absence of any fragments of columns, friezes, cornices, etc. (except terra-cotta revetements), confirms the theory that the Etruscan temple was built of wood. A further proof, if this were needed, is furnished by the holes in the fragments of sculptures from the gable and of the decoration belonging to various parts of the temple, all of terra-cotta; in many cases these holes still held the long nails by which the terra-cottas were fastened to the wooden frame, or skeleton, which they covered. In the restoration of these decorative portions, assistance will be rendered by the rich ornamentation of a second temple, discovered by Count Cozza, soon after the first, on the highest point of the plateau on which the present town of Civita Castellana is built. Unfortunately, in this case, the rapid succession of buildings on the site has swept away all architectural vestiges, but numerous fragments of the rich revetement and sculptures remain, showing this second temple to have almost rivalled that of Juno in extent and beauty, and to have been rebuilt at about the same time, and in the same style, early in the third century B. C.

There still remains a doubt as to the origin of these temples of Falerii, and the right to take them as types of Etruscan temples. Would the purely Etruscan type be followed in a city where race, worship, and customs were distinctly referred to Grecian and non-Etruscan origin? To discuss this would be to open the entire Pelasgo-Etruscan controversy, in which two armies of scientific heroes are pitted against each other, the one calling everything Etruscan, and denying the existence of a previous autonomous culture, the other upholding the claims of this culture, variously termed Pelasgian, Umbrian, Celtic, or Latin, thought to have preceded that of the Etruscans, and to have continued to exist, after their invasion, in many unconquered cities. To all appearances the Temple of Juno is a perfect example of an Etruscan temple, and, as such, will take its place in the history of art, as the first monument of the kind discovered.

GERM DISEASES.

THE recent work of Pasteur on hydrophobia has been calling public attention anew to the germ theory of disease. As every one knows, this theory

claims that many, if not all, of our infectious diseases are caused by the growth in the body of microscopic organisms. We still call the discovery a theory because no general proof of the organic nature of all infectious diseases has been adduced. In regard to many diseases, however, the theory is just as well established as any of the best attested scientific conclusions. The theory has fought its way against much opposition, and has finally become one of the most valuable discoveries of modern science. The opposition has come from many sources, but most largely from the medical profession, which has not been at all captivated by the new attempt to put medical science on a scientific basis. All that has been said in opposition, however, amounts to this, that scientists have not proved the theory. For it is true that proof of the germ nature of any particular disease is a difficult matter, to say nothing of attempting to prove any general proposition. To prove that any disease is produced by a particular microbe, two things are necessary. First, it must be shown that the microbe in question is always associated with the disease. This is no easy matter, considering the fact of the extreme minuteness of these organisms and their great similarity to each other. Usually it requires chemical tests of staining to distinguish the species. Second, it must be shown that the inoculation of healthy animals with the pure cultures of the microbe in question will produce the disease in the animal inoculated. This is usually extremely difficult. The method of procedure is somewhat as follows: a drop of blood filled with microbes from an animal suffering from the disease is transferred to a flask containing some sterilized medium in which the microbes will grow. After they have multiplied here, a drop of this fluid is transferred to a second similar flask where the microbes are again allowed to multiply. From this a third flask is inoculated, and so on. With each inoculation the amount of the original drop of blood is greatly diminished. After a series of fifty or a hundred cultures of this sort, the amount of the original drop of blood in the last culture, and consequently of any poison in it, is reduced practically to zero. But there will be plenty of descendants of the original microbes which have continued to live and multiply. This is a pure culture. Now to inoculate a healthy animal with this pure culture, and thus reproduce the original disease, is not so easy as it seems. The experiment must usually be performed on lower animals, and the diseases experimented upon are more or less peculiar to man. Most of them occur only seldom in the lower animals, some of them not at all, and it will plainly be difficult to reproduce in rabbits and guinea pigs diseases naturally found in man. Moreover, it is known that the healthy body has under the right conditions considerable power of resisting the attacks of disease, and hence negative evidence is not of much value. While, then, it is perfectly legitimate to ask for proof, it is no argument against the theory that proof is slow in appearing.

In spite of these difficulties patient experimenting has been rewarded with success in a considerable number of our diseases. The one most thoroughly studied is malignant pustule, a disease rare in man but common

among cattle, where it is known as splenic fever. The microbe of this disease, after being carried through a hundred cultures, invariably produces the disease within a few hours after inoculation in a healthy animal. Scarcely less cogent is the proof of the germ nature of the following diseases, experimenters in all cases having produced the disease by inoculation of pure cultures, cholera, erysipelas, diphtheria, pyæmia, septicæmia, tuberculosis (consumption), and the inflammations and gangrene accompanying surgical lesions. In many other diseases the general evidence is very strong, though the proof is not quite so conclusive, since the inoculation experiments have been more difficult, for instance, hydrophobia, intermittent fever, pneumonia, syphilis, typhoid fever, yellow fever, etc.; in short, there is proof that many infectious cases are of germ nature, and strong evidence in the case of many more.

Just how the bacteria cause the disease investigators do not yet definitely say. Probably it is not the same in all cases. Sometimes it may be by mechanical obstruction or irritation. But the growing opinion to-day is that these microbes usually, by their growth, set up certain chemical changes, in general known as putrefaction, the result of which is the formation of certain compounds called ptomaines. The latter are known to appear in all matter putrefying under the influence of microbes. Now these ptomaines are very deadly poisons, and it is easy to understand how, appearing in the body under the influence of the bacteria growing there, they may directly poison it and produce the various symptoms of disease.

This idea of the germ nature of infectious diseases is only slowly making itself felt. Our medical schools have been shamefully loath to do anything with the subject, and frequently reject it altogether in spite of the proof in its favor, and even while teaching methods of practice based upon it. The immense practical value of this conception of the nature of diseases cannot be overrated, and is only beginning to be realized. Germicides can be directly experimented on in the laboratory, and their real value as medicines determined. Under Pasteur the method of preventing disease by inoculation has been developed, a method which has given him success in splenic fever and hydrophobia, and by which others claim to have succeeded in the treatment of cholera and yellow fever. But these are the least important of the practical results. Every one knows of the great advance in surgery which has taken place in the last twenty years. This advance is almost entirely due to the introduction of antiseptic surgery, a treatment of wounds based upon the knowledge of septic bacteria. Sanitary precautions and hygiene are now founded largely upon the knowledge of microbes, and, more important than all, the study of the habits and nature of microbes is sure to lead to the development of preventive medicine. Whereas in the past our medical students have been taught only how to cure disease, in the future they are sure to be taught how to prevent it. Yet, from the slowness with which our medical schools adopt the theory, it does not appear to be very close at hand.

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Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

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EMERSON.*

THIS Memoir of Emerson has been long expected. Mr. Cabot has taken plenty of time for his work, and he has done it thoroughly and well. We all know the tone of the admiring biographer, know it and avoid it; but Mr. Cabot has avoided it too. He keeps himself in the background and lets the facts speak for themselves. It may be that in parts this causes a certain lack of interest. The narrative might have been more highly colored, more entertaining. But there is no doubt but that Mr. Cabot's course proves the wisest in the end. What we want is the man Emerson as he lived and thought and wrote. If some details of his outward existence seem a little tame and commonplace, one must remember that they are necessary parts of the whole. If I find fault with Mr. Cabot for saying that "Before leaving Canterbury, Emerson, in the following passage in his journal, *took stock of his prospects*," it is because one dislikes to see any blemish in a good piece of work.

But Mr. Cabot's book has been already discussed by competent judges and will be again. Is it not a good time to look back from Emerson's life to his works and see what manner of man it was that lived and wrote among us? I say *among us* wrongly; for Emerson's own generation has gone by. If the present knows him and loves him, it will not be for friendship, or association, or personal influence,

* *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by J. E. Cabot, in two volumes. Boston and New York, 1887. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Riverside Edition, in eleven volumes. Boston, 1884. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

but for what he actually wrote and actually was. It is from this point of view that I wish to write, and the Emersonian of the past must think of this when he judges me.

I.

The true Emersonian shudders when one speaks of style. "Mere form!" he says. "Mere form! Emerson was above it. He thought of the matter." But there is a distinction to be made here, an important one. When we say style we generally mean two things; one, form properly speaking:—in verse, rhythm, rhyme, color, harmony, and the same, though more subtle and less perceptible, in prose. That is to say, we mean simply the expression of the thought, and it is very natural that people should apply the scornful adjective *mere* to this, because it amounts to little in itself, though it is a very essential and necessary part in all good writing. But style proper is a different thing, and a higher. Style is not a question of the arrangement of words only, of the jingle of rhymes. It is a question of thought. A writer has first a general conception which he wishes to convey. This condenses itself into images or thoughts, and he then gives these a form of prose or verse as he pleases. A metaphysician might state it for me better; but every one who thinks, and studies how he thinks, must feel what I mean. Style, then, belongs to the second of these stages, that in which the general conception embodies itself in distinct images or thoughts. But I can illustrate better by examples. Prospero, in the *Tempest*, says to Miranda:

"What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?"

If he had said, "Do you remember anything else as you look back at your life?" he would have conveyed the same general conception; but what a difference in the image, what a difference in the impression on the mind! And the difference is simply one of style. Again, Milton says:

"And night
Invests the deep, while wished morn delays."

If he had said, "Darkness covers the sea," he might have told what he wished to tell, but with what a difference of style! It will be said that I am giving to style more than belongs to it; but I think not. The point lies here: the expressions given above are to the intellect the same, their difference exists for the imagination only;

but what appeals to the imagination is art, and the element of art in literature, as far as it concerns details of execution, is style.

The distinction between style and form is of immense importance, and is not sufficiently used. Shelley, for example, is a writer to whom it applies. Take, for instance, this stanza from the "Song of Proserpine":

"Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom
Gods and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine."

The form is perfect, so delicate, so liquid, it melts on one's tongue; but what a style!

"Gods and men, and beasts have birth."

What a deplorable anticlimax! And in his exquisitely melodious "Lines to an Indian Air":

"I die, I faint, I fail."

What a jumble of ideas! Shelley has too much of such writing. His genius for form was better than his genius for style.

It is evident that everything I have said about form and style applies to prose as well as to verse, but with this difference: prose is used, necessarily used, in other ways than as an artistic medium. The scientist must have a language for his science, the philosopher for his philosophy, the moralist for his system of morals; and, taking this for granted, we put up with imperfect form and bad style because we want the facts; but no wise man writes poetry except for an artistic purpose, and poetry must be judged by an artistic standard. Indeed, style gives poetry a right to exist, and style alone. A man can be a poet only in proportion as he has a sense of style. The point of all this is that in Emerson the sense of style was very deficient indeed. I do not mean that his style was always bad. On the contrary, in his prose it has fine and striking qualities, and in his poetry there is something of them also. Still his sense of style was lamentably deficient, and his poetry continually jars.

More than this, poetry should be written first, and essentially, by and for the imagination. I do not mean that there should be no ideas in it. That would be nonsense. But the ideas must be treated by the imagination; the poet's object must be beauty and that alone.

Emerson's poetry is written mainly for the intellect. He is never lifted and carried away. You can read his poems through almost without a thrill, at least I did. There are brilliant epigrams and quotable lines innumerable; but so there are in his prose, and to my mind his prose has the advantage because he was not hampered by a form unnatural to him. I know people will say that Emerson himself felt poetry to be his vocation. I know the passage Mr. Cabot quotes:

"I am born to be a poet,—of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, to be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter and specially of the correspondences between these and those."

But did not Goethe all his life dream of being a painter and a scientist? Did not Shelley always maintain that poetry was a pastime to him, that his real vocation was elsewhere? Such instances are not uncommon. I am inclined to think, however, that Emerson's case was different from these. To him poetry was not the passionate search after beauty; it was a more brilliant means of intellectual statement, an Orphic vehicle of paradox. That is the way he used it himself, that is the side of it he most appreciated in others. The symbol was to him algebraic; he could not linger in it for its own fascination and charm.

All this is mere assertion, and enough of that has been heard in regard to Emerson's poetry. Neither is it of any use to pick out a few fine passages, and say that the rest is bad. The only way is to take line for line and word for word. Then if your friend says it is bad and you say it is good, there is an end. It is a question of *de gustibus*. What more would you have? Only let no one say that it is a useless and foolish task to make such an examination. It is a thankless one certainly. But, alas, as our life is constituted, the only way to learn beauties is to study defects. So many people read poetry conventionally and could not tell the best from the worst! yet this simply means that they do not see what makes the best the best. Of course it is impossible to analyze here all of Emerson's poems, or any large number of them. His want of mere poetical form is best shown in the long narrative poem called "The Adirondacs." It is astonishing that any man so familiar with the great English poets should have believed that merely by putting words together so that the accent fell on every other syllable, he could make iambic blank verse.

"We crossed Champlain to Keeseville with our friends,
Thence, in strong country carts, rode up the forks
Of the Ausable stream, intent to reach
The Adirondac lakes," etc.

The metre could not be more correct. On the other hand, hear Milton with inaccurate metre :

"Thrive under evil and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance."

Who that has an ear does not feel that one has rhythm and the other not? And Emerson's whole poem never rises above that level, unless in one paragraph. The poem called "Blight" is the same, and half-a-dozen others, a movement differing only from prose by being far more monotonous. Then his lyrical poems. Is there any rhythm to this:

"I, that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bundle of grass"?

And what sort of a verse is it that brings the accent on the second syllable of *librâries* as in "Monadnoc," or on the last syllable of *echoës* as in the poem called "Boston"?

"Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows."

I know the answer to all this. People say, "O, it is an outside thing, a matter of secondary importance." But it cannot be of secondary importance. Without grace and charm poetry cannot exist. And grace and charm are lost by such carelessness as this. Emerson's poetry is full of it. He says himself that the bard

"Shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number."

That was his principle apparently ; but I cannot see how a man is to paint without colors.

All this does not mean that Emerson never wrote a beautiful line. He has many such, beautiful for pure form. Witness these in "Astræa":

"Yet shine forever virgin minds
Loved by stars and purest winds,
Which o'er passion throned sedate
Have not hazarded their state."

or these in "Monadnoc":

"None save dappling shadows climb
Under clouds, my lonely head,
Old as the sun, old almost as the shade."

But lines like these are the exception, and one finds only too frequently something very much worse. I do not remember a single line of iambic pentameter which is beautiful with the beauty of any one of a thousand lines in Shakespeare or Milton, or any man who could write blank verse.

So much for form. But we will grant that poetry can exist without form—a difficult concession—and turn to style; for I hope I have made it clear that there is a difference between them. To put it shortly: Style is the language of the imagination, form is the language of the ear. In considering the question of style, we leave aside the aforementioned poem called "Boston."

"The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice a day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms," etc.

also such stanzas as,

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
One chamber held ye all:
A very tender history
Did in your childhood fall."

I suppose no one will defend such writing as this. Emerson has plenty of it, but so had Wordsworth. Shakespeare, too, wrote, or is supposed to have written:

"For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

Such things must be looked upon as slips of the pen, not to be judged seriously. But the parts of Emerson's poetry which must be judged seriously are full of faults of style as bad as these, if not so glaring—worse, in fact; for the others must have been slips; but it is difficult to reconcile these with true poetical genius.

"Steads not to work on the clean jump,
Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump,"

is a fault of style.

"The *foodful* waters fed me,"

is a fault of style.

"Vanish beside these dedicated blocks
Which who can tell what mason laid,"

is bad style, bad form, and bad English.

"Lit by fringent air"

I think is a fault of style, though the dictionary gives me no clue to what it means.

"The soothing lapse of morn to mirk"

is an atrocity. And there is another class of faults, less evident than this. I mean the use of a technical or scientific term, such as Emerson constantly introduces in his prose, and which jars horribly on the imagination.

"To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things,
Of *tendency* through endless ages,"

"The chorus of the ancient *Causes*."

Cause, by the way, is a word Emerson is fond of using in an abstract sense. To my mind nothing betrays more clearly his tendency to intellectualize. And again:

"Thou grand affirmer of the present tense."

"The acorn's cup, the raindrop's *arc*,"

"Wafting the puny seeds of power
Which lodged in rock, the rock *abrade*,"

"Secrets of the solar track,
Sparks of the supersolar blaze,"

"To the high-schooled and medalled boy,"

and so on. And these are not exceptional cases. There is hardly a poem where one does not stumble on some such phrase which jars the whole.

I have said Emerson appealed rather to the intellect than to the imagination. It is shown by his method of work, so often complained of, his writing not by wholes but by parts. It is shown by such lines of natural description as I have just quoted, where the scientific word crops out and hardens the whole. It is shown also by such things as:

"I see the summer glow,
And under the high-piled snow-drifts
The warm rosebuds below."

"And thief-like step of liberal hours
Thawing snow-drifts into flowers."

Such touches are mere *tours de force*; they leave the reader cold. And they occur again and again. Indeed, Emerson's description is infected with this spirit everywhere, in prose as well as in poetry. Only now and then comes a natural touch:

"For still
 I am a willow of the wilderness,
 Loving the wind that bent me."

or,

"When I behold the morn
 Ope in such low, moist roadside, and beneath
 Peep the blue violets out of the black loam."

and also much of "The Humble-Bee," though in this I cannot but feel the intellectual element somewhere near. Or rather I should say that here, and much more in the "Titmouse," one finds fancy rather than imagination or passion. And what is fancy but the intellect amusing itself? Yet "The Humble-Bee" is very beautiful.

"Let me chase thy waving lines ;"

"The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass."

It would be unfair to hint that "*green silence*" recalled Marvell's "*green thought in a green shade*"; for Emerson is, at least, always original.

"But," some one will say, "you take only lines and passages, only a few of those. There may be very many and very beautiful besides." But it is not a poem here and there which is marred by the defects I have mentioned. They occur in almost every poem; oftener in some than in others; but too often in all. Take the "Threnody," for instance. Is it possible to associate emotion with such phrases as "*hyacinthine boy*," or "*ostrich-like forgetfulness*;" or,

"Nail the wild star to its track
 In the half-climbed zodiac" ?

And in the whole poem there is not a touch of passion. Intellect shines clear and hard through it all.

I have said nothing of the commonest objection to Emerson's poetry, that of obscurity, because I do not think it a true one. In the ideal poet we might demand perfect clearness; but almost all the great poetry which actually exists is full of obscurity. Dante is

obscure. Milton is obscure. Emerson in his most Orphic utterances is no darker than Shakespeare. I am inclined to think that the popular feeling on this score has its real ground in the lack of emotion which I have noticed. Longfellow's poems, though perhaps not very profound, have emotion where Emerson's have not, and are more popular in consequence.

Is there then nothing to be said in favor of Emerson's poetry? Much. In the first place, there are here and there passages of true and great poetical beauty. I have quoted some of them; but there are others. Take this, which, "*fringent*" aside, has a Miltonic loftiness:

"As when a shower of meteors
Cross the orbit of the earth,
And lit by fringent air,
Blaze near and far,
*Mortals deem the planets bright
Have slipped their sacred bars,
And the lone seamen all the night
Sail astonished amid stars ;*"

or this :

"Let the starred shade that nightly falls
Still celebrate their funerals,
And the bell of beetle and of bee
Knell their melodious memory."

"*Starred shade*" alone would make Emerson's poems worth reading. Take this in a different strain :

"Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
Thy thrift, the sleep of cares ;
For a proud idleness like this
Crowns all thy mean affairs."

It should be said that Emerson's manner, with all its defects, sometimes recalls the Elizabethans—Milton, Marvell. Indeed even his too great intellectuality can sometimes be traced in them, if one looks carefully. Take also the much-quoted,

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man :
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can ;*"

and its lesser companion :

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply :
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

And there are very beautiful single lines :

“In a tumultuous privacy of storm ;”

the only line I remember which goes far to contradict what I have said about his pentameters.

Among whole poems, the best, to my mind, are such as those “To J. W.,” “Days,” “Give All to Love,” “Terminus,” which are intellectual, indeed, but have a certain lofty dignity lacking in the more pretentious ones like “May-Day” and “Threnody.” One short poem especially, which has given cause for a great deal of cheap wit, seems to me more complete and more touched with emotion than almost any other ; I mean the little hymn called “Brahma.” No one who feels the subtle charm of mysticism, not Oriental mysticism merely, but Christian as well, can fail to be touched by it :

“The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine for me the sacred seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me and turn thy back on Heaven.”

Besides all this, Emerson’s poetry has another great merit : it is never commonplace. He has always something to say, even when he says it badly. After acres of verbiage in other writers, it is a relief to be sure you are going to find a thought. More than this, his poems are full of brilliant epigrams, of keen wit. If I had space, I could quote pages of such things from them. This is a side I have not touched. But I have not touched it, because I have been judging poetry, and all the wit and all the epigrams would be just as good in prose. This is the cardinal defect of Emerson’s poetry : the best part of it is not poetry at all. He was a man of wide and far-reaching intellectual power. He was not a poet. Never, never, could he have written a piece of imaginative description like Keats’ :

“As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.”

Compare the frigidity of the “Threnody” with Wordsworth’s :

“A slumber did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

"She has no motion now, no force ;
 She neither hears nor sees,
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks and stones and trees."

Where in these three hundred pages will you find passion which does not pale beside Very's cry :

"I was not, save it were a thought of thee ;
 The world was but a spot where thou hadst trod ;
 From every star thy gaze seemed fixed on me ;
 Almost I loved thee better than my God."

Is not that a voice from another world ?

II.

I have dwelt much on the question of style in connection with Emerson's poetry, because, as I said before, poetry is nothing without style. With prose it is different. Style there becomes the second question, not the first. But Emerson's style in prose is better than his style in poetry. Indeed, I think there is rarely any fault to be found with it. Keeping in mind the distinction we have made between style and form, I should say that his sense of form in prose was defective. His sentences are jerky and hard, not evolved with any unity of development. His form approaches large and sustained eloquence of expression only in his political addresses, and especially in the short and not otherwise noticeable "Address to Kossuth." "Sir: The fatigue of your many public visits, in such unbroken succession as may compare with the toils of a campaign, forbids us to detain you long," and the rest, where there is a noble freedom and breadth. But as regards style, properly so called, much of Emerson's prose is wonderfully fine. It is intellectual certainly, and tends too much to epigram ; yet it is extremely brilliant and effective, dignified generally, and above all things never commonplace. But Emerson's admirers say he was above style, and, as regards prose, they are right. It is a question of matter now and not of manner.

The first volume of Emerson's works contains the writings which laid the foundation of his fame, "Nature" and a number of addresses, among others the celebrated address delivered before the Harvard Divinity School in 1838. "Nature," especially, is to be regarded as Emerson's first work, and it is well to notice here the comparatively mature age at which he came before the public. It is characteristic of the measure and deliberation with which he lived and thought.

And it is, also, as well to notice here how difficult it is to judge any of his works as a whole, or to compare them. They are constructed so much more by parts than by wholes, that those which are least known and least interesting sometimes contain sentences of his very best thought. Any sort of system seems to have hampered him, and he wrote best when he had the most indefinite subject. "Nature" was written before he discovered this tendency, or at least before he yielded to it. It has a more labored construction than any of his other writings. The headings are arranged as accurately as in a sermon, and for that reason there is a slight want of ease. Yet the pages of "Nature" show strong marks of his later manner, and are full of striking phrases, of those epigrammatic flashes which fix themselves in one's mind. "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." The other pieces in this volume seem to me less interesting than his later work. The tone is the same, but less powerful; yet everywhere there are admirable passages. Among others there is that noble appeal:

"If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you say, 'As others do, so will I; I will renounce my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season:'—then dies the man in you, then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand, thousand men."

This is Emerson at his best. This is the side Mr. Matthew Arnold chose when he compared Emerson to Marcus Aurelius, wrongly, as I think, even so; for Aurelius was but a meditative recluse, and his tone is contemplative and uncertain. Emerson's is as clear and strong as a trumpet. Moreover, the comparison to the Roman Emperor included but this one side. He had no other. Emerson had many of them.

Under the head of essays one may include the *First* and *Second Series of Essays*, so called, *The Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude, Letters and Social Aims*, and a few pieces in the two posthumous volumes. I said that it was difficult to compare the essays among themselves, because of the fragmentariness of each single one; yet there is a certain tone prevalent in each which distinguishes it from the others, a tone partly dependent on the subject, but also characteristic of the essay itself. I think that in this way all the essays may be roughly divided into three classes: A first class, which deal with philosophical or religious subjects, and contain the highest point that

Emerson ever reached. Among these I include those on "Self-Reliance," "Spiritual Laws," "Compensation," "The Over-Soul," "Circles," "Experience," "Nature," "Fate," and in some ways that on "Immortality." Some of these contain more of Emerson's peculiar views than others, "Compensation," for instance, and "Circles." Those of more general application, such as "Self-Reliance" and "Experience," seem to me the most valuable of Emerson's writings, at least to the general public of intelligent readers who are not prepared to go all lengths. The second class deal with practical subjects, or, if that is too strong, with subjects more in the range of every-day life. I mean such essays as those on "Prudence," "Heroism," "Character," "Manners," and nearly all those in *The Conduct of Life*. None of these stand in so high a place as the first; but they are full of strong Socratic wisdom and a firm grasp on common affairs. The third class are those in which Emerson touches subjects more or less uncongenial to him, such as those on "Art" and "The Poet." It will easily be seen that there are essays which fall under none of these divisions; but enough do so to render the distinction marked.

In the first class I have spoken of the essay on "Self-Reliance." It marks one of the highest points of Emerson's thought. Self-reliance is a great element in his teaching; but (and the limitation is important), reliance on self, not as isolated, alone, standing on its own ground; but on self as the only possible manifestation of the not-self. Light and superficial people laugh at this doctrine. Honest and serious people are sometimes shocked at it and call it arrogance and self-assertion. But the truth is no one can read Emerson and not be struck with his profound humility as far as his own personality was concerned. Arrogance and self-assertion were the farthest from him of all things. One feels that he almost took to himself his story of the saint who offered his chair to Satan, declaring him more worthy of it than himself. All these statements about the value of self are meant to have a deeper truth read into them. And in that light what can be higher?

On the whole, *The Conduct of Life* seems to me the volume I should choose, if I had to choose one only, to represent Emerson's writing and thought at their best. It contains no single essay equal to three or four in the first series. Most of its contents fall within what I have called the second class of Emerson's writings. Yet there is an evenness of power throughout, a tone of self-sustained force which

impresses one more than in any of the other books. The essay on "Fate" is of the same kind as that on "Self-Reliance," though less striking, on the whole. In it Emerson, with his usual readiness to admit every side, allows free play to the action of Necessity in its coldest form, yet limits it, or rather absorbs it, in the power of will. He does not, as so many philosophers attempt to do, solve the question simply by neglecting one half of it or the other, but allows both and then unites them in a higher and broader synthesis.

The remaining articles in *The Conduct of Life* are full of good sense and a practical view of things. It is hard to choose between them, but perhaps the best among so many good is that on "Wealth." Many people talk of Emerson's wild theories, and say he lived in the air. Nine-tenths of such have never read him. The rest have never read him well, have not allowed for the homely Socratic wisdom of such things as this word on pride :

"Thus, next to humility, I have noticed that pride is a pretty good husband. A good pride is, as I reckon it, worth from five hundred to fifteen hundred a year. Pride is handsome, economical ; pride eradicates so many vices, letting none subsist but itself, that it seems as if it were a great gain to exchange vanity for pride. Pride can go without domestics, without fine clothes, can live in a house with two rooms, can eat potato, purslain, beans, lyed corn, can work on the soil, can travel afoot, can talk with poor men, or sit silent well-contented in fine saloons. But vanity costs money, labor, horses, men, women, health and peace, and is still nothing at last, a long way leading nowhere. Only one drawback : proud people are intolerably selfish, and the vain are gentle and giving."

Is this wild theory, talk in the air? And take with this the description of the scholar's garden, and of the citizen from Dock Square who buys a house-lot for its fine view. I wish to insist upon this side of Emerson's writing even more than upon that exemplified in the essay on "Self-Reliance," because it is apt to be somewhat neglected and is yet very important. It is by this side, also, of his homely, every-day wisdom that Emerson differs from Marcus Aurelius. Not that the latter lived in the air either ; but he is somewhat too grave, and always takes the world in a moralizing vein. Emerson writes of all these things lightly, flowingly, in full sympathy with the farmer and the citizen, putting himself in their place with shrewd Yankee common-sense. Emerson himself speaks of Plutarch and Montaigne as joining hands across the gulf of time which separated them, and when I read certain sides of his writing, I incline to put him with them as an equal third. Or better still, he reminds one of what the old Greeks used to call a *wise man*, *par excellence*, some Solon or

Thales, not a metaphysician, but a man who studied life and coined it into wisdom.

I have said that there is a third class of essays, but I do not care to dwell on them. They are those in which Emerson had a subject uncongenial to him and did not feel himself at ease. The most important among them are those concerning art and beauty. The treatment of these subjects is always intellectual. His lack of feeling for the side of external beauty, at least as regards poetry, is shown in his extraordinary dictum about translations, that he would as soon think of swimming a river when he could cross it by a bridge, as of reading an original when he could get a translation. The essays on "Love" and "Friendship," in the first series, also seem to me cold, and I feel in them a sense of effort.

I might have included *Representative Men* among the essays, for it differs from them only in name, not in matter. Whether Emerson's subject is "Spiritual Laws" or "Plato," his treatment remains the same. But the fact of a definite subject rather confines him. In all these he seems perhaps a little less at ease. He never, here or anywhere, shows anything of the critic. His own personality was too strong. He studied men, not for their natures but for their thoughts, and constantly he turns a character into a type, treating it as ideal and not human. The total lack of the critical instinct in him is too marked to be passed over. It shows in his judgment of men as in his judgment of books. In these all he looked for was brilliant thought, connected or unconnected: His favorite reading was in books of pointed anecdote and striking, energetic epigram. And his memory for such things was extraordinary; witness the quotations which appear in him almost as often as in Montaigne. He sought this same thing in poetry; but apart from this he seems to have little poetical taste. His *Parnassus* is a proof of it.

To return to *Representative Men*. It is everywhere full of brilliancy, of course. The lectures on Plato and Swedenborg contain some of Emerson's profoundest thought, but in this line I think them hardly equal to the first volume of essays. On the other hand, no essay of the practical sort is better than the lecture on Montaigne. It illustrates fully one of the many sides of Emerson's mind, and it contains that incomparable paragraph on Montaigne's character, in the same line as the sketch of Socrates in the lecture on Plato, but even better:

"As I look at his effigy opposite the title page, I seem to hear him say, 'You

may play old Poz if you will ; you may rail and exaggerate,—I stand here for truth, and will not for all the states and churches and revenues and personal reputations of Europe overstate the dry fact as I see it ; I will rather mumble and prose about what I certainly know,—my house and barns, my father, my wife, and my tenants ; my old, lean, bald pate ; my knives and forks ; what meats I eat and what drinks I prefer, and a hundred straws just as ridiculous,—than I will write with a fine crow-quill a fine romance. I like gray days, and autumn, and winter weather. I am gray and autumnal myself, and think an undress and old shoes that do not pinch my feet, and old friends who do not constrain me, and old topics where I do not need to strain myself and pump my brains, the most suitable. Our condition as men is risky and ticklish enough. One cannot be sure of himself and his fortune an hour, but he may be whisked off into some pitiable or ridiculous plight. Why should I vapor and play the philosopher, instead of balancing, as best I can, this dancing balloon ? So, at least, I live within compass, keep myself ready for action, and can shoot the gulf at last with decency. If there be anything farcical in that, the blame is not mine, let it lie at fate's and nature's door.'"

With this lecture on Montaigne one should put the biographical sketches of Mary Moody Emerson, Doctor Ripley, and Thoreau. They are all excellent, full of wit and full of power. If Emerson did not always show us the man as he lived, he made a new man, quite as interesting.

I have still to speak of the *English Traits*. Many people think them the most interesting of Emerson's writings to the general reader. But Emerson never wrote for the general reader, who cannot appreciate Emerson's merits, and is expected to like *English Traits* because in it Emerson's merits are largely wanting. If he was a little hampered by a definite subject, even in writing of Plato, how much more so is he when he writes of modern England, a subject certainly not congenial to him. The main objection to *Representative Men*, that he deals with ideals, not objects, is a thousand times stronger against *English Traits*. Everywhere it is the type of Englishmen, the ideal Briton which is brought before us, and that type has been handled so often before, that really there is little to say now, even for a mind so original as Emerson's. The book is, as usual, full of brilliant and epigrammatic statement, but it is so general, so barren of fruitful observation and insight, that it wearies one. I do not know any other of Emerson's books where he appears at such a disadvantage.

In the volume entitled *Miscellanies* Mr. Cabot has published a number of Emerson's political speeches. They are well worth reading for their noble fearlessness and extreme dignity. I have before spoken of the superiority of their style over that of many of his

writings. More than this, in them he comes nearer real emotion than almost anywhere else. A careful reader might say that his tone was indignant rather than passionate, but the point is too fine. One very remarkable passage in the beginning of the lecture on "The Fugitive Slave Law" must be quoted because it exhibits Emerson assuming a tone of religious authority not usual with him. "I do not often speak," he says, "to public questions;—they are odious and hurtful, and it seems like meddling or leaving your work. *I have my own spirits in prison,—spirits in deeper prisons whom no man visits if I do not.*" That is the tone of Jones Very. I remember no other instance of it in Emerson's whole eleven volumes.

One important trait of Emerson's I have not yet mentioned, his brilliant wit. Of humor he had little. His humor consists in exaggeration almost after the fashion of Mark Twain; witness the description of the Norsemen on page sixty of the *English Traits*. But his wit is found everywhere, and is inexhaustible in brilliancy and power. This alone would distinguish him from Marcus Aurelius, who cannot be called witty. It is hopeless to give instances, but he says of Landor: "He pestered me with Southey,—but who is Southey?" and of Napoleon, "His soldiers called him Cent Mille. Add honesty to him and they might have called him Hundred Million." And the biographical sketches I before alluded to are full of similar examples.

III.

One of the most striking and valuable things in Emerson is the way in which he always stood for the dignity of the individual. This divided him in many ways from our democratic society, where the tendency is toward the absorption of the unit in the mass. Emerson was a true believer in democracy, yet he saw this danger and resisted it.

"Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses," he cries. "Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, dull, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking, million stockingers, or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply, the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with the hurrah of the masses, and let us have the vote of single men spoken on their

honor and their conscience. In old Egypt it was established that the vote of a prophet be reckoned equal to a hundred hands. I think it much underestimated. 'Clay and clay differ in dignity' as we learn by our preferences every day."

He touches the note often. From a man who loved American civilization and believed in it, such a warning is worth heeding.

Again, Emerson teaches us to look to the future. Our art, our literature, our religion look to the past. Our age is an age of criticism, and it spends too much of its criticism on the thoughts and dreams of men who have gone. It is always preparing to live and never lives. But this man's eye was on the future. He took what of good the past could give him, but his cry was, "Forward! Forward! Let the dead bury their dead."

And he teaches us always openness and freedom of mind. Goethe says: "This is the test of the love of truth, that a man reverence the good wherever he finds it." It was true of Goethe himself. It was equally true of Emerson. No convention blinded him, no ill-repute deterred him. Where he saw the good he followed, without heeding the outcry of the world. From the fanatic Swedenborg he took, and from the sceptic Montaigne. No saint ever aimed higher, but he said, "I hate goodies." Napoleon fascinated him, and Martial, but their vices never deceived him. Yet he was by nature a believer. He himself asserts it again and again, and it is apparent in every page of his writing. He was ready to examine every evidence, to grant every objection, but the conclusion was foregone. In spite of his open-mindedness, no human being could be farther from scepticism. Every page, every sentence almost, is an assertion. Every subject of every kind gives only another excuse for his eternal optimism. And here we begin to come across his weakness; his friends and enemies alike have felt it and expressed it: there was a side of life which Emerson never knew. Everybody quotes Mr. John Morley's complaint: "Emerson has little to say of that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the churches call sin, and which, by whatever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the nature of man." Every one quotes it, and I do not know that any one has answered it successfully. Emerson saw the evil in the world and recognized it, but he never showed a realizing sense of it himself. This is what Father Taylor means when Mr. Cabot quotes him as saying that "Emerson knew no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of Hebrew grammar." For the essence of the religion of the

New Testament is consolation, and how can a man appreciate consolation who has no idea of sin?

Consolation! That is what in Emerson you cannot find. That is what so many seek in him in vain. The sufferer can find consolation in those who have known his grief, even if they have not cured it. He can find it in such men as Shelley, and Amiel, and Sénancour. Still more can he find it in men who have known his grief and have risen above it into the eternal calm, in men who have written their *Werther* first and their *Wilhelm Meister* afterward. But to a soul torn with doubt and longing and despair, Emerson, who has no knowledge of these things, has no remedy to offer, absolutely none.

More than this, Emerson's whole higher plane of thought, except to the few who agree with him from the start, lacks reality and solidity. You read him and are charmed and elevated, you carry away a host of wise and brilliant thoughts, you carry away a deeper reverence for life; but you do not carry away conviction. He has not the means of convincing the intellect, which is logic. That he prides himself on. Now logic is not indispensable. The greatest spiritual movements of the world have had little to do with logic. But—and here is the point—where these have not convinced the intellect by logic, they have convinced the feelings by passion, and these movements have succeeded because nine men are convinced by passion where one is convinced by intellect. But Emerson never had passion, never. His language is that of the intellect, his appeal is made to the intellect, and the intellect, in the case of many at least, he fails to carry with him.

But who could leave Emerson so? Even those who cannot find all they desire in his writings, cannot enough admire himself. Think of his purity, mildness, sweetness, uprightness, dignity, nobleness, honor—a Pauline catalogue. These things his Puritan ancestors gave him, and it would be well if such had been given in like degree to more of us. To have read this man's works and dwelt with him and known him, is, in itself, to have lived a higher life.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

THE PRESENT ETHICAL RELATIONS OF ABSOLUTE IDEALISM AND NATURALISM.

IN these two theories we have the extremes of antagonism. Their upholders look at the whole problem of existence from opposite stand-points, and accordingly they deal with the crowning problem of practical life in quite different ways. We find a general recognition of this in the current phraseology, according to which it has become common to speak of a noble idealism and of a calculating utilitarianism. Such phrases are, no doubt, only partially indicative of true appreciation of the theories so described. But they do, at least in some measure, indicate the impression made by these theories on the general intelligence of the country. To the intellectual life of the nations deeply concerned in philosophy, it appears that the one theory is concerned chiefly with an unattained ideal towards which human effort should be directed ; whereas it appears that the other is more occupied with the question how the most can be made of the conditions in the midst of which human life must be spent. It is not, indeed, suggested that the utilitarian scheme has not its own ideal of human life. To shape a theory of any kind is in some sense to depict an ideal ; but utilitarianism proceeds in the matter by reference mainly to the forces at work as bearing on human life. It is on this account more akin, both in form and spirit, with the results gained in the sphere of the physical sciences. To many, this may seem a decided advantage ; especially to those who plead that all discussion of mental phenomena should be carried through by use of materialistic terminology—a plea which very thinly covers a foregone conclusion.

The contrast between the idealistic and the utilitarian philosophies is that the one contemplates an unattained excellence which can be represented to the imagination, the other measures out a maximum of possibility calculated on a reasonable view of determined conditions of life. There is, indeed, for both a desirable, which is not an actual in personal experience ; but the one looks higher, seeking to penetrate farther into spiritual conditions ; the other confines its range of vision somewhat more, looks more closely

into conditions grouped under the names "environment" and "heredity," and habitually discredits the speculative tendencies which the first favors.

With this contrast before us, we desire to consider the present relations of these two theories, especially in view of an apparent approximation in result, of which evidence will be given presently. Such a survey of their present relations becomes the more important in the interest of philosophy, because it must prove helpful towards the attainment of critical results likely to contribute towards the progress of philosophy itself. It is no doubt true that the history of philosophy and the fortune of theories cannot be identified. There is ever a deeper and broader stream of philosophic thought flowing both beneath and beyond accepted theories, and it is to this stream we look for the progress to be realized in the near future. Theories are to some extent like islands in the midst of the stream, showing the sweep and rush of the current as it flows past, consequent on the temporary division of the waters which they occasion. Some of these have a great historic interest, but as they lie far behind us, this may be mainly historic, while living philosophic interest gathers about those standing directly in view at the point now reached. In this suggestion of the merely temporary dominance of theory, there is nothing unfaithful to the historic spirit, or inconsistent with the philosophic. It sufficiently honors the past, while proclaiming the principle that the intelligent life of the race carries inexhaustible hope in its bosom. Finality is an irrational suggestion, sometimes the fruit of an unsupported boastfulness, sometimes of an unreasoning fear. It is mere shine on the river, which is all the while flowing on, and receiving new tributaries farther down. Over against the stability of the material world, there is the progressiveness of the intellectual, and this means for all theories a historic fate, along with such historic fame as their merits may bring. To every generation is given the privilege of expecting and preparing for advance, under conditions special to rational life.

Any attempt to ascertain and describe our present philosophic position must, however, make account of prevailing theories, and for this reason attention is now turned to the relations of idealism and naturalism, or sensationalism, as these concern themselves with a philosophy of practical life regulated by ethical conceptions. We cannot deal here with the whole circumference of the theories; but

we gain by this necessity for limitation, securing a defined region of inquiry, and contemplating those features of intelligent life which are confessedly the highest, being not only intellectual, but super-induced on the intellectual. We are concerned not only with thought, but with thought as to that which *ought to be*, in advance of that which *is*.

The contrast between idealism and naturalism is fundamentally a divergence of view as to the relative importance of reason and feeling in intellectual life. It concerns the question which is master, which servant ; which is source and which product, in the unfolding of life. This apparently simple question is soon found to involve us in very widely divergent views of life. Various aspects of the difference present themselves. We raise such questions as these: whether our spiritual nature only receives impressions from without, or originates conceptions in accordance with which impressions are interpreted ; whether we can discover only the relations or connecting links of occurrences within environment, or can get behind the merely local and temporary, even behind the visible and tangible, to a real and abiding, an ideal and superior ; whether our vital affinities are with the animals or with higher though unknown orders of being, with destinies like ours, which are only dimly foreshadowed in the present state of existence. These are only different aspects of the same question ; and the preference for the one alternative or for the other determines the theoretic structure which emerges—the sensational or the rational scheme of philosophy.

Among rational schemes of existence we must distinguish between an absolute idealism, and a relative ; an idealism which makes all existence an expression or manifestation of the absolute idea, the one absolute existence, eternal and all-containing, and an idealism regarding reason as the key to the universe, but accepting the limits of personal existence, recognizing itself and all finite rational existence, as well as the universe as a whole, as distinct from the absolute Creator to whom we look as the source of all. The more humble form of idealism, of which we are disciples, is here held in reserve, that attention may be concentrated on the present relations of absolute idealism and sensationalism. Restricting attention here to ethical philosophy, we are led toward some of the most interesting comparisons which recent ethical literature submits to our consideration. These belong to two main currents of thought, the one, the Hegelian, having its course determined by the conception of the unity

of all existence, regarding all progress as the advancing manifestation of the absolute unity; the other, the utilitarian, having its course determined by the conception of evolution from an unknown to an unknown—from an uncertain past, hid in the mists of remote mountain ranges, to an uncertain future dimly discerned in the expectations of humanity—but an actual and manifest evolution in which all sentient being is contributing to movement by its search for happiness. As thus generally described, it is clear that these two theories, while widely separated in their main courses, have certain points of approximation deserving notice as they bear on philosophical research. In the one case there is an avowal of certainty as to the origin and destiny of the universe; in the other a proclamation of uncertainty, wearing a form of more or less pronounced agnosticism. But they agree not only in recognizing progression in the history of the universe—on which all thinkers are agreed—but in contemplating this progression as the distinguishing feature of the universe as a whole, and the true key to its interpretation. Accordingly, under both schemes, man is to be interpreted by reference to this—in accordance with some scheme of evolution—and his practical life is regarded as only a crowning feature in the general advance, the crest of the wave formed on the surface of the totality of being pressed forward on its determined course.

The comparison of the theories may be advantageously conducted by reference to two works which are typical and may be accepted as representative—Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics* and Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics*—each author having made account of the other's work. In referring to these we keep strictly to ethical philosophy.

Ethical theory must be founded on the essential characteristics of moral life as illustrated in human history. It is a life which constantly implies an intelligent distinction between transitory wishes or inclinations and an ideal of life as a whole—between desire or craving and an intelligent conception of some higher rule of conduct. The test of the philosophic worth of a theory is the extent to which it is a veritable explanation of these contrasts.

For absolute idealism, the moral life of man is a higher manifestation of the absolute one than is found in nature, or in lower phases of life. To criticise this conception of the unity of existence, with progressiveness in history, does not belong to the present purpose. It is enough here if it be understood that unity of existence is the

characteristic doctrine of absolute idealism in whatever form it appears. Green has put it concisely thus: "When we thus speak of the human self, or the man, reacting upon circumstances, . . . we mean by it a certain reproduction of itself on the part of the eternal self-conscious subject of the world."* The perplexity for the theory is to explain how vice and virtue appear as contrasts in human history, under conditions of self-determination. But, for the present we throw the darker problem of moral evil as far as possible out of sight, in order to concentrate attention on the view of the virtuous life, which should practically include the whole range of problems.

In moral life there is not only development or unfolding of natural powers, as in all life, but there is intelligent effort, implying purpose or end present to the self-conscious agent, with striving, even struggle, towards an ideal by fulfilment of some recognized law of conduct. Under the scheme in question this is capable of interpretation on two sides—on the absolute side, and on the human personal side. The latter engages special attention for the present; the reflective exercise, the sight and sense of duty, the purpose, the struggle—what do all these mean from a philosophic point of view? Green shapes the answer thus: "The particular human self or person . . . in every moral action . . . presents to itself some possible state or achievement of its own, as for the time its greatest good, and acts for the sake of that good."† This, though an accurate account of much that occurs in human history, is not a description of moral action, far less the essence of such action. The self-regarding disposition, and the effort to gain satisfaction, are conspicuous in the statement, but the ideal is wanting, whether in the form of right action or of the general conception of life as a whole. What we recognize as wanting is rational *law*, essential to the conception of morals, the Kantian Imperative—the sense of obligation recognized by the rational idealist who points to an absolute law known to the person as the condition of his being.

If there be any ideal really involved in the statement quoted, it is that of the current sense of satisfaction in the individual agent; not always a regard to his good on the whole, though it is capable of being elevated to that extent. A deeper interpretation is to be offered as Green unfolds the content of rational self-satisfaction, but how can a wider acceptance be found except on the admission here

* *Prolegomena to Ethics*, p. 102, § 99.

† *Ib.*, p. 102, § 99.

of absolute moral law, superior to the desire for self-gratification? If this be not admitted, then absolute idealism here approximates to utilitarianism so closely that a very narrow strip of land keeps them apart. The idea present to the agent is "the idea of his own good," on which he "makes circumstances converge." There seems nothing here to which the modern utilitarian need object, except that it seems too much to close him in to the acceptance of egoistic hedonism, mere regard to his own individual satisfaction, as the rule of conduct. Against this extreme, necessarily painful to a high-minded man, absolute idealism will, however, take its precautions, as well as present day utilitarianism. Still, it will appear that a theory of pre-determined evolution of the absolute idea in the history of humanity labors under such serious difficulties that naturalism may well find in the facts additional reason for dislike of the speculative side of the theory, even though it approximates to utilitarianism in its account of the search for self-satisfaction.

The point of critical interest here is the manner in which Green has endeavored to guard against misinterpretation and perverse application in practice, while maintaining that moral activity is a "personal self-seeking agency."* He immediately interposes a warning, that there is a "distinction between that sort of self-seeking which is the characteristic of all action susceptible of moral attributes, and that which is specially characteristic of bad moral action."† That is to say, there is a self-seeking which is the essence of the morally right, and there is a self-seeking which is the essence of the morally wrong. If it be so, there will be need for much refining in language, as well as subtle analysis in practice, in order to keep the lines straight. Help may be found in the breadth of reference and elevation of sentiment belonging to a theory which attributes activity to an "all-uniting, self-seeking, self-realizing subject,"‡ but this will not rid us of the difficulties adhering to a theory which depicts moral life as a "self-seeking agency." At this point, there does not seem much to choose as we turn from "the naturalistic view of human action" to the absolute idealistic view.§ The two theories run on nearly parallel lines into the midst of the same perplexities. The puzzle for both is this—how to escape a self-regarding disposition inconsistent with the subjection of personality to universal law. No clear escape from this perplexity seems open to either theory. Neither Green

* *Prolegomena*, p. 103, § 99.

† *Ib.*, Note, p. 103.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 104, § 100.

§ *Ib.*, p. 111.

nor Sidgwick has succeeded in clearing the track. Both turn to "the susceptibilities in which the desires themselves originate,"* and here we are hopelessly entangled in the individualistic and subjective, and are unable to reach the universal and objective. Nothing seems clearer than this, that moral life means superiority to susceptibilities—life moving on the higher plane determined by universal law. Here the superiority formally belongs to Sidgwick, for he recognizes the need for an intuitional starting point in order that he may develop a utilitarian scheme of interpretation.

The perplexity is readily made apparent by selection of a few positions from Green's discussions. The contrast between animal and rational life appears in "the transition from mere want to consciousness of a wanted object; from the impulse to satisfy the want, to an effort for realization of the idea of the wanted object."† "It is characteristic of the world of practice that its constituents are objects of which the existence in consciousness, as *wanted*, is prior to and conditions their existence in reality."‡ "The Ego identifies itself with some desire, and sets itself to bring into real existence the ideal object, of which the consciousness is involved in the desire."§ Moral action is that in which the agent is "seeking to realize an idea of his own good which he is conscious of presenting to himself."|| There is a "perpetual discovery by the man that he is not satisfied, that he has not found the personal good which he sought."¶ Hence "practical thought" is essential to "our inner life,"** and has an important "bearing on the state of soul or character to which the terms good or bad in the moral sense are applied."†† The possibility of such "practical thought" implies "a soul which desires in understanding and in desiring understands."‡‡

There must, therefore, as the condition of moral progress, be discrimination between desires, and indentification with one, to the rejection of another. Whence arises this discrimination? Not from susceptibilities, but from a power superior to these, capable of making them objects of reflection, and of deciding between them. Hence follow certain conclusions bearing on the interpretation of our moral life—that susceptibilities do not regulate moral life, but some universal law of conduct demanding their government; that practical life under moral law cannot be represented as a "personal,

* *Prolegomena*, p. 130.

† *Ib.*, page 91.

‡ *Ib.*, page 92.

§ *Ib.*, page 106.

|| *Ib.*, page 111.

¶ *Ib.*, page 114.

** *Ib.*, page 138.

†† *Ib.*, page 130.

‡‡ *Ib.*, page 141.

self-seeking agency ; " and that self-interest, or our good on the whole, is incapable of being represented to the understanding without reference to a law of conduct to which the whole life has been placed in subjection. The use of the term " moral " was introduced at too early a stage, when it was applied to a man's act in " seeking to realize an idea of his own good which he is conscious of presenting to himself ; " and if we postpone the introduction of the term to a later stage, the theory resting on susceptibilities and describing life as a self-seeking agency is abandoned.

While bringing out this result, it is needful to give prominence to the grander conception of moral life which absolute idealism presents. The evolution belonging to absolute idealism receives as effective check as the evolution propounded by a naturalistic scheme ; nevertheless the one has a grander conception of life than the other. Though the theories approximate in the value assigned to susceptibilities, there is a wide difference between them when the one speaks of the full unfolding of the possibilities of human nature, the other of the attainment of the greatest happiness. A self-seeking principle clings to both ; regard to the common good is conspicuous with both ; but the true development of the whole man is greater than the maximum of happiness. It is true, the two things cannot be separated in human history ; full development must bring with it the highest happiness, and the greatest happiness can be found only by the full development of our nature. This intimate relation has been fully recognized in both schemes ; but the position of the central point of observation counts for much in philosophy. It virtually determines our conception of the universe as a whole. It gives such direction to the line of vision as to make two theories, closely allied as we have seen them to be, seem wide asunder. It involves a difference so great that the one takes the whole order of its conceptions from the supernatural, the other from the natural. In this way the materials for philosophic controversy are stored, and the antagonism of the theories becomes manifest. Idealism and naturalism may seem to approximate, but it proves to be for collision, not for fusion. We are here on the borders of a wide discussion, into the merits of which it is impossible now to enter.

Absolute idealism is at once too high and too low in its attempt to read existence—rising too high in seeking to bring all existence into the absolute, descending too low to find the development of moral life from susceptibilities, making desire the key to practical life.

Yet this overstraining is inevitable for the scheme. With restriction of range absolute idealism disappears. On its own lines, it fails in its dialectic of moral life, being inadequate as a philosophy of the law of moral life, and of the possibility of personal fulfilment of this law. It tends to obscure within the same cloud the representation of absolute law, and the action of will in its fulfilment.

Naturalism, as it seeks to read moral life in terms of utilitarian significance, never rises high enough to afford a full representation of ethical law. Pleasure is desirable; the desirable for one is the desirable for all; each will gain the most for himself when the utmost is secured for all; therefore a constant regard to the greatest happiness of the greatest number will be the wisest and best rule for all. If this is on a lower level, it has the merit of presenting an accurate calculus. The facts of life are at least in harmony with it, bearing out the reasoning as far as it goes. The question is, whether it is within the ethical sphere at all, or needs to have ethical ideas supplied from without—from some higher region not within view here. The agreeable, the desirable, and the fusion of individual and general interests are all clear, but where is the *ought* of an ethical life? It is true, as Sidgwick proclaims, that "I cannot regard my own happiness as intrinsically more desirable than the equal happiness of any one else."* The statement means that my happiness is not intrinsically more desirable *to me*, than the equal happiness of another is *to him*. But the question which is unanswered is this: Why *ought* the happiness of another, or of a number, to be more desirable *to me*, or more resolutely sought *by me*, than my own happiness?

Absolute idealism and naturalism are both in perplexity as to the source of ethical ideas, though in different ways. Granting the unity of existence, and that all things are the expression of movement originated, sustained, and consummated in the manifestation of the absolute, how can there be an *ought* applicable to the higher stages of evolution—how can there be anything but the inevitable? On the other side, granting that pleasure and pain are our "two great masters," how can man do more, or be called upon to contemplate more, than guide himself by an estimate of his best chances under the conditions of existence which he must accept? Both show themselves insufficient to provide such a philosophy as the present time specially needs—a philosophy of the self-conscious life swayed by the imperative of moral law. Man is to himself the greatest mystery in the

* *Methods of Ethics*, B. III., Ch. xiii.

universe—a mystery destined to break up philosophical theories in our day, as in the past; yet must we go on constructing and reconstructing, for only thus can the progress be secured which is the condition of intellectual existence.

Criticism is essential to the work of construction; without it the conception of reconstruction must vanish. Hence the criticism which absolute idealism expends on naturalism; hence the return in kind which comes from utilitarianism. In this conflict a comparative superiority is apt to be the end immediately contemplated; wittingly or unwittingly, the progress of human thought is the result. From this stand-point, considerable interest gathers around the critical representation of a rival theory, coming from the upholder of another. Green affords a striking illustration.* In stating "the points at issue with the utilitarians," he admits agreement with them, "in holding that ordinary judgments upon the moral value of actions must be founded on consideration of their effects alone."† But he adds: "The effects to be considered, according to our view, will be different from those of which the utilitarian, according to his principles, would take account. They will be effects not in the way of producing pleasure, but in the way of contributing to that perfection of mankind, of which the essence is a good will on the part of all persons."‡ Taking the comparison as here stated, it will be generally admitted to be fairly put—perfection and pleasure being the respective ends brought into prominence by these rival theories. No less clear is the superiority of aim raised into view by idealism, though it seems needful to recognize that there is a sense in which each would grant the position of the other, for it will be admitted that the truest happiness is to be found in the highest development of the nature, and that it is not to be found in any other way. But if perfection and happiness are set in contrast, the perfection of our being is manifestly the higher end. Yet there is an advantage for the utilitarian scheme in the prominence assigned to the common happiness of men.

But the inadequacy of both becomes increasingly obvious the more it is pondered. Happiness is too much of a transitory experience, and is connected with excellence of character in a way too indirect, to be accepted as an adequate expression of what is best in life. Mill's distinction of different kinds of pleasure as higher and lower is the admission of this. On the other hand, the requirements

* See his statement of the question, *Prolegomena*, B. III., Ch. i., § 155.

† B. IV., C. i., § 294.

‡ *Ibid.*

of our practical life are not met by representing the perfection of our nature as the ultimate end of action. The reason for doing justice to others cannot be found in the contribution such action makes toward the development of the agent. It is one-sided, abstract, and inconsistent with the demands of practical life, to suggest that moral agents should settle what actions are right by reference to the reaction conduct has on character. There is even a measure of the grotesque in the suggestion that a man should pay his debts *because* it will contribute to self-development. There is no risk of the connection between conduct and character being denied; the value of well-doing as the leading factor in moral progress will be unreservedly admitted; but it is only because payment of debts is in itself a right thing, only because we have the conception of *oughtness* associated with the act, that we find the possibility of discipline in moral life. And finally, it is inconsistent with the lofty character of ethical life to maintain, that when perfection has been reached the life-work is done. On the contrary, it is only when perfection has been attained, only when self-realization has been completed, that the real work of ethical life can be truly, because adequately, undertaken and successfully achieved. What the Christian religion promises in an immortal life, is the accomplishment in unwearied activity of the ideal of moral law.

HENRY CALDERWOOD.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SECULAR SPIRIT.

CHRISTIANITY is a more pervasive, dominant, and beneficent force than either its friends or its foes ordinarily appreciate. Like many other mighty forces it works largely in silence. It does not give out a loud report when it undermines some hoary error, or establishes some benignant truth. God's great heavens and his vast laboratory in the earth give forth, for the most part, no sound in their gigantic movements. God's greatest works are performed in silent realms. Christianity is no exception to this law. Like its Founder, it comes not with observation. Heathen thinkers and writers of the early centuries of Christianity were strangely ignorant of its power, and, apparently, even of its presence. Their silence is surprising; it is almost unaccountable. In the mean time Christianity was leavening literature, philosophy, art, government, and social life; it was the force hidden in the very heart of society which was to some degree to affect the whole Roman world. But even in our own day many men are strangely thoughtless as to the place and power of Christianity among the roborant forces of modern life. Its predominance and beneficence, like the majesty and glory of the sun, are with many Christians even matters of course. Some who are the foes of Christianity do not, because they will not, recognize its influence at its full value. It was prophesied of its divine Founder that "he should not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street"; and also that "he shall bring forth judgment unto truth; he shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

Our Lord's life was a literal fulfilment of this ancient prophecy. The history of his Church since his ascension is equally a fulfilment of the prophecy so far as it relates to the progress of Christian truth. Nothing is more certain than that Christ is to reign until all his enemies are put under his feet; and that the gates of hades shall not prevail against his Church. The world is not growing worse. It never was so good as it is at this hour. The Church never was so intelligent, so benevolent, and so consecrated as it is to-day. It is readily admitted that greater prominence is given in our day to certain evils

in society than was formerly the case. But this is not because the evils are greater than ever before ; it is rather because the desire to remove them is greater than ever before. The shadows are deeper because the light is brighter. No quarter of a century in the world's history is so marked with great moral conflicts and conquests as is the third quarter of this century. We do not hesitate to say that it has no parallel in any period, before or since the Christian era. We have seen during this generation many millions of serfs emancipated in Russia ; we have seen the temporal power of the Pope destroyed, and Victor Emanuel in triumph entering Rome as king of United Italy ; we have seen the greatest civil war of the world waged on our own soil, and ending in the triumph of liberty and the establishment of the Republic on enduring foundations. What has been the influence of Christianity in bringing about these and other beneficent results ? What is the relation of Christianity to the spirit of the times in which we live ? This is a proper question. To it a fair answer can be given.

Let us, in the first place, look at the relation between Christianity and the scientific spirit of the time.

Many timid Christians think there is a necessary opposition between Christianity and science. Many narrow-minded scientists take the same ground, with an air of triumph which is as ill-founded in fact as it is unjustifiable in spirit. Between established science and Christianity there is not, there cannot be, contradiction. God is one ; truth is one. God cannot contradict himself ; what he has written in his Word, if rightly understood, must harmonize with what he has written in his world, if properly interpreted. Christianity welcomes all forms of right inquiry ; her spirit builds our academies, our colleges, and our schools of professional learning. We frankly admit that the Church at times has acted ignorantly, bigotedly, and wickedly toward science and scientists. Unfortunately, science and scientists have acted with equal ignorance, bigotry, and wickedness toward the Church. The Church, for the most part, has now been converted, and science has also, to some degree, experienced a change of heart ; but it ought to be remembered that if the Church in the middle ages was hostile to science, science at that time was so unscientific as to be worthy of but little respect. Perhaps the case of Galileo and his ecclesiastical opponents has already done sufficient service in illustrating the ignorance and bigotry of the Church ; but there are some sides to the subject which are not often presented.

The Church of that day was no fair representative of the Church of later days. Religion and science, both and equally, were in sad need of a reformation. To make the Church of to-day responsible for the Church of that day would be as unfair, as unscientific, as to make the science of to-day responsible for all the vagaries of the so-called science of that day. It is humiliating that not only did the Roman Catholic Church of the time oppose Galileo, but even Luther and Melancthon wrote against the Copernican system. They regarded it as opposed to the authority of the Bible. Galileo's teachings triumphed when clear evidence was adduced for their support. But it is to be remembered, and constantly emphasized, that those who first excited persecution against Galileo were not ecclesiastics but scientists. This was natural. His teachings corrected their ignorance; they must either confess it, or attack him. It was natural that they should do the latter, and they did it with a will. These were the men—men of science—who obliged him to fly from Pisa and to seek the protection of Salviati. It was, of course, guilty presumption in him to contradict, "by experiments made from the top of the Leaning Tower, the theorem of Aristotle which declared that 'the velocity of the motion of falling bodies is in proportion to their weight.'" Out of this opposition and flight came the professorship in the University of Padua. Some of his subsequent troubles came when he left the sphere of science, and entered the domain of Scripture interpretation. He declared "that in Scripture there were propositions which were false in the literal sense of the words . . . and that in all natural questions philosophical argument should have more weight than mere scriptural declaration." To this bold utterance the reply of Cardinal Baronius was as considerate as it was conclusive: "The Scriptures were given to teach men how to rise to heaven, not how the heavens were made." But the court of Rome and the inquisitors of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, before whom he was summoned, declared that the Copernican theory of the revolution of the earth was not only false in itself but was contrary to Scripture. These titled dignitaries, the infallible Pope and the erudite Congregation, anticipated the conclusions to which John Jasper has come in our day by his own method of investigation. The fact is that every science which has struggled into recognition has had to wage a fierce war with ignorant men of science as truly as with ignorant men of theology. It is also true that almost as soon as men of science have agreed among themselves as to the recog-

dition and place of the new science, theologians have been ready to give it its rightful recognition and place. It is not necessarily to the discredit of science and theology that they are slow to give honor to every new claimant for a niche in the temple of knowledge. It is an impertinence for men of science to expect men of theology to give credit to the undigested thinking and the unverified theories of scientific men. Christianity wants truth. She welcomes it from whatever quarter it comes and by whomsoever it is brought. She is so sure of her position that she rejoices in it more than in all riches. She is willing to buy it at any price; she will sell it at no price.

Newton's discoveries also had to fight their way to recognition against opposition on the part of some theologians and scientists. Some theologians considered that he was invading the domain of Deity, was usurping God's place and limiting his power, if not driving him out of his world. A friend, who was himself an expert in science and whose theological orthodoxy was not suspected, wrote an able treatise defending Newton and commending his discoveries. To-day no friend of Christianity fears the discoveries of astronomical science in all their broad and sublime ranges. The Christianity which feared these discoveries, was religiously as unchristian as the early astrology was astronomically unscientific. We now smile at the follies of both. Men like Chalmers and Mitchel have shown the harmony between God's truths in the heavens and on the page of inspiration. We now see that the heavens are the tapestry into which God has woven some of his most brilliant thoughts. But it is little more than a generation since Christians trembled for the ark of God, and unbelievers rejoiced that it was fully and finally in the hands of the Philistines, because both alike thought that astronomy, and related sciences, were to destroy the Bible and to dethrone God.

Geology has passed through a similar experience. At present biology is among the most speculative of sciences; it is still in its nebulous state. Men are still searching for the origin of life. Evermore it has eluded their search. Perhaps it will be discovered; if it be so, God will be its author. It seems to be settled, so far as anything in science can be settled, that all attempts to get life out of death have failed. Drummond says that "spontaneous generation has had to be given up." Huxley affirms that the doctrine that life can come only from life is "victorious along the whole line of the present day." And, contrary to his own wish, Tyndall says, "I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to

prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." Beyond this we have not gone. Should we go farther, we have no fears of the final result.

Analogous statements may be made regarding the discussion of evolution. Herbert Spencer defines evolution as "consisting in a progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from general to special, from the simple to the complex." Some hints of this idea are found in the earliest times. The chaotic or mundane egg was an old Egyptian cosmological myth. Other nations also held to the idea of a development in creation; some philosophers believing that "an intelligent power or *nous*, infinite and self-existent," presided over the atoms, giving them orderly arrangement; others, as represented in the poem of Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*, supposing that chance wrought from numberless atoms the existing order of things. Coming down at one step to our own day, Wallace and Darwin, in 1858, "separately proposed the hypothesis of the origin of species by spontaneous variation, and the survival of the fittest through natural selection and the struggle for existence." Darwin's treatise on the *Origin of Species* appeared in 1859. Then came many supporters and opposers. Doubtless the great majority of the scientists of our day are on the side of some form of evolution. The idea has been applied by different writers to sociology, to history, to mind, and to theology. Almost no one now doubts "that creation has had a history"; that it is the result of a series of acts running through millions of years. At the same time it is certain "that as it has been pursued in time, so also it has been pursued by method." "There is an observed order of facts in the history of creation, both in the organic and in the inorganic world." As Hartshorne has shown, Prof. Asa Gray, Doctor McCosh, Baden Powell, the Duke of Argyll, and others, all teach the view of orderly creation by law, under the immediate action of divine power working by natural causes or forces. This power, as he says, has been rightly described as a theory not of supernatural or miraculous interference, but rather of *creative evolution*. Mivart joins the Duke of Argyll in showing that there is no antagonism between creation and evolution. The question, as they suggest, is simply whether creative power was exerted only at the beginning of the process, or all along the line of development. There are unbridged gaps in the theory of evolution; but we are willing to admit that the facts establish evolution, at least, as a "working

hypothesis." But does evolution eliminate the evidences for the existence of the Creator, and the proofs of design in his creation? Scientists, such as Carpenter, Dana, Agassiz, Henry, Asa Gray, and others of the highest class, deny the insufficiency of the proofs of design in nature. They positively refuse "to admit the elimination of special creative action, or direct modification of nature, from all periods since the first origination of the universe." As Leifchild, quoted by Hartshorne, says, "The assertion that 'no will has evolved will,' is as absurd as '*ex nihilo aliquid*.'" Evolution implies an evolver; nothing can be evolved which has not been involved. We do not take from God's power, wisdom, and glory because we place his primal creative act far back in the line of development; we add to his glory by so doing. There is a development in the divine plan in the Old and New Testaments; in the dispensations of patriarchs, prophets, and kings until he came, who is Prophet of prophets and King of kings. "The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did." (Heb. vii. 19.) There is a Christian evolution; God is the evolver, and truth in its highest forms is the result. With Professor Gray, in his address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1872, as quoted by Hartshorne, we may well say:

"Let us hope that the religious faith which survived, without a shock, the notion of the fixity of the earth itself, may equally outlast the notion of the absolute fixity of the species which inhabit it; that in the future, even more than in the past, *faith in an order*, which is the basis of science, will not (as it cannot reasonably) be dissevered from faith in an *Ordainer*, which is the basis of religion."

Placing God farther back in the line of development certainly does not exclude him. If he has given the germ the power of development, his wisdom, skill, and forethought are as conspicuous as if the divine power was immediately exerted. A law of development has no power. Law is only the name which we give to a force observed to act in a special way. Back of law is the Law-giver; back of the observed order of the development is the Ordainer. There stands God!

Another cause of premature alarm on the part of many Christians, and of premature rejoicing on the part of some enemies of Christianity, is found in the spirit of historic inquiry which marks our time. This inquiry covers a wide range. We may look at it, first, in its relations to comparative religions. The opening of great areas of heathendom to the introduction of Christianity is, at the

same time, the opening of Christendom to the possible introduction of some elements of heathenism. This Christianity must expect; this Christianity should welcome. Here, as in other realms, the fittest must survive. The true ground of the worship of God is not his omnipotence, but his goodness. Mere almightiness might bend the knee, but it could not secure the reverent love of the heart. We worship God because he is the infinitely best being in the universe. If there is a better being than God, that being must be our God. If Christianity cannot endure, when subjected to all forms of practical testing, the comparison with other religions, then Christianity must go, ought to go, and certainly will go. The world ought to have the best; it will have the best. Does any Christian fear this test? All Christians must meet it. There are certain philosophers in our country who are practically heathen. Some are Buddhists, some Baalists, some Confucianists, some Parsees or Hindoos, and some, practically, are Mohammedans. To some there is a fascination in conceiving of heathen religions as developing by some mysterious evolution into Christianity. By a similar process Christianity, according to this view, may some day develop into some other form of faith; and that, in turn, may give way to another and another, until the perfect flower of faith and hope blossoms and blooms. All fair-minded men admit that in the sacred books of these non-Christian religions there is much of beauty, worth, and truth. Amid bushels of chaff some kernels of wheat are found; amid much of rubbish there are diamond truths. It ought not to startle us that among heathen nations contemporary with the early years of biblical teaching, truths similar to those taught in the Bible are found. Much of this truth doubtless found its way among the heathen nations from the people of God; much of the light of heathenism came from torches kindled on Hebrew altars. All of it certainly came by some means from God. He alone is the Sun of the moral universe. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." We have the Apostle Peter as our authority in the noble utterance that "in every nation he that feareth him [God], and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." The writings of Mr. Edwin Arnold have done much, in opening up the wealth of that gorgeous East, to commend the religions of Buddha and Mohammed; other influences have commended the teachings of Confucius and the rituals of the Parsees. A poetic glamour has been thrown over these ancient faiths, adding splendor to what in them is beautiful, and concealing what is hideous. Many men who

are strangely incredulous about everything Christian are hopelessly credulous about everything non-Christian. We have seen these faiths making converts of missionaries sent into their lands, and even coming to our land to push their conquests among some devotees of a dreamy, mystical culture. The discussions now rife in England, and to some degree in America, regarding Doctor Blyden's admitted tendencies toward Islamism, and Canon Taylor's concession regarding its influence in Africa, point in the same direction. Those who knew Doctor Blyden's history and character are not much surprised at his present attitude, and it is certain that Canon Taylor's opinions are largely influenced by one-sided authorities. Christians, however, have reason to hide their heads in shame when fiends in human form in Christian countries are furnishing these ignorant Africans with liquor which is making their degradation deeper and their future darker than before the light of Christianity shone on their land.

Just at the point where the argument from comparative religions was pressed against Christianity, two noted witnesses arose to give their testimony in favor of Christianity. They are Sir Monier Williams, Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, and Prof. Max Müller. Both of these men have spent years in the study of these ancient religions; few men are so familiar with the teachings which some desire to put in competition with Christianity. Their tastes and tendencies might make them incline toward these non-Christian religions. Indeed, Professor Müller showed a little time ago a decided bias in their favor. This writer distinctly remembers how unfavorably his own mind was once affected toward Christianity by Professor Müller's elaborate work on *The Origin and Growth of Religions*. Sir Monier Williams is free to confess that when he began investigating Hindooism and Buddhism, he also was prejudiced in their favor. As a result of his earlier and incomplete studies he began to be a believer in the evolution and growth of religious thought; he considered these faiths to be steps in the development of religious aspirations struggling toward Christianity. Now he affirms his mistake. He denounces the "flabby, jelly-fish toleration" which refuses to see the difference between what is Christian and what is non-Christian. He ends his address at the late anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, in London, with these remarkable and eloquent words:

"Go forth, then, ye missionaries, in your Master's name; go forth into all the world, and, after studying all its false religions and philosophies, go forth, and

fearlessly proclaim to suffering humanity the plain, the unchangeable, the eternal facts of the Gospel—nay, I might almost say, the stubborn, the unyielding, the inexorable facts of the Gospel. Dare to be downright with all the uncompromising courage of your own Bible, while with it your watchwords are love, joy, peace, reconciliation. Be fair, be charitable, be Christ-like ; but let there be no mistake. Let it be made absolutely clear that Christianity cannot, must not, be watered down to suit the palate of either Hindoo, Parsee, Confucianist, Buddhist or Mohammedan ; and whosoever wishes to pass from the false religion to the true can never hope to do so by the rickety planks of compromise, or by the help of faltering hands held out by half-hearted Christians. He must leap the gulf in faith, and the living Christ will spread his everlasting arms beneath and land him safe on the eternal Rock."

In Max Müller's address given before the British and Foreign Bible Society, equally strong language in favor of Christianity is used. After having named the Veda of the Brahmins, the Puranas of Siva and Vishnu, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zend-Avesta of the Parsees, and the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, he goes on to say :

"They all say that salvation must be purchased, must be bought with a price ; and that the sole price, the sole purchase money, must be our own works and deservings. Our own holy Bible, our sacred Book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed, enjoined upon us in that sacred Book of the East ; but they are only the outcome of a grateful heart—they are only a thank-offering, the fruits of our faith. They are never the ransom-money of the true disciples of Christ. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true and of good report in those sacred books, but let us teach Hindoos, Buddhists, Mohammedans, that there is only one sacred Book of the East that can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they shall pass alone into the unseen world. It is the sacred Book which contains that faithful saying, worthy to be received of all men, women and children, and not merely of us Christians—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

These words are timely ; they thrill and rejoice our hearts. It is clear that the most advanced students in these wide fields bring back testimony to the exclusive claims of Christianity to be the faith of the race. The men who go deep into Christianity and its relations with other religions do not fail to give their testimony in its favor. It is the men who have picked up a "little learning" at second hand that are found to oppose the claims of Christianity when compared with other religions. Shallow scholars are ever noisy critics.

There is not the slightest doubt but that in the end good will come out of the discussion of the relative merits of Christianity and Islamism in Africa to-day. The errors in Christianity, so far as it is held responsible for the liquor traffic and kindred evils, will be cor-

rected, and its superiority will be discovered and declared. The cross and not the crescent is destined to rule the world.

All the historical and topographical inquiries now going on in Bible lands will, we fully believe, result in giving additional testimony to the truth of God's Word and the value of Christianity. We welcome such investigations. From hoary rocks, from Egyptian sands, and from ivy-covered ruins God is raising up witnesses in support of our Christian faith. It is equally certain that the fierce fires of historical criticism through which the Bible is now passing will not in the end shake the faith of true disciples. It is barely possible that Shakespeare will live when Ignatius Donnelly is dead. Homer survives, although the names of the critics who denied that he ever lived are fast passing out of memory. Some of our interpretations of the Bible may have to be modified, some theories abandoned ; but God's eternal truth shall abide : " The word of our God shall stand forever."

When we come to the relation between Christianity and the social problems of the time, we find cause for greater activity in disseminating the principles of Christianity, but no cause for distrust in its divine claims, noble achievements, or practical possibilities. When socialism assumes the form of anarchy, there can be no relation between it and Christianity but one of "irrepressible conflict." Christianity favors liberty ; but liberty is not license. Liberty is obedience to just law ; the highest liberty is submission to God and conformity to his will as revealed in his Word. Anarchy is un-American, unmanly, and ungodly. It is a plant of foreign production, a satanic exotic which can never become fully rooted in American soil. When socialism becomes anarchy it is fit only for destruction. When men come to America with a red flag in one hand and a dynamite bomb in the other, they must be quarantined for their natural lives. An examination of the lives of the Anarchists recently hanged shows that they never had any Christian training. Had they been educated in its doctrines, they would never have made, certainly would never have hurled, the fatal bomb. They learned to think of Christianity as their enemy ; they, in turn, became its enemies. These facts are worthy of careful consideration by all Christians and all other good citizens. We cannot afford to neglect the Christian training of any of our people ; we must do our part toward training all the nations of the earth, especially those whose representatives are likely to come to us. Atheism is anarchistic. Sow infidelity, and you reap

anarchism, impurity, death. Every atheist is at heart an anarchist. Anarchism is the flower and fruit of atheism. No consistent infidel is, or can be, a good citizen. True Christianity alone is the harmonizer of all the conflicting interests of society. It is the true anti-poverty and the true temperance society. It alone can elevate the "masses"; it alone can reclaim the fallen. Dr. Alexander MacLeod, in his *Christus Consolator*, says, that "when Oersted first exhibited to Frederika Bremer the beautiful and now familiar experiment of sand-grains upon a glass plate arranging themselves, under the influence of a musical note, in symmetrical and harmonious figures, this reflection passed through the mind of the lady: 'A human hand made the stroke that produced the note. But when the stroke is made by the hand of the Almighty, will not the note then produced bring into exquisitely harmonious form those sand-grains which are human beings, communities, nations? It will arrange the world in beauty, and there shall be no discord, and no lamentation any more.'" This woman is right. All that is true in communism is the offspring of Christ's religion; all that is evil in communism is opposed by his Gospel. His religion is the cure for all the evils existing between employer and employed. Put Christ fully into the hearts of both, and injustice, oppression, and strikes will be impossible. Count Tolstoï is feeling after Christ. There is a Christian communism. It furnishes the only truly noble fellowship. Religion now, as in all the past, lifts nations and races out of barbarism into civilization, out of sin into holiness, from earth to heaven. So-called reformers and humanitarians who are infidel to Christ and his Gospel are the enemies of the poor, the enemies of the Republic, the enemies of the race. Those who would lift their hand against the Bible, against the Sabbath, against Christ, are the enemies of the best interests of all classes for time as well as eternity.

Religion would vastly reduce the number of the poor. It is the friend of industry and all kindred virtues; it is the foe of intemperance and all kindred vices. The poor do not so much need bread as the character and the opportunity to earn bread. Religion in the heart, to a large degree, will give both. Much is said about carrying the loaf with the tract. The idea has in it truth, but it has been overworked. It is instructive to remember that only twice did Christ use divine power to give bread to the multitude, and in both cases the circumstances were peculiar. The poor need the religion of

Christ more than earthly bread. There were as many evils, as Doctor MacLeod suggests, in Christ's day as now. There were then the lapsed classes, the dwellers in lanes, the victims of sin and misery of every kind. What was Christ's cure? Evangelize them. Did he blunder! Was he lacking in gentleness and love! He was the true reformer, the divine humanitarian, the spiritual regenerator of the individual and the race.

There was a profound philosophy in his method. His spirit teaches the poor and the rich alike to recognize the poor man's manhood. This is a recognition of tremendous power. It gives hope, light, life to the poor. It gives those who are up tenderness for those who are down; and those who are down trustfulness toward those who are up. Christ's incarnation has lifted the world into the sunshine of hope and the promise of heaven. It has levelled society by lifting the down-trodden—levelled it up. Guizot says that

"Christianity has carried repentance even into the souls of nations. Pagan antiquity knew nothing of these awakenings of the public conscience. Tacitus could only deplore the decay of the ancient rites of Rome, and Marcus Aurelius could only wrap himself sorrowfully up in the stoical isolation of the sage; there is nothing to show that these superior minds so much as suspected the great crimes of their social state, even in its best days, or aspired to reform them."

The world's hope in every relation of life is in this old Gospel. It must have its place in every heart; it must throw its radiance over every home; it must be in every workshop and counting-house.

The spirit of the world divides society horizontally, each class selecting its corresponding layer. The spirit of Christianity divides society vertically, cutting through all the layers. True religion says, whether a man be black or white, red or yellow, rich or poor, "A man's a man for a' that." Away with the sentimental but Christless philanthropist! Away with the blatant and blasphemous infidel! The true friend of the rich, the poor, the fallen, of all classes, is Jesus Christ, the perfect, the Divine Man.

R. S. MACARTHUR.

LAW, LOGIC, AND GOVERNMENT.

A HIGH regard for law, and for precedent as an exponent of law, has always been a marked characteristic of English and American political methods. There can be no doubt of its political value. It is a good thing that a people should be able, from time to time, to gather up the results of political struggle into political and legal precedents, not to be disturbed without a renewal of struggle. And the importance of this feature of our political methods becomes greater as democracy becomes a wider power in the national life. While influence on politics was confined to a class, and that not a large one, every member of the political class was watchful, acute, and always ready to defend his particular shade of political opinion; and the change of precedent by subtlety and indirection was neither so dangerous nor so likely to be successful. Now that all men have influence on politics, the members of the political class have many other things than politics to attend to. They must build houses, lay railway tracks, saw timber, plead causes, treat diseases, and engage in every form of human activity, in addition to giving an occasional attention to politics. It is to their interest, then, that, when they have once given up their time and attention to a political struggle, that struggle should not be renewed again and again, or sprung upon them by surprise or indirection, but should be crusted into a precedent which they can leave for a time to defend and protect itself. Consciously or unconsciously, our branch of the human race has been very largely dominated by this feeling. Whatever the form taken by an opening struggle—parliamentary or revolutionary in England, revolutionary or constitutional in America—the first and instinctive questions have always been, How stands the law? What are the precedents? And the man or the party that has been able to find an intrenchment behind law and precedent has always felt it to be, if not an impregnable, at least a very strong, defensive position.

All this, of course, implies that law and its logic, though very potent elements in politics, are not to be final and conclusive; that the crust of precedent *may* be broken, if the impelling force is suffi-

ciently strong. This reservation is absolutely essential to the healthy development of the general principle; without it, the tendency is to check all development and to fix it into a Chinese rigidity. Even when the reservation is admitted, if the admission be not conscious and willing, but blind and extorted, the effects are to thwart or set back the natural development of the people. In this lies one of the dangers of democracy. A hundred years ago, the general horror of democracy was grounded largely in the belief that it would be a flighty, changeable, and perverse system; now all men are coming to recognize the fact that the danger is the other way; that the tendency of democracy, apart from race peculiarities, is to develop too strong a conservatism in the people, and to lead them to put too many impediments in the way of their own possible desires or needs for change. And even apart from the development of democracy, an implicit devotion to law and precedent, to the exclusion or disregard of purely political considerations, may have the worst effect on the decision of national questions, as it has on the way in which people regard them.

One illustration of the general truth may be found in the successive steps which led up to the American Revolution. The constitutional relations of the British North American colonies to the mother country had been pretty well defined, so far as legal theory was concerned, before 1760. To be sure, many items in the theory had been only tacitly accepted by the colonies; no direct occasion had arisen for their enforcement, and it would perhaps be more correct to say that they had not been repudiated than that they had been fully accepted. But these items were premises of others, whose enforcement had actually taken place and had been acquiesced in by the colonies, so that the whole system may fairly be said to have been the only recognized legal theory in 1760. If there had been any law schools or schools of history and political science in the colonies at that time, their students would certainly have been instructed, as to the relations between the mother country and the colonies, in exactly the terms used by Blackstone, in the fourth section of the Introduction to his *Commentaries*. These may be briefly summarized as follows: The colonies were not political bodies, but civil corporations, created by the Crown under the same limitations which attended the creation of any other English civil corporations. The King was their visitor, to see that they acted up to the end and design of their creation. They might be dissolved by his courts, on an

information in the nature of a writ of quo warranto; Blackstone considering the exercise of this power under Charles II. and James II., including of course the forfeiture of the Massachusetts charter, "sufficiently regular."* Above all, they were subject to legislation by Parliament, "which is boundless in its operations." All these consequences flowed from the single dictum that the colonies were "civil corporations;" and if its truth is admitted, it is difficult to point out any proceeding of the British Government from 1760 until 1775 which was technically "illegal."

Never until after 1760 were the colonies generally forced to consider their position as "civil corporations." From 1607 until 1760, Parliament was either indifferent, or engrossed in its struggle with the House of Stuart, or intent on maintaining its position as an "imperial Parliament" against kings of alien blood. It troubled the colonies little beyond passing Navigation Acts, and Acts in restraint of trade and manufactures; and these were so easily evaded,† or so little felt, that they raised no practical question for the colonies. From 1640 the Crown was also very much out of the combat, having enough to attend to at home; and the colonies were left quite to themselves, except during the later years of Charles II. and the few years of James II. From 1696 the affairs of the colonies were committed to a Board of Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, whose position was very peculiar. It had no voice in the Cabinet, nor access to the King. It drew up minute instructions for colonial officials, but had no power to enforce them, or to punish those who disobeyed the officials.‡ The only executive power in colonial affairs was that of the Secretary of State; and this office, for the twenty-four important years after 1724, was held by the Duke of Newcastle, who knew little of the colonies and cared for them less. For a quarter of a century the British colonies in North America grew and flourished under the kindly rule of King Log, caring little whether they were "civil corporations" or not.

* I. *Commentaries*, 485 (original paging).

† The affidavit of Sampson Toovey, in 1764 (5 *Bancroft*, 158), may show how. "I, Sampson Toovey, clerk to James Cockle, Esq., Collector of His Majesty's customs for the port of Salem, do declare on oath that ever since I have been in office it hath been customary for said Cockle to receive of the masters of vessels entering from Lisbon, casks of wine, boxes of fruit, etc., which was a gratuity for suffering their vessels to be entered with salt or ballast only, and passing over unnoticed such cargoes of wine, fruit, etc., which are prohibited to be imported into His Majesty's plantations. Part of which wine, fruit, etc., he, the said James Cockle, used to share with Governor Bernard."

‡ 4 *Bancroft*, 17.

And when, in 1748, Newcastle was succeeded by Bedford, and he by other more efficient secretaries, the great war which was to decide between the two leading European claimants to North America gave the colonies a further breathing-spell of twelve years.

The whole political sky changed in 1760. The new king was no Hanoverian, but an Englishman born and bred. He was the first king of his line who was fully in touch with his Parliament; and he had nothing to distract his attention from his North American colonies. The "imperial Parliament," successful by land and sea, and only waiting for its overthrown opponents to make up their minds to swallow the terms of an inevitable peace, longed to assume in the face of the world its world-wide dominion. Its members, prepared by systematic corruption,* were anxious for a wider field for the enjoyment of it; and the increase of debt and taxation was partly an incentive to, partly an excuse for, a prompt assertion of powers over the colonies. The time had come for the practical application of the whole legal theory of parliamentary sovereignty;† and the ministry began the work in 1761 by enforcing, for the first time, the Navigation Acts and the Acts in restraint of colonial trade. Naval officers were encouraged to take the customs oaths, and to act as customs officers; American commerce was attacked everywhere; and all the coast was lined with a new preventive corps. One feature of the new system was an application for writs of assistance, or general warrants, for the detection of smugglers. The colonists, stunned by the opening phases of the new order of things, began by denying the legality of these writs. But the law, as it has been stated above, was on the side of the mother country; and the logic of her agents in its application of the law to this particular case was pitiless. A statute of Charles II. had allowed writs of assistance in such cases to be issued by the Court of Exchequer, corresponding to the Massachusetts Superior Court; and a statute of William III. had given the revenue officers in America the right to "like assistance" as in England. Would the "civil corporations" of North America except to the "boundless operation" of Acts of Parliament? Or would they submit at once to "ad-

* Green's *English People*, sections 1468, 1469, 1475, 1480.

† As these pages are passing through the press, the sixth volume of Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of the United States* is published. In its first article, "The Revolution Impending," by Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, the reader will find the *legal* position of the British Government more fully stated than in this article, but with substantially the same conclusions.

mitted law," applied by flawless logic? For the moment the colonists dumbly submitted; but from that time John Adams could never read the Acts of Trade without anger, "nor any section of them without a curse;" and it is not probable that his was an isolated case. Proceeding from the enforcement of the Acts of Trade, the ministry next ordered the royal governors to grant no more judicial commissions to continue during good behavior, but to make them all terminable at the King's pleasure. This might be an inexpedient step, but it was logically a part of the legal theory, as stated above; for these so-called American "judges" were not in reality judges, but rather royal commissioners empowered to define the by-laws of certain "civil corporations"; and, like our Territorial "judges," their term might be made whatever the supreme power might please. Did logic force the colonists back to an acquiescence in this new application of the whole theory? Not at all: it only forced them to take the first step in the evolution of a counter theory of their own—one which, in its final form, was absolutely irreconcilable with the original theory. This first step was altogether negative; the New York Assembly decided to vote no salaries to judges appointed *durante bene placito*; and this, in its turn, brought out the next step in the application of the original theory. Resolving, in the meantime, that the judges should receive salaries from the royal quit-rents, the ministry went on to elaborate that system of 1765 by which stamp taxation was to support both the judges and a standing army to uphold the judges.

Hesitating for a moment, the colonies settled at first on this distinction: that their previous acknowledgments of the "boundless operation" of Acts of Parliament applied only to "external taxation" and to the regulation of foreign commerce. This, inconsistent as it certainly was with the original theory, was but another step in the evolution of a strictly colonial theory; but it was a far longer step than the first. The Stamp Act was repealed, and Parliament, taking the colonies on their own ground, began the development of a system of external taxation, in strict logical accordance with both the original theory and that which the colonies had rested on in 1765. Time would fail in detailing the successive collisions, under this system of taxation, by which the remorseless logic of the British ministry cut the ground from under the feet of the colonists, forcing them in each case, however, not back to the original position, but forward to a more advanced one. The lesson is writ so large that

he who runs may read. The ultimate result was the evolution of the final colonial theory: that Parliament had no authority whatever over the colonies in any case, no power of legislation, and no power of taxation, internal or external; that the colonies had always been royal dominions only, like Hanover; and that the Parliament of Great Britain had no more right to meddle with the affairs of Massachusetts than the Parliament of Massachusetts had to meddle with the affairs of Great Britain. Thus the only result of the ministry's persistent reliance on law and its logic alone, to the exclusion of political considerations, was the development of two legal theories, each quite consistent in itself, but absolutely inconsistent with the other; and the first attempt to *enforce* either meant war.*

The purpose of the foregoing brief summary has been to put the "wrong-headedness" of the British ministry in its true light; not to state it as an attempt to introduce a system which had never before been heard of, but to use it as an illustration of the fact that law and logic may be the most suicidal elements in politics. If it be granted that the long acquiescence of the colonies in the original theory bound them to all its logical consequences, one must admit that there was hardly a point at which the ministry could not plume itself on an academic triumph; but every such triumph brought it nearer to the loss of an empire. Every logical success forced the colonists forward, not backward, until the time came when law itself became uncertain, and logic, as an interpreter, was forced to yield to arms.

Few things will sooner compel the notice of the reader of American Revolutionary dialectics, as they are found in the writings of Franklin and Adams, than the keenness with which these men perceived that the case of Ireland was exactly parallel to that of the American colonies. The Parliament of Massachusetts is always compared with the Parliament of Ireland; † the royal office of King of Massachusetts is illustrated by that of King of Ireland; and every encroachment of the mother country on the powers of colonial legislatures is illustrated by similar cases in Irish history; for the

* The development of the two opposing theories may be studied in the fourth volume of Franklin's *Works* (Sparks, 1840); or in the *Essays of Novanglus* (1774), in the fourth volume of John Adams's *Works*, which also state and attempt to explain the inconsistencies in the previous colonial practice.

† See, for example, 4 Franklin's *Works*, 245, 262, 281 (edition of 1840).

British legal theory of the relations of the mother country to the colonies had been worked out to exactly the same conclusions in the case of Ireland, and had been applied to Ireland with far more vigor and success than it ever met in the case of the North American colonies. Ireland was more thoroughly committed to it than the colonies, but with this difference: the committal of the colonies had been mainly the result of indifference, loyalty, and a lack of occasion for the practical application of the legal theory; that of Ireland had been the result of one of the most frightful systems of penal legislation which human law has ever seen. If the temptations to make law and logic the supreme test in politics were great in the case of the North American colonies, they were overwhelming in the case of Ireland, and the ministries yielded to them almost without a struggle. As Ireland had fallen, so she must lie: *ita lex scripta est*.

The evidently approaching break-down of the legal theory in the case of the colonies led to a similar break-down in the case of Ireland. The Volunteer episode was but the surface indication of a deeper movement, which the British Parliament was quick to perceive. The removal of the Acts in restraint of Irish trade in 1780, the repeal of the Permanent Mutiny Act, and the concession of legislative independence to the Irish Parliament in 1782, only put the seal to an admitted failure. If this had really been a new departure, if the King of Great Britain and Ireland had known or cared for the needs of Ireland, if he had summoned his Irish subjects to back him in wiping out the fundamentally and hopelessly corrupt old Irish Parliament and substituting one which should be a real exponent of the needs and desires of the whole Irish people, the "Irish problem" would have been working itself out quietly and naturally for a hundred years past, and the constitution of the Empire with it. No such thing was done. The un-reformed Irish Parliament hurried the new system to political perdition; the member who, when reproached for selling his country, "thanked God that he had a country to sell," became the typical member of the Irish majority; and, when the system had become an offence in the eyes of the Empire, the remedy deliberately adopted was just the one which could be nothing but a permanent provocation to every self-respecting Irishman. The unblushing and acknowledged expenditure of £1,260,000,* purchased the consent of the Irish Parliament to the Act of Union in 1800, and arranged the terms on

* 4 May's *Constitutional History*, 332; Green's *English People*, section 1572.

which the two kingdoms were henceforth to be parts of one empire.

If there ever was any serious belief that the Act of Union, thus obtained, would effect a settlement of the relations between Ireland and the rest of the Empire, every instant since has shown that the belief was fallacious. The Act of Union merely transferred the old struggle to an ignoble basis. One might well pity the Irishman who should submit to overwhelming force: one could have nothing but contempt for him, if he submitted willingly to a regime historically based on bribery and corruption. On the other hand, the Englishman, having established a legal basis to which he could appeal in every case, has been as strongly inclined as ever to rest upon that, and to make it the standard by which every proposition for change or reform must be measured. He undertakes to make law and its logic the rule of Irish politics, never seeing that he is repeating, in a less pardonable form, the error through which his fathers lost the larger part of their empire in the last century. Englishmen are commonly candid when they know the facts of a case, and those of them who have known the facts concerning the passage of the Act of Union have been quick to acknowledge that excuse for its method is unthinkable; and yet many of them actually continue to deplore the constitutional inability of Irishmen to "look at things as they are," as one of the sources of the present Irish difficulties. They seem to be unable to see, in this particular case, that the victim of fraud must have very good reasons to condone an original and continuing offence before that offence can be considered a sound basis for existing law. Even those of the superior race who have been willing to give the victim good reasons to condone the offence, have been altogether too prone to look to the Irish to propose the terms of settlement. "What does Ireland want? Let her state her demands, and if they seem to us reasonable we will support them." England is the original trespasser, and the *onus investigandi* must rest on her. It is her duty to find the remedy for the subject kingdom's discontent; it is, and ought to be, the Irishman's privilege to criticise the remedies offered, and to accept that which finally seems to him a fair offset for the original offence. To him, the existing regime is not based on law. Conquest has its period of limitation, beyond which acquiescence is a duty; no limitation can run in favor of such a confessed fraud as the Act of Union. There will, therefore, never be any mutuality between Ireland and England as to law

until England proposes a basis which Ireland will accept. Until that time, it is useless for the Englishman to deal with the Irishman as if there were a legal standard to which both can appeal: that standard is yet to be made, and England is to search it out. That so many of the English people are now willing to accept this great duty is due to one man. Mr. Gladstone seems to have been the first of English leaders to recognize the futility of further recourse to law and its logic in Irish politics, and the pressing duty of English politicians to find a *modus vivendi* with Ireland. He may seem to have been inconsistent in some things; but the apparent inconsistency is merely the fact that his was the first great mind which was great enough to see that England's treatment of the Irish question for more than half a century had been wasted logic, and that it was high time to turn to politics for the evolution of law. It has, naturally, not been palatable to Englishmen that the sympathies of peoples for whose opinions they have cared, and particularly American sympathies, have steadily gone to Ireland rather than to England, and of late years to Mr. Gladstone rather than to his opponents. The reason ought not to be far to seek. Englishmen might consider the Act of Union as a sound legal basis for Irish politics; other peoples were under no obligations to accept it as a standard which should control their opinions, and they have not accepted it. International public opinion has been waiting, consciously or unconsciously, for England to do what seems her duty in the premises; and it has naturally welcomed the appearance of the first English statesman who has seemed to recognize the duty, and to be willing to assume it. In the United States, in particular, the national authority at Washington looks on without the least concern while thirty-eight State legislatures exercise governmental powers far more sweeping than have yet been seriously proposed for an Irish governing body, and sees without a thought of danger even the States lately in rebellion arming, equipping, and drilling military forces more formidable than have ever occupied Ireland; it is not, therefore, very easy for an American to find any great difficulty in a conscientious effort to satisfy the righteous desires of the subject kingdom for self-government. Those previous efforts which have predicated "existing law" as an essential part of the process, have not seemed to be sound politics.

The American position on this matter has not been taken with any pharisaical feeling that our own political history has been free from the error which has marked England's treatment of her North

American colonies in the last century, and her treatment of Ireland in this. On the contrary, the existence of our written Constitution, a fundamental law to which all parties can appeal on every possible occasion, has made law an abnormally strong element in our politics. But circumstances have saved us from some of the conspicuously evil results which have appeared in English history; and from others we have saved ourselves. Our colonies, the Territories, have been regulated on the theory that they were to be developed into self-governing States as rapidly as possible; and when circumstances seemed to combine to thrust an Ireland upon us in the South, the instinctive political sense of the people rejected the opportunity. The civil war, with its revelation of the fact that political considerations are sometimes superior in importance to the law of the past, probably did us a service, unwelcome as it was, in preparing us to meet the critical issues which advancing age is to bring to us, as to other peoples. At least one such may be suggested here. Among the later developments of our social life there are probably no two which are more revolting to human law, as we have known it, than the twin brethren, the boycott and the black-list. To talk of a "social warfare," or a "conflict between labor and capital," is beside the question; both boycott and black-list are in law conspiracy pure and simple, and law must treat both as such, or abandon its functions to some better guardian. In this case the appeal to law is not only legitimate, it is the only possible appeal, for there is no other road, unless we abandon government to the conjoint care of rival associations of employers and employees, a procedure to which the mass of us would very seriously object. But even if the appeal to law is legitimate and inevitable, is it to be the final remedy? Is there nothing under the surface evils for which political considerations should lead us to look for a remedy? We should remember with some humility that we did not recognize the essential iniquity of the black-list until the wider iniquity of the boycott forced it upon our attention. Are we simply to suppress both with impartial hand, leaving the underlying evils which produced both to crop out in some new form? Would such a course be sound politics? It may be said that we have already followed the other course, and have supplemented the appeal to law by making employer and employee as free as human law can make them. This is true to a far greater extent than the ignorant, and often half-trained, men whom labor organizations have thus far so commonly and so unfortu-

nately chosen as their leaders, would admit, even if they knew it. The workman is free, so far as we can see, unless he be restricted by the tyranny of labor associations, or of associations of employers; and the law has felt its way towards punishing the latter, even though it has not yet dealt very energetically with the former. But we should remember that it is not many years since a strike was illegal and punishable as a misdemeanor in some of our States.* We are not so long out of Egypt that we may fairly consider ourselves in the Promised Land.

Has the American employee anything further to complain of, provided the thorough suppression of the black-list in every form gives him security on one side, and the labor associations are compelled to respect his freedom on the other? There are many, but vague, assertions that he will still have just cause of complaint; and one distinguished authority has even narrowed the answer down to the statement that he *has* just cause of complaint, but that it is impossible to define it. Those who deny the existence of further grievances, however, regularly take an attitude which seems too suggestive of the old Tory policy towards the colonies and towards Ireland to carry a *prima facie* recommendation. "Thus saith the law: in what respect does the American employee wish it to be changed? Let him state his grievance in plain English, and the remedy which he proposes; and if it shall seem to us a reasonable remedy for a well-grounded grievance, we will support it. But we have no time to discuss sentimental grievances." The answer assumes too much. First: it is given on behalf of those who are not hand-workers, and who have hitherto felt it to be their duty, as well as their privilege, to suggest, rather than to accept, the necessary guidance on the road of advancing civilization. And yet the leaders are to abdicate, to abandon their place and functions, and to call upon the mass of the army, if they do not like the way in which things are going, to suggest a better. Second: those to whom the answer is given are confessedly the more ignorant of the two parties to the discussion. And yet the answer assumes that those who feel, and rebel against, a social and legal pressure are necessarily able, no matter how ignorant they may be, to state it and define it exactly, and to suggest the remedy. It is quite possible for a class to feel such a pressure, and to feel it acutely, without being able to ascer-

* Legal permission for such combinations was not given in New York until 1870, nor in New Jersey until 1883.

tain its exact nature, or to state it in terms which are comprehensible to the rest of us. Until about two years ago the mass of the American people considered the black-list to be a grievance which was rather sentimental than otherwise, and thought that serious evils from it would always be prevented by the self-interest of the employers. When the appearance of the retaliatory weapon, the boycott, forced a more exact examination of the black-list system, it was found that the pressure which it had exerted upon employees was far from sentimental; that the fact that it came directly to bear on comparatively few of them was no alleviation of it; and that extensive conspiracies of employers, following the familiar "Mississippi plan" of striking at the tallest, were able to bring into practice a tyranny which the workman felt acutely, and dreaded even more than he felt. There is no more reason now than three years ago to be certain that every thing beneath the surface of the great deep is going on smoothly and justly, or that the sharks are not simply serving up the little fishes with a change of dressing, as the little fishes continue to complain. Whose natural business is it to ascertain the state of affairs, and to make use of the knowledge thus acquired for the prevention of preventable evils? Lastly: the answer is merely a new form of the old exclusive appeal to law and its logic. It ignores the fact that, under our system, *all* rubbish must be cleared out of the way before our system of law can have any fair opportunity. Circumstances, and the sound political sense of the American people, have thus far saved us from any dangerous popular discontent with the existing regime. But what is to become of our common-law system, of its statutory development, and of its jury system, if it is to be carried into effect upon a people any large percentage of which is discontented, sullen, and suspicious? Let the operation of the English common law in Ireland answer the question. The system which we have derived from England has never lived under such conditions; it has always withered in the uncongenial atmosphere; it is based on the idea of popular initiative, and it demands as an essential condition of its success a frank, hearty, and general popular loyalty. Can there be any higher political obligation resting upon those to whom we are accustomed to look as guides of public opinion than the securing of this essential condition for the existence of law? And is the obligation met by this cavalier answer, by the appeal to existing law, regardless of the conditions essential to the law's successful operation?

Every generation in our country has found, and will find, its social conditions more complicated, more difficult to understand clearly, and more dangerous in the possibilities of error in dealing with them. And each generation thus far has come to see more clearly the force of the adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We have found that it is better to deal with habitual criminals than to wait until the individual citizen lodges his complaint against his particular burglar; to adopt compulsory education rather than to wait until ignorant masses, the foreordained prey of the demagogue, control the ballot-box; to accept the unwelcome and onerous duty of factory and mine legislation rather than to wait until some generation shall become uncomfortably conscious that a formidable percentage of its members have degenerated into unworthy citizens. In such cases we have not waited for the victims to draw up and present their own pleas; but men have been found to make a special, almost a life study of the facts involved, to classify them, to ascertain the real evils, and to suggest remedies. Where is the difference in this case? Is there nothing out of gear, for example, in a legal system under which some of our modern railway fortunes have been piled up, without adequate reason either in public utility or in private intelligence? They represent something, to be sure, of public utility, in their organization of transportation, their reduction of rates, and their improvement of service; but they represent, in a far larger proportion and more tangibly to the general sense, superior ability in swindling fellow-corporators, in "shearing lambs," and in all the arts which have transferred to State-prisons so many others whose works have been more clearly anticipated by law, and provided for accordingly. Is there not an inviting field here for our guides of public opinion? Or are we to wait until such cases of "property" shall contaminate and debase the very notion of legal property in the minds of great masses of our people, and prepare them to follow any demagogue who shall propose a substitute for it? Again, there are rising all over the country, like unhealthy exhalations, mysterious creatures called "trusts," unknown to law and apparently as yet irresponsible to it, "blind pools" into which individuals and corporations cast their property for the purpose of releasing it from legal supervision, while giving it the advantage of concentrated management. Is there nothing out of gear in the legal system under which such creations are possible? Is it not obligatory upon guides of public opinion to make an immediate and exhaustive

study of them? Or are we to wait until the labor organizations, alarmed at the rising of this war-cloud on their borders and having no confidence in the "existing law," shall in turn marshal their forces in some new and more dangerous form, and compel attention?

What has been said has not come from one who claims or accepts the right to speak as a guide of public opinion; like the mass of the American people, he has been able to rely upon others, who have taken this as their special task, to do the work of collecting and classifying facts, of pointing out evils, and of suggesting remedies for consideration. There remains, however, the right to object to a particular feature of the method of investigation as one which seems likely to give the whole discussion a fatally wrong cast, and to debar it from any useful conclusions. Before one accepts the constant appeal to law and its logic as final, he must be satisfied that the law is what it should be; and he is not to be accused of heresy or misprision of treason because he insists upon purely political considerations as in some cases antecedent to law, and superior to it.

The American people have not yet shown any dangerous tendency to exalt politics above law; the danger, if there has been any, has rather been in the opposite direction—that of exalting the law as it is above political considerations. Show an American what the law is, and his impulse is to say at once, "Here I rest." So much the more reason why those to whom he commonly looks for guidance in such cases should not encourage him to rest too long, and should not throw upon others the responsibility which they have voluntarily assumed. Force is the one step beyond both law and politics; and while the American will never hesitate to take that step, if it be made inevitable, he will have a fair reason to hold those responsible who rendered it inevitable by shirking their duty of finding out for him in time how the law ought to have been amended.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

WE now enter upon the hundredth year of the Republic. Within the period just closing, what marvels have been wrought by the application of American inventiveness to material substances and natural forces. A thousand luxuries have been transformed into necessities, and then put within the reach of all. Whatever may be true of the rich, the poor have not become poorer. As regards food, water, clothing, fuel, light, transportation, charitable assistance, immunity from fires, ambulances for sudden accidents, parks for recreation, libraries and cheap literature for the cultivation of the mind, any given condition of poverty a century ago has been enormously mitigated in our day. Nor must we look only at what the economic development and public spirit of the age have made procurable by the poor. Theirs is also a vast possession without ownership as without outlay. Let any one compare (say) Bacourt's description of Washington in 1840 with the present state of that capital, and he must admit that mere existence there now, for the most wretched inhabitant, implies a degree of comfort and enjoyment that would have sweetened the lot of his peer in misery only two generations back. And the same thing is true of improved edileship in every other large city in the land.

In the domain of politics, however, a corresponding retrospect shows no such advance. While living has been made easier in every particular, the political duties of the citizen have grown more and more difficult of exercise. Toward simplifying and assuring his share in the choice of candidates and in voting for his preference, or toward protecting him against his party, or toward making his interest in public affairs constant, intelligent, and influential, almost nothing has been done unless by way of preventing fraud. Yet it is not difficult to point out contrivances as simple as a lucifer-match, or a rubber overshoe, or an asphalt pavement, or a horse-car, that would directly subserve the ends in question.

I. THE PLATFORM.—The nation set an evil precedent when it proclaimed its independence in a platform of "glittering generalities." The self-evident truth of the brotherhood of man was denied in practice by the men who placed their signatures beneath John

Hancock's—else had slavery been spontaneously abolished on July 4, 1776. This contradiction involved the whole country for three-quarters of a century in a perversion of language fatal to the love of truth. It would have been a miracle if the modes of expression to which the constitutional recognition of slavery committed every citizen down to the Civil War, had, on the removal of slavery, left no trace in the common regard for veracity. Singularly enough, the very destruction of the cause of our national untruthfulness produced fresh occasion for lying. The end of the Rebellion forced both the Republican and the Democratic parties to invent reasons for their further existence—the one for being continued in office, the other for regaining the ascendancy. Hence more false issues, false claims, misrepresentation of existing facts, sham governments in the reconstructed Southern States, fraudulent returning-boards. Hence, on the other hand, hollow protestations in behalf of the Federal soldiers and sailors, swindling pension bills *ad infinitum*. Hence faithless and fruitless promises or encouragement to Greenbackers, to Prohibitionists, to Civil-Service Reformers, to Woman-Suffragists, to Grangers, Trade-Unionists, Knights of Labor. Hence endless equivocation about the currency and the tariff.

In all our political literature the platform is the lowest and most contemptible document. No voter any longer values it for its sincerity, or pays any heed to it except as a curiosity of adroit expression or non-expression. Least of all do those who framed it voluntarily pay any heed to it when once adopted, well knowing that, under present arrangements, no personal responsibility for it can be fixed. A party is unlike a reformatory association—for temperance, or abolition, or woman's rights. With the latter, the platform or resolutions mean something, and are made effective by the unceasing propaganda directed by responsible boards, elected annually. A party, on the other hand, has no such organization or propaganda, and all its collective professions of faith are evoked by approaching elections, and tintured, not by the latest opinions of its constituency, but by the fears and hopes of "opportunists" leaders. It has no permanent salaried corps of lecturers indoctrinating the electors from November to November. Its recommendations are not moral, but partisan. It is satisfied, not with a change of conscience, but with a specified vote. So disregarded is the platform that even candidates take their stand upon it without disguising their opposition to certain planks apparently as solid and fundamental as the rest. Yet

this despised formula is the greatest obstacle to the free play of party organization on living issues. It is forever being modified and expanded, not in the development of the original principles of the party, but in order to maintain the organization, even after its work is done. In other words, the platform is the main reliance of the Machine, which neither knows nor will foresee a time when the party shall naturally dissolve, to be reconstituted on other lines, in combination with once hostile elements. This is the curse of party government, and it will be perpetuated so long as the constituency have no control of the platform. The day will perhaps come when we shall see a self-limiting party start into being, on a platform defining its precise aim, the achievement of which will be its *Nunc dimittis*. We can imagine the civil-service reformers forming such a party; but, notoriously, the attempt would reveal a, perhaps, irresistible desire to couple with the simple idea of a business administration other reforms, more or less cognate. The tariff and the currency would offer great temptations to foist them upon the movement, and, these admitted, there would be no barrier to further additions, till the party would become an end in itself. This is what happened to the Liberty Party, directly on its formation, and must happen again unless the utmost self-restraint be exercised.

Whether or not parties can be launched and prosper on a single issue, or can be induced to abdicate, the only check upon them in this direction (except defeat at the polls) is through the greatest possible restriction of the platform, as opposed to *ad captandum* enlargement. The immediate effect of this would be a rehabilitation of the platform, with a consequent elevation of tone both in politicians and in the electorate at large. The question is, How to make the party leaders responsible for it? Something would be gained if the convention individually were made to *sign* the platform—a test which might be found awkward for members ready to give a general assent and then have it forgotten. But more effective would be a platform caucus of this nature: Professions being of no value without an effort to embody them in legislation, let the party members of Congress, or of any State Legislature, assembled on the eve of the session, take up the platform *seriatim*, and appoint committees to draft the measures called for by the resolutions. Failure to do this would be a confession that the platform was pure buncombe, and would expose every legislator to the penalty of trifling with his constituency. This custom, once established, would make it impos-

sible to stave off issues to which the party was committed—as in the case of tariff and revenue reform—and would open the way, so long closed in our national councils, to genuine debate on the most pressing questions of the hour. Moreover, it would have, in our local politics, the salutary tendency to obliterate impertinent party distinctions, and to divide towns and States over measures of domestic policy, which have no more to do with Republican and Democrat than with Guelph and Ghibelline.

II. THE REPRESENTATIVE.—There are few situations more humiliating for a conscientious man than to stand at the polls with tickets offered him to which he can apply absolutely no criterion. So far as his knowledge of the candidates goes, he might as well toss up for his ticket. Not a name does he recognize, not a motive can he allege for bestowing his support on one more than upon another. In choosing them he took no part, and all live and move beyond his daily horizon. Thousands vote thus blindly for nominees whose names they straightway forget, even if once read. The successful candidate goes his way, and is heard of no more outside of political circles. What figure did he cut in the Legislature? What class of measures did he support or oppose? Ought he to be re-elected? These questions are usually as impossible for his constituents to answer as were those relating to his original qualifications for office. The sole contact between them, even ideally, was in the act of voting. We know the causes of this deplorable state of things, and partly we labor for the purification of the caucus, the diminution of the cost of running for office, and similar alleviations. Suppose we try, also, to work at the other end, and to improve the candidate by forcing him into conspicuity. The civil-service reformers have revived the good old practice of catechising candidates on the eve of election, but this has two drawbacks: the interval is often too short, and the satisfactory profession imposes no fixable responsibility. What is wanted here is a regular report to the constituency, and all the better if this be oral. The candidate who refuses to pledge himself to particular action, if elected—meaning really that he does not choose to let his present sentiments be known—could not equally decline to account for his employment of his trust. He would perforce assent to the inquiry of any voter, or group of voters, “Will you, if elected, publicly review your course during the session on your return home?” Or, if he dreaded this, from want of capacity, the custom would make office less desirable to men of his calibre.

The advantages of such a review are manifest. A real continuity would be given to the political life of every community; information as to actual legislation would be spread everywhere; men would be judged by their performances, and a proper ambition would find a natural and easy means of gratifying itself by entrance into political life. It were certainly to be desired that at some place the returning candidate should meet his constituents face to face. This would give opportunity for free inquiry, and would check the candidate's desire to make too favorable a showing for himself. Reports of such meetings would infallibly find their way into the country newspapers and be eagerly read, and would furnish most wholesome political education. But in default of a public appearance and delivery, the candidate could at least print his report and give it to the press. The press, in its turn, would have a motive for watching the local representatives (especially of the opposite party) during the session, in order to confront the contemporary record with the subsequent report. Nothing but good could come of this. It is true that some cost would be involved in these proceedings. But let public-spirited citizens consider what better use could be made of a small sum of money, than to engage to pay the hall hire on the occasion of the report, to pay the stenographer, to meet the bill for printing. A hall for such purposes might even, in country towns, be thought a natural adjunct of the public library.

III. THE CONVENTION.—The flood of light thrown upon the now too easily obscure Congressman or State legislator by the practice just advocated would go far to mitigate a crying evil of our system. Our representative bodies are mostly too large, with a tendency to become larger. It may be that for the transaction of the mass of public business the House of Representatives is none too numerous to avoid being overtaxed, though the Senate gets along with an equal volume of business in much fewer hands. What is certain is, that the House has long since outgrown its limits as a debating society; and the proposal has, in fact, been made that a smaller hall be dedicated solely to debate, with provision for summoning the absentees when a vote is to be taken. The present condition is most unfavorable to the growth or exercise of genuine oratory; and any one who visits the old Senate Chamber must be impressed with the advantages which the statesmen of the Websterian epoch had in speaking in a room easily filled by the voice, crowded on important occasions, and with the audience literally within reach and

touch—in short, when all the conditions were fitted for the communication of personal magnetism. In this respect, the otherwise inferior accommodations of the House of Commons are vastly more congenial to the spirit of debate than the present Hall of Representatives. But if our great men are thus lost in space, our little men are lost in the crowd of members—sometimes to their own satisfaction. Hence the slender inducement for first-rate intellects to bury themselves in Congress, and hence the opportunity of the mediocre. So far as repression and obscurity are a logical result of these huge agglomerations, it is plain that the representative system defeats itself. Over-representation may be as vicious as under-representation, and to the former we do, in fact, owe a large part of the caprice, or the corruption of our national politics in particular. Our national party conventions have come to be panicky hordes, the prey of intrigues and surprises, in which discussion is impossible, and whose decisions can seldom be forecast. It is, however, with such bodies that the reaction must begin against over-representation and too narrow representation—twin evils.

If ever party management in this country falls temporarily into the hands of the moral and intellectual *élite*, we may hope to see a deliberate reduction of the membership of State conventions to such a number as shall perceptibly raise the level of character, capacity, and conspicuity, while permitting something more than the mere recording of the decrees of the party chiefs. If this should involve the abandonment of the district system, and lead to the voting for candidates at large, the reform would be already beneficent. But it would besides substitute debate for “the slate,” would give reality and sincerity to the platform, and would bring before the public gaze the men fittest to remain there. Public criticism would not be scattered upon a host, but would fall where it would be felt. The example would tell upon our legislative bodies, and in time upon Congress itself. We might not despair of ultimately seeing a national convention composed of two delegates from each State, assembling, not as a pseudo-deliberative and representative body, but as a real conference of the luminaries of the party. “Plumed knights” and “dark horses” would then be relegated to the lumber-room along with the spoils system, the “bloody shirt,” and the Confederate brigadiers.

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

FOREIGN JURISDICTION IN JAPAN.

THE extra-territorial principle has always been regarded as indispensable by the governments of Europe, in establishing relations with unknown and imperfectly civilized communities. Its adoption by the United States, upon various occasions, has been dictated by conventional example rather than by a conviction of its necessity. It was applied to Japan in opposition to the earnest wishes of the persons best qualified to decide the question of its expediency in that particular instance. Townsend Harris, who negotiated the agreements in which it was first formally announced, protested that it was "against his conscience." Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State under whom this envoy was appointed, "condemned it as an unjust interference with the municipal laws of a country, which no Western nation would tolerate for a moment." But he feared that public opinion would be dissatisfied with its omission, and held that "our treaties with Turkey, Persia, and the Barbary Powers gave precedents that the Senate would not overlook." Mr. Harris was accordingly compelled to fasten upon the Japanese a condition of intercourse which was repugnant to his judgment and his feelings. His regret at this harsh necessity was alleviated by the belief that in providing for a general revision of the treaty of July 29, 1858, fourteen years after its enactment, he limited the operation of the oppressive stipulation to that comparatively short period. It was with surprise and grief that he afterward witnessed the overthrow of his purpose, by the machinations of adroit and unscrupulous European diplomats, and the indefinite extension of a system the ruinous consequences of which he had vainly labored to avert.

It may be emphatically declared that the authors of the early treaties never intended to supersede the laws of Japan by those of their own nations, and that their design was solely to provide moderate and reasonable safeguards for the foreigners who should be first brought in contact with a race of whose social and political institutions nothing was distinctly known. In the absence of information as to the administration of justice in the newly-opened empire it was deemed essential to protect the Western pioneers from the risk of

undue severity of treatment. Arrangement was, therefore, made, by the representative of the United States, for the trial of "Americans committing offences against Japanese" in "American consular courts," and for their punishment "according to American law." The object was not to warrant or facilitate evasion of the domestic rule, but simply to afford Americans the same assurance of impartial procedure that they might expect at home, and the same security against excessive penalties. It was hoped and believed that, so long as the irregular method should continue, the officials of the United States would act in harmony with those of Japan, each side relying upon the other for cordial coöperation and striving to overcome, by mutual forbearance and conciliation, the difficulties which at times could not fail to arise. The Japanese were requested to undertake the duty of making the necessary arrests, to provide places of detention and imprisonment for delinquents, and to "give to the consul such assistance as may be required to enable him to enforce the observance of the laws." In particular cases they were empowered to exercise direct and independent control over Americans. Their right to expel from the country all persons once "convicted of felony or twice convicted of misdemeanors," and to "seize and destroy" certain prohibited wares, was explicitly affirmed. Nothing in the compact sanctioned or even suggested immunity from the just authority of the Eastern State.

In matters relating to jurisdiction the precedents laid down by Mr. Harris were closely followed by European agents until the conclusion of Lord Elgin's treaty in August, 1858, after which this document was accepted as the general model. The British ambassador was required by his instructions to modify, in a measure, the provisions of his American predecessor. It was doubted by his Government whether the privilege of exercising authority in foreign territory could be legitimately conveyed by international agreement, and preparations were made for the passage of an "order in council," conferring upon Her Majesty's officials the necessary freedom of action. In the meantime, Lord Elgin supplied what appeared to be lacking by inserting in his Japanese compact a copy of the judicial clauses he had devised for China, two months before. These clauses, while stipulating that British subjects should be amenable to their own laws, endeavored to avoid injury to Japanese susceptibilities by inviting the native magistrates to participate in the settlement of all misunderstandings. It was prescribed that every English consul

should receive complaints from Englishmen and Japanese alike ; that he should "do his utmost" to bring about an amicable adjustment of disputes ; and that, failing to effect this, he should "request the assistance of the Japanese authorities, that they may together examine into the merits of the case, and decide it equitably." The right to proceed directly against British law-breakers, in specified instances, was accorded to the Japanese officials in perhaps more liberal terms than those conceded by the American regulations. It is certain that no greater harshness of intention was implied by Lord Elgin's language than by that of the friendly American.

Upon these narrow foundations the whole structure of foreign jurisdiction in Japan has been reared. With all its inflation of arrogant pretence, its multitude of entangling and bewildering complications, its aggregation of gross abuses, and its offensive domination over the national rule, it has absolutely no other basis. It stands upon the slender point of primitive necessity like an inverted pyramid, and has acquired its portentous and overhanging bulk by additions and enlargements wholly at variance with the original design, and inconsistent with every principle upon which its temporary existence was justified. The process of expansion began early. Six months after the signing of Lord Elgin's treaty, an order in council was issued from Buckingham Palace, embodying an act of Parliament by which Her Britannic Majesty is invested with power and authority in remote countries to the same extent as if obtained "by cession or conquest" ; creating consular courts in Japan ; and instituting a code of laws for British subjects abiding in that empire. This instrument and others of a similar nature which rapidly followed were interpreted by the majority of Europeans and Americans as practically extinguishing all rights of the Japanese Government over the regions assigned for foreign occupation and traffic. Within these regions it was assumed that no natives could reside, except in a menial capacity, and that none could hold property or conduct business ; and from the "settlement" of Yokohama, the chief commercial port of the country, they are to this day excluded.

Under the leadership of successive envoys from Great Britain, a plan was organized for the pursuance of a diplomatic "coöperative policy," the broad purpose of which was to reduce the Eastern nation to such political subjugation as should enable the new-comers to secure preponderating advantages in all commercial dealings. It was deliberately arranged that the alien residents should be en-

couraged to consider themselves under no obligation to respect the native laws or usages, and to regard the "open ports" as forming no part of the imperial dominions; and that the islanders must be taught to recognize the inferiority of their position and the uselessness of resistance to the novel dispensation. That the lesson should be enforced by violent and merciless methods was held to be not only expedient, but a positive necessity of the situation, in order that a struggle which was intended to have but one termination should not be needlessly prolonged. The Government was ensnared into groundless quarrels, and cruel wrongs were inflicted upon the people, with no other view than to settle, as speedily as possible, the question of foreign supremacy, and to accustom the victims to immediate and servile submission. For many years the agents of the United States were actively associated in these vicious proceedings, the honorable example afforded by the first minister being set aside from the time of his retirement, in 1861, until the arrival, in 1873, of a republican representative who was qualified to resume the higher duties of his office.

To recite the various measures of coöperative policy by which it was sought to crush the Japanese down to a level of abasement identical with that resulting from "cession or conquest" would occupy more space than is here available. A few of the more conspicuous aggressions must serve to illustrate the system concerted for their degradation. It was discovered at an early period that foreign boorishness could always be relied upon to provoke irritation among the native gentry. Mockery of traditional observances was therefore incited until, on one occasion, a foolhardy Englishman was fatally wounded for wantonly and grossly insulting one of the highest daimios of the empire, a provincial ruler so nearly independent as to acknowledge no allegiance to the then existing central Government. Knowing this fact, the British minister nevertheless extorted, by threats of armed invasion, a pretended "indemnity" of close upon half-a-million dollars, and caused the nobleman's chief city to be bombarded and partially destroyed, in defiance of conditions recognized as the belligerent rules of civilized States. Soon after, a British plenipotentiary detected an opportunity for annulling the law of nations which entitles every country to control over a marine league beyond its shores, and, on a purely fictitious plea of danger to his countrymen's interests, not only declared war himself, but persuaded three other envoys likewise to declare war against a second

independent daimio. The results of this were the annihilation of a flourishing town, the sacrifice of numberless innocent lives and of vast amounts of property, and the imposition of a fine of \$3,000,000, which sum was exacted not from the provincial magnate, but from the nominal sovereign, who, it was thoroughly understood, had then no power to regulate his vassal's course. For these and parallel iniquities no just or sufficient cause was alleged. They were avowedly committed to break the spirit of the Japanese, and the penalties in money were assessed at rates believed to be in excess of their ability to discharge, in order that they might thus be held in permanent pecuniary bondage. To maintain the constant and exasperating pressure of external force, formidable fleets were kept ready for action in the harbors, and during several years detachments of British and French troops were encamped in near proximity to the seat of Government.

The limited share of authority guaranteed by the treaties was never, from the beginning, permitted to assert itself. The aid and concurrence which Mr. Harris and Lord Elgin thought it proper and becoming to invite were scornfully rejected. In no circumstances was the untrammelled right to apprehend criminals admitted by the inhabitants in the open ports. The services of the Japanese police were peremptorily demanded, and upon them the responsibility of preserving order was thrown; but they were rigorously excluded from the houses of aliens, even when native malefactors sought sanctuary therein. In this manner, infamous offenders against decency and morals have often escaped accountability, and atrocious crimes—murders among them—have passed unavenged. No municipal law, however essential to the public welfare, was recognized by the foreign denizens. For the payment of land rents there was no sufficient security, and if, as frequently occurred, leaseholders chose to withhold the amounts due, the Government was prevented from resuming possession of the ground, and in many cases was unable by any process to eject the delinquent debtors. Tolls upon bridges erected for the general convenience have been levied only upon natives, the gatherers never presuming to collect from others. Lighthouse charges, exacted by all European States, have invariably been disallowed in Japan, and although the shores are bounteously provided with beacons for the benefit of the world's shipping, no proportion of the cost of maintaining them has fallen upon Western navigators. Tonnage dues, which contribute materially to the revenue

of every maritime country, have never been enforced in Japanese waters, and endless confusion and disturbance have been caused by the refusal of foreigners to submit to harbor regulations of whatever description. The British and other treaties expressly stipulate that "the Japanese authorities at each port will adopt the means that they may judge most proper for the prevention of fraud or smuggling;" but when the Government, discovering that contraband goods were surreptitiously brought ashore at unauthorized places in Yokohama, proposed to restrict the landing of boats to wharves constructed for the purpose, Her Majesty's minister gave warning that if a notification to that effect were issued, he would station a regiment upon the beach to assist his countrymen in debarking at any spot they might prefer. With barely an exception, the nations of Europe and America reserve to their own citizens the privilege of coastwise trade, permitting no carriage by foreign ships from port to port; but in Japan the almost universal rule has been reversed, and the native mariners have seen important branches of their business threatened with extinction by outside rivalry.

It would be difficult to find a point upon which external interference has not fastened its hand offensively. At a certain stage of Japanese advancement it was thought desirable to introduce railways, but this domestic enterprise was permitted only upon condition that all the plans and proceedings should receive the formal approval of the heads of legations, one of whom—it is needless to say which—demanded that not alone the construction but every detail of the management should be nominally superintended, for a specified period, by persons of his selection; munificent provision being thus made for a host of useless pensioners, for whose superfluous services the most preposterous wages were extorted,—five or six times greater, in some cases, than the stipends of the highest officers of Government. An ancient ordinance forbidding the discharge of fire-arms near the precincts of the imperial court was set at naught by a Prussian consul, who announced that he was aware of no German statute applicable to the case, and that if Germans saw fit to endanger the peace of the capital by exploding guns or pistols in the thoroughfares, he would neither interfere to restrain them nor allow the local guardians to do so. A plot for forging and circulating spurious currency on a large scale having been detected, this heinous crime of Western communities took to itself the form of a pastime in Japan—or, at the worst, an inconvenient eccentricity; for counter-

feiting was blandly declared unpunishable, the home laws of the treaty powers making no provision against the fabrication or issue of false Japanese money. These examples, recalled at random, submitted without regard to order or connection, and with no endeavor to present them in their most forcible aspect, fairly indicate the nature of the devices by which the national authority was overridden and the capricious and despotic edicts of a body of irresponsible strangers were set up in its place. The list might be indefinitely extended, for the strenuous efforts of the diplomatic and consular officers seemed, during a long series of years, to be directed mainly to the task of subverting the imperial sway, and usurping the functions of the State in all matters with which foreigners were directly or indirectly concerned. The refusal to acknowledge the self-protecting rights of the Government was often carried to appalling extremities. In the selfish and brutal exercise of overmastering strength and with callous recklessness of the calamities that were certain to ensue, deeds abhorrent to humanity were more than once perpetrated, the infamy of which ought never to be effaced from public memory.

Of all the epidemic perils to which the inhabitants of Japan are liable, that of cholera is the most frequent and terrible. In 1877 and 1878, when its ravages were greater than at any previous time, it was proved to have been introduced from the Chinese city of Amoy under peculiarly painful and cruel circumstances, the desire of the Government to prevent the ingress of ships coming from that pest-ridden place having been overborne by the British minister. In the summer of 1879 a renewed outbreak was foreseen, and unusually stringent precautions were taken. On this occasion a wholesome and thorough quarantine was established at all seaports exposed to visitation from infected districts, and the diplomatic agents were exhorted to lay upon alien mariners the obligation of conforming to the indispensable regulations. The minister of the United States readily and cordially complied. The others refused, persistently adhering to the theory of foreign superiority to Japanese laws. Owing to causes or conditions not explained by medical science, the Caucasian race had invariably escaped the devastations of cholera, and the safety of Europeans being apparently insured, their representative guardians were conscious of no necessity for effective action in the premises. As a special manifestation of disregard for the entreaties of the native officials, the German envoy, instigated and

abetted by his English colleague, instructed the captain of a German merchant vessel which arrived at Yokohama directly from a notorious centre of the plague to pay no heed to any protests or remonstrances addressed to him, and despatched a man-of-war to escort him and his craft through the sanitary lines, and to assist in the landing of his goods and passengers. To say that the Japanese stood aghast at this exhibition of malevolence is faintly to describe their emotions. It is probable that for once in their unhappy international history they were tempted to offer resistance, and to frustrate, at every hazard, the ruthless exposure of their people to disease and death. Had they taken this course, they would certainly have been supported by powerful moral influence. General Grant, whose sojourn in the empire had just begun, avowed his indignation at the barbarous outrage, and his regret that the approach of the obnoxious ship was not forcibly obstructed. Speaking with the clearest understanding of the weight that would be attached to his words, he assured the Government that if they had opened fire at the first attempt to break through the quarantine bounds, and sunk both the trader and her convoy, the world would have exonerated and approved them; and there is abundant reason for believing that he would, in that event, have spared no personal exertion to represent the affair in such a light as to shield them from vindictive retaliation. But the time had not come when Japan felt warranted in defying the delegate of a great European State, and the savage atrocity was silently endured. For six months the desolating scourge prevailed. Between the advent of the tainted vessel and the extinction of the disease, more than one hundred thousand deaths were recorded,—how many of them due to the wilful and unrelenting agency of the two individuals who opened the gates to a pestilence rather than abate one particle of their pretension to a despotic authority, no man can tell. During the half year of gloom that hung over the land, while the emblems of mourning multiplied on every side and the air was filled with the bitterness of universal lamentation, scarcely a word of remorse or genuine commiseration was heard from any foreign source—none, at least, so long as only the Japanese sickened and died. But when, at the most fatal stage of the epidemic, it was found that the strangers were not, as before, entirely exempt, and that the valued lives of English men and women were in some instances sacrificed, popular opinion in the open ports underwent a change. Then, and not till then, it was conceded that

the misfortune might have been averted by the despised and rejected measures of prevention; and the first suspicion was awakened that the doctrine of extra-territoriality, as revealed through the diplomatic apostles, might not always be identical with omniscience.

What foreign jurisdiction has thus far done for Japan may now be imagined by the impartial reader. If it be supposed that the evils here depicted have been compensated by advantages to the aliens in whose behalf it was first devised, and has since been twisted and tortured out of all resemblance to its early meaning, that idea needs only a candid and not too minute scrutiny to be speedily dissipated. Consular authority, in so far as it pretends to satisfy the requirements of society at large, is a sheer imposture. It rests largely upon the assumption that the territory in which it prevails is not Japanese; but supplies no evidence that it is anything else. In a narrow and imperfect way, each consular establishment may perform a certain service for the particular section of the community which it represents, but its power to watch over the combined interests of the multitude is utterly fictitious. In the estimation of English functionaries the port of Yokohama may be as completely British as if acquired "by cession or conquest," but it is not so regarded by the French, or the Germans, or any other of the representative officials there stationed. They, with but a solitary exception, are equally forward in claiming it as their own. Japan undoubtedly has relations with seventeen different nations, but to contend that the open ports belong to all of these conjointly, would lead to worse complications than any yet invented. Each treaty provides for separate tribunals, but it can compel the subjects of only one power to respect these tribunals. No resident is under the control of any consul but his own. He cannot be required to appear, even as a witness, before any consul but his own. There are in Yokohama a dozen or more so-called courts, all conducted upon discrepant, and sometimes widely divergent, methods, contradictory in purpose, antagonistic in procedure, measuring out justice according to utterly incongruous codes, all independent of one another and subordinate to no common authority. If these disconnected institutions were models of intelligence, decorum, and integrity, they would still fail to furnish a coherent and trustworthy administration of justice. Lacking unity of design, their individual merits would contribute little to the general welfare of the citizens. But being, with rare exceptions, distinguished for nothing but ignorance, incompetency, and perverse

hostility to everything Japanese, they offer the strongest possible testimony to the worthlessness of the system of which they constitute an integral part.

The English tribunals most nearly approach a reasonable standard of propriety and dignity. Successive "orders in council" have imparted to them some of the characteristics of genuine law courts, and for such litigation as may arise among Englishmen they are perhaps useful, if not entirely satisfactory. The judges are expected to prepare themselves by a certain amount of legal training—which requirement does not extend to the agents of any other country. But the provisions for trial by jury are wholly inadequate, owing to the limited number of residents from whom juries can be drawn, and the decisions, however rendered, are far from commanding unqualified respect. Political influence, exerted by a minister plenipotentiary, has often been known to outweigh the obvious claims of justice. And the power to adjudicate covers only the single nationality. All others are encouraged by their official leaders—sometimes tacitly, sometimes avowedly—to condemn the elaborate machinery transplanted from Great Britain for the regulation of about one thousand of Her Majesty's subjects.

In the consular courts of the United States, the authority has been wielded mostly by individuals possessing no qualification for the judicial duties assigned to them. Their selection has invariably been determined by considerations into which the question of fitness has not been allowed to enter, and their unfamiliarity with the commonest forms of law has, as a rule, been notorious. The occasional exceptions have not been sufficiently important to relieve the executive officials at Washington from the accusation of habitual indifference and neglect, nor to endow American jurisdiction in Japan with permanent respectability. It may be that this disregard of details is a natural outgrowth of the loose and irregular methods by which the system was put in operation. The acts of Congress creating and regulating extra-territorial tribunals were so carelessly framed as to justify grave doubts of their validity under the Constitution. There can be no question that the current practice of dispensing with indictment by grand jury and of conducting trials without jury is in direct conflict with that instrument, but it has been accepted from the commencement without effective opposition, and appears to be regarded as appropriate to the disordered, not to say disreputable, condition of affairs.

Equally inefficient and imperfect is the management of the whole circle of foreign courts, yet their tenure is prolonged by the European envoys as a means of perpetuating their own power and of preserving indefinitely to their countrymen the benefits of which they have constantly enjoyed a disproportionate share. The Japanese are ready with a code of laws which is allowed by competent critics to have been compiled with remarkable skill and sagacity, and which is in all respects adapted to the exigencies of the situation. They pledge themselves to avoid every appearance of rigor in its gradual application to aliens—the total number of whom is less than twenty-five hundred—and to be guided by the utmost liberality in effecting the necessary transfers of authority. No one disputes their intention or their ability to fulfil these promises, yet their proposals are harshly rejected and their plea for relief from an unceasing and ignominious servility is rudely denied. They are forced to suspend their efforts to attain a position of honor among the nations, for until the burden of treaty obligations is removed no further progress is possible. They are suffering severely from a pecuniary pressure which cannot be thrown off while foreign hands derange their finances and shackle their industries. The public revenue can never be secure while a European envoy may issue decrees of his own will, as the British minister has done, proclaiming the abrogation of customs duties on a particular commodity, and reminding Englishmen that they, being exempt from Japanese laws, may safely refuse to pay the impost. The resources of the Government have been impaired, its standing at home and abroad has been weakened, and its credit repeatedly shaken by diplomatic agencies; and to dangers of this description it is forever liable while the fatal treaties remain in force. Private as well as national enterprise is deadened, and the productive energies of the people are benumbed. They base no hopes upon the opening of the country, for they know that they cannot compete, upon their own soil, with aliens who are bound by none of the legal restrictions which they are required to obey. To unlock the doors, in their defenceless state, would be to surrender the land to spoliation by its enemies. These assertions are not based upon conjecture; their truth is attested by bitter experience. For wrongs inflicted upon a Japanese by a stranger redress can be claimed only from a consul, who in most cases would scoff at the idea of considering any interest but that of his countryman. By far the greater number of consuls are themselves trading and speculating

adventurers, and are not above making use of their official opportunities to extort plunder in every direction. Thus it is that Japan can take no forward step in prosperous development. Foreign diplomacy blocks the way. During her thirty years of relationship with the West her sorrows have been lightened by no token of friendliness or sympathy, save from a single quarter. Through the exertions of individual Americans who have set their hearts and hands to the labor of re-investing her with the inherent rights of which she has been defrauded, and especially through the diligent activity of one just minister, citizens of the United States are now compelled to respect and abide by the spirit of her laws, although still privileged to hold themselves free from the processes of her tribunals. This, however, is but a feeble and hesitating indication of good will. It conveys merely the expression of kindly intention, and contributes nothing toward the removal of Japan's disabilities. What is wanted is an unconditional release from the ties which hold her in political and moral enslavement. One frank and outspoken word from the Chief Magistrate of this republic would enable her to reclaim the liberties to which she is as honorably entitled as the most enlightened of Western countries. Never has a worthy end been easier of attainment. Not an hour need be wasted in fatiguing official formalities. The preparations were long ago completed, and the material is at hand in the shape of a treaty at once concise and comprehensive, which, though now inoperative, requires only a slight touch of excision and the President's sign-manual to give it substantial and effective force. The Senate is ready to record its approval, and the whole union of States would gladly join in welcoming the noble little empire to the community of independent nations.

E. H. HOUSE.

HIDALGO: THE WASHINGTON OF MEXICO.

II.

A GENERAL revolt was organized and fixed for November 1st, 1810; and this was done, curiously enough, by Hidalgo the priest, not by Allende the soldier. The conspiracy was discovered, thanks to the cowardice of one woman, and the worst results of the discovery averted by the courage and presence of mind of another. The Canoness Ittariaga, who was in the plot, fell ill, and confided the secret on her death-bed to her confessor at Querétaro, who revealed it to his superior, while the latter in turn laid it before a Council of State without a moment's loss of time. The Gonzalez brothers, who were implicated, were sent to prison, and Dominguez, also a conspirator and under suspicion, was required in his capacity of magistrate to denounce and bring to justice all the offenders. All was about to be discovered when the Señora Josefa, the wife of Dominguez (a devoted wife, who shared all his confidence and sympathized with all his noblest aims), stepped in and averted the calamity with great adroitness. Dominguez was under *surveillance*, and could not communicate with his fellow conspirators. The house was watched and no one was allowed to leave it. The Gonzalez prisoners were brought to it to be examined. Now, the Governor's house was just next door; and as Holland House had, according to Sydney Smith, "every convenience for sickness and death," so the governors' houses throughout the provinces were provided with every convenience for governing à l'Espagnole: prisons, instruments of torture, pillories, stocks, and whipping-posts. One of the señora's rooms (the two houses being set back to back) adjoined the prison, built in the rear of the Governor's mansion; and while her husband was making his official descent with Government spies upon the Gonzalez, the Señora Josefa determined to warn Allende by means of a system of signals which she had previously had the sagacity to arrange between herself and the jailer, Ignacio Perez, also a conspirator, in case any unforeseen peril should arise. She slipped away unnoticed. Three blows of a small foot, and it was done. Perez heard, and understood that he must send a trusty messenger off at once to Allende

at San Miguel. Perez dared trust no messenger but one, went himself, could not find Allende, went then to Aldama, who rushed off to Dolores and Hidalgo.

There was no more time for plans, preparations, poetic visions. The hour for action had come, and Hidalgo decided to risk everything by forcing the issue at once. His allies at San Miguel and Querétaro were hastily assembled. "Gentlemen," said Hidalgo, addressing them, "the inevitable has been hastened. We have no resource except to drive the Spaniards out of our country." "What are you going to do, sir?" asked Allende, all the soldier in him ready for action. "I shall at once raise the standard of revolt. Those of you who are willing to give your lives, your fortunes, your *all*, for the independence of Mexico, join me. We must attack, not wait to be attacked, denounced, imprisoned." Hidalgo had never been more calm, confident, apparently, though his security was only the might that is right, and he was committing himself and them to an uncertain future and almost certain death. The little band of patriots were worthy of their leader. There was no flinching, no desertion. They did not shrink from the test of true devotion that he had applied; they were willing to give *all*. The suddenness with which they had been precipitated into a revolt that was not to have come for a month, forbade anything like general concerted action, proclamations to the people, warnings to the friends of the movement, precautions in dealing with its enemies. It was enough to paralyze and ruin any plot, and utterly rout the conspirators before the first blow was struck, to be taken at such a disadvantage. But Hidalgo, fortunately for Mexico, had the peculiar order of mind that grows the cooler with the necessity for coolness. He was not thrown off his balance, and was presently to show himself as remarkable in his practical as in his intellectual faculties. His very first step was a stroke of genius. He knew the Mexicans to be profoundly, superstitiously attached to their religion. So he determined to give the movement for national independence the character of a crusade. Liberty, in the abstract, would not have moved a people so long trampled under foot as to find it impossible to conceive of the beautiful daughter of the gods, much less embrace her. The State, backed by the Church, was too powerful to be encountered by a few feeble swords. To have struck at the Church would have been to be condemned roundly in Turkish fashion as "dogs of infidels." Hidalgo enlisted the Church as his first recruit, under the banner of "Our

Lady of Guadalupe," and made liberty a Mexican deity for whom it was a religious duty to die. He went to his parish church one morning, said mass as usual; and then, taking up a black paper banner with the figure of the Virgin rudely traced on it, he advanced with it to the steps of the sanctuary, and displaying it, broke into impassioned speech. He told them that they were the slaves of a slave; that Ferdinand was in the power of Napoleon; that they were to be sold to the French by their Spanish rulers; that their religion was not safe in the hands of the Jacobins. He appealed to them as his children and friends, painted the sufferings and wrongs they had received in the past, the freedom and happiness that would be theirs in the future; and as an earnest of that future, such as they could understand and appreciate, declared that the hated "*tributos*," exacted of them ever since the Conquest, should be at once and forever remitted. "Liberate your country! Defend your religion! Follow this sacred banner!" he cried. The effect was electrical. They loved and revered Hidalgo above all men, thanks to his beneficent ministrations among them, and his long championship of the cause of the humble and poor against the rich and powerful. They adored that banner as they did no other symbol or relic.

From the earliest times an Aztec divinity, Tonantzin, the mother of the gods, was worshipped at a shrine which afterward became that of "Mary, the Mother of God," in consequence of a miracle thus described by the old chronicler Fray Agustin de Vetancourt, in 1672:

* "Juan Diego, a native of Cuanhtitlan, who lived with his wife, Lucia Maria, in the town of Tolpetlac, went to hear mass in the Church of Santiago Tlaltelolco, on the morning of Saturday, December 9th, 1531. As he neared a hill called Tepeyacac, he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he, amid splendors, a Lady, who spoke to him, directing him to go to the bishop and tell him that it was her will that in that place a temple should be built to her. Upon his knees he listened to her bidding, and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the bishop with the message given him. But, while the bishop heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy that he was told. With this disconsolate answer Juan returned, finding there again the Lady, who heard what he had to tell and bade him come to her again. Therefore on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hill-side, when she appeared to him for the third time, and repeated her order that he should convey to the bishop her command that the temple should be built. The bishop heard the message still incredulous, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which he might be shown that what he told was true, and when

* The translation is Janvier's.

the Indian departed the bishop sent two of his servants to watch him secretly. Yet, as he neared the holy hill, he disappeared from the sight of the watchers. Unseen, then, of these he met the Lady, and told her that he had been required to bring some sure sign of her appearance. She told him to come next day and he should have that sign. But when he came to his home he found there his uncle, Juan Bernadino, lying very ill of the fever the Indians call *cocolixtli*. All through the next day he was busied in his attendance on the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12th he went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by the Lady's importunities, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But, as he passed the hill, he saw the Lady coming down to him, and heard her calling to him. He told her of his errand and its urgent need for quickness, whereupon she replied that he need not feel further trouble, as already his uncle's illness was cured. Then ordered she him to cut some flowers from that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived flowers growing there. She charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the bishop as the sign he had requested, and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to no other until they were seen of the bishop's eyes. Therefore he wrapped them in his *tilma*, or blanket, and hastened away, and then from the spot where Most Holy Mary stood there gushed forth a spring of brackish water, which now is venerated and is an antidote to infirmities. Juan Diego waited at the entrance of the bishop's house until he should come out, and when he appeared and the flowers were shown him, there was seen the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's *tilma*! The bishop placed the miraculous picture in his oratory, venerating it greatly; and Juan Diego, returning to his home with two servants of the bishop, found that his uncle had been healed of his sickness in the very hour that the Virgin declared that he was well. As quickly as possible the bishop caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Virgin had appeared and where the miraculous roses had sprung from the barren rock; and here he placed the holy image on February 7th, 1532. Juan Diego and his uncle became the servants of the Virgin in this sanctuary. And Juan Diego, being moved by a sermon preached by the venerable Fray Toribio Montolinia, his wife Lucia consenting and taking a like vow, took there the vow of chastity. Thenceforth he lived in a little house beside the chapel, and there he died a most Christian death."

Papal sanction was for more than a century withheld from this miracle, so far as formal official recognition went; but the Mexican Virgin had become the Patroness and Protectress of the people long before she was so declared by the Congregation of Rites at Rome, having been chosen to this office by the local chapters and natives in consequence of the protection she had given during the fearful pestilence of 1736, the *matlazahuatl*.

It will be seen, then, what tact and intelligence Hidalgo showed in making this divinity—the especial friend of the Indians and of all common and humble folk, all Mexicans—the presiding genius of his movement, instead of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, or the Señora de Refugios, or the Señora de la Soledad, the Señora of Aran-

zazú, el Señor de Siete Velos, to say nothing of Santa Maria la Redonda, San Diego de Alcalá, San José, San Francisco, San Pablo, San Sebastian, and other favorites. On seeing that banner the people shouted "*La Virgen de la Guadalupe! Viva la independencia! Mueran los Gachupines!*"* like so many madmen. It was worth many legions and a mint of money. In twenty-four hours, Hidalgo had as many thousand men ranged under it. Hidalgo hastened to take the original picture from its sanctuary at Atotonilco, for which the paper banner of his parish church had been a substitute, and of which it was a humble copy. It drew adherents to him, as the other queen of heaven, the moon, does the waves. Every *ranchero*, herdsman, ploughman, laborer, in the neighborhood first, then the province, then other provinces, hurried to Hidalgo to be armed with swords, clubs, poles, guns, reaping-hooks, stamped the image of the Lady of Guadalupe in their *sombreros*, and entered upon a struggle destined to last eleven years and to shake off a rule that had lasted three hundred. With a bit of black paper Hidalgo convulsed a whole country, and inspired a nation of slaves with the two great requisites for a revolution, courage and resolution; faith in God and themselves. Old men, young men, priests, gentlemen, peasants, women, all caught the sacred spark and burned to see their country free. The movement was that of a prairie fire; the country a stubble-field through which it flashed, a "roaring war" indeed. Allende, with a small band of regulars (deserters), joined Hidalgo at Dolores, September 10th, as did Aldama and Abasolo of the same regiment; and having thrown down the gauntlet to Spain, Hidalgo did not wait to see it picked up, but promptly moved upon and captured San Felipe, Zelaya, San Miguel-el-Grande, cities of from 10,000 to 16,000 inhabitants. The persons of Europeans he did his best to protect; but he confiscated their property for the support of his army, and supplied not only their needs, but another motive for becoming patriots as powerful, if not as honorable, as the religious one. He needed no recruiting sergeants after this. His army swelled to 40,000 men immediately, and he marched on Guanajuato, a rich city of 80,000 inhabitants, the capital of the mining district. It was gallantly defended by the Spanish commander, Rianon, but his garrison was small and he was obliged to capitulate. Hidalgo took possession September 29th, secured \$5,000,000, went on confiscating and dividing the booty among his followers, and constantly gaining adherents. He was

* The Spaniards are called *Gachupines* in Mexico; in Buenos Ayres, *Maturrangos*.

everywhere welcomed by the people with salvos of artillery, and *Te Deums* were sung in the churches in honor of his victories by sympathizing priests, who were nationalists as well.

The Virgin of Guadalupe was sweeping all before her. The Government could not believe that anything could come out of Nazareth, that a Creole priest could be a great leader; that the people, "the mutable, rank-scented many," could, with their "garlic breaths," blow a tempest that would wreck the ship of state, with all its purple sails still proudly spread, manned by a Spanish crew, officered by the haughtiest *hidalgos*, commissioned by a king, and blessed by the Pope. They made the mistake of "holding them in human action and capacity of no more souls or fitness for the world than camels in the war, which receive their provender only for bearing burdens, and sore blows for sinking under them," so, having "dispropertied their freedoms" and "silenced their pleaders," they thought the questions of relative superiority and inferiority, and of Spanish domination settled once for all. The only thing to do was to wait until this summer cloud should blow over, or expend itself harmlessly, and, the foolish disturbance being at an end, everything would resume its usual course. Not so the Church. All the clerical aristocracy rose as one man against Hidalgo. His archbishop excommunicated him. The bishops of Mexico, Michoacan, Puebla, denounced him. He was anathematized in the pulpit. The Inquisition, a failing force, making up in bitterness what it lacked in strength, assailed him as "a Lutheran," summoned him to give a reason for the faith that was not in him. Hidalgo, like Cortez, "desired peace, but was not afraid of war." Like Cortez, again, he was "a good cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to Apostle St. Peter, and all the other saints." The priest and soldier in him were convertible terms, as with Cortez, who was as anxious to convert as to conquer; their methods like their aims, were similar; in breadth of mind, energy of soul, benevolence of character, they greatly resembled each other. So now it was with all the boldness of Cortez that he resisted the commands and edicts of the Inquisition. His answer to them was, "I am a loyal Catholic in faith, you in politics. Is it necessary to be a slave of Spain in order to be a true Catholic? To accede to your demands would be to do violence to all my noblest instincts and betray the holiest trusts." To his friends about him he said, "They are anxious, not about our souls, but their money, lands, dominion over us, whom they would keep forever under foot. Let

us establish a congress with delegates from every city and province of this kingdom, establish our holy, Roman, apostolic religion (we know no other), and a government of brothers by brothers, that will look to the peculiar needs of every *pueblo*, alleviate the condition of the poor, encourage arts, revive industry, use the great riches that the Great Giver has scattered over this immense continent for the use of the people."

He set to work, as soon as Guanajuato was carried, to establish such a government and to discipline a mob, otherwise his army. He had gathered around him a remarkable group of men, and did not lack for counsel or help. To Don Mariano Jimenez, an eminent professor, was intrusted the civil organization of the party; Don Casimiro Chovell, Administrator of Mines, undertook to provide arms and munitions of war, gunpowder, cannon, foundries; Don José Chico, who belonged to one of the principal families of Guanajuato, charged himself with the government of his province; while to other influential men were confided other trusts—the finances, military organization, and public measures of various kinds. Allende's regiment had joined Hidalgo *en masse* after San Miguel was taken, and he tried to make them the nucleus of a regular army. There had been grave excesses committed by his soldiery already (which his enemies then and afterward laid to his charge), during the storming of the Alhondiga de Granaditas, the great fortress of the city. But nothing could be more unjust. Like General Prim, who said "he could not make war with bishops," Hidalgo, when he struck at Spain, had to use the only weapon at hand; so he had been unable wholly to control an armed peasantry thirsting for revenge and perfectly undisciplined. A lady of the Barranda family gives an interesting account of him as he appeared in the full flush of his first great victory. She had flown to him to intercede for her husband, while the dead and dying were still heaped about the fortress, its stairs still slippery with blood, and the whole place a scene of the most terrible confusion. She found him standing in his black cassock, the pavement about him splashed with tell-tale drops, the miraculous banner of Guadalupe in the corner of the room, his soldiers coming and going, and he himself pale, calm, grave, master of himself and the situation, if ever man was. He received her kindly, promised her protection, and said to her: "Madam, circumstances force me to allow evils that I am the first to see and lament. I have saved your husband, my old acquaintance, from the

fury of my soldiers. I wish I could succor all his unfortunate companions."

The Spanish Government continued its attitude of contemptuous inactivity; and its adherents, the Viceroy, the Church, all the colleges, societies, social and official personages, contented themselves with loud denunciations of "the bandits," and protestations of fidelity to Spain. Whereupon Hidalgo put his army in motion and presented himself before Valladolid, took it, October 20th, without a blow, although it was a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and got with it the snug sum of \$1,200,000 in silver. A regiment of Spanish dragoons and one of infantry joined him. The people welcomed him with open arms. A number of prominent Mexicans came to him, and henceforth identified themselves with the cause. Among them were some of the future leaders of the party: Don José Liceaga, afterward President of the first Mexican Congress; Don Agustín Iturbide, who modestly took service in the Regiment de Tres Villas as a subaltern, and was to become an emperor; Don José Torres, who was to be known as the Bayard of the movement, a peasant by birth, a knight by nature, and of that nobility which the French heralds recognized when they issued their patents in the name of "*Dieu—et les Bourbons.*" Followed by one servant, and armed with an old firelock, came another and most valuable ally, Morelos, a legion in himself as the sequel proved. Morelos was an old friend of Hidalgo. He was the son of a carpenter in Valladolid, had spent all his early youth in working to support his parents, had then gone to San Nicolas and entered the priesthood. The intimacy that he had formed with Hidalgo in the quiet of the cloister had never been broken, and the influence of the former upon his character had only increased with time; so that it was with delight that the two patriot-priests met, and vowed themselves afresh to another service, that of their country.

It was no small proof of the personal magnetism and superiority of Hidalgo that he could fuse, control, dominate all these remarkable men of every class and condition, possessing great gifts, and with conflicting interests and views. There seems to have been no revolt from his authority, no intrigue or divided counsels. He was the head and front of the offending, they the arms content to do his bidding. Up to this time Don Mariano Masolo had ostensibly directed the military operations; but Hidalgo thought the time had come for him to lay aside his shepherd's crook, gird his sword on his thigh,

and commend himself and his cause to the God of battles. He was therefore proclaimed General-in-Chief by the leaders assembled in council at Indaparapeo. As he wrote that same day to a friend, "Can you think of me as the Commander of the American Army?" It was entirely characteristic of his personal relations with the other leaders of the party that Allende, a soldier by profession, was the first to declare on this occasion: "Sir, your abilities, character, reputation, proclaim you the fittest person to become our *Generalissimo*. My sword shall be the first to support you." His first official act justified Allende's generous admiration. It was to issue a proclamation liberating all slaves and abolishing the "*tributos*" and the "*estancos*," or Spanish monopolies. In it he said:

"We have borne a cruel yoke imposed by ambition and avarice, an uninterrupted series of insults and provocations, for three hundred years with patience. We should deserve to be ranked (as we are) as the meanest of created things if we do not make every effort to gain and keep our liberty, establish just laws, and preserve our religion, for these are of all things the most sacred and precious. Let us arise, noble souls, from our profound abasement, and, using every resource that courage can devise, show the world a free people; and in doing this let us observe inviolably the laws of war, the rights of all. Let there be as little disorder and bloodshed as possible."

That his motives and aims might be understood by the people, he established a newspaper, the *Despertador Americano*, and the result of all these wise measures was that his army swelled to 80,000 men while he was in Valladolid. Morelos' influence over the Indians was second only to his own, and they flocked to his standard in such numbers that now, at last, the Spanish found themselves obliged to confess that these "despicable peons" were becoming dangerous enemies. The Inquisition assailed Morelos, and demanded his immediate submission. This being refused he was excommunicated, and in reply wrote, "This nation will never lay down its arms until its work is done." Baffled in the use of this time-honored weapon, which had no more effect upon the spirit of Mexican independence than bullets have upon ghosts, the Inquisition appealed to the Church at large, pointing out that the sentiment was becoming wide-spread, and that all ecclesiastical as well as temporal authority would come to an end unless the most energetic measures at once were taken. The Virgin of Remedies was consequently announced as the patroness of all good Catholics and loyal subjects, and officially pitted against the Lady of Guadalupe. In the course of the struggle that followed between the two parties the most

absurd, not to say blasphemous, rivalries, invocations, and rites were inaugurated. Solemn grand mass would be said to the Lady of Guadalupe for the patriots in Guanajuato. Solemn grand mass to the Lady of Remedies would be said in Mexico for the confusion and destruction of patriots, and the triumph of the Spaniards. The Virgin of Guadalupe was shot in effigy by the Spaniards. The Virgin of Remedies could not help herself, but was torn to pieces in effigy by the insurgents. The horror of religious strife was added to that of civil war. Everybody anathematized everybody else. Never was a country in such turmoil. Industry, commerce, the mining interests were first paralyzed, then destroyed; class was divided against class; and all the complicated interests and machinery of the nation, social, political, and religious, were at variance and out of gear. The fears and terrors of the old, the timid, the helpless, were great, and were to be amply justified by the excesses which, apparently, are inseparable from civil war. The Spanish fled for refuge into the cities; the convents were crowded with ladies and children seeking an asylum that would not be violated. Quantities of treasure were concealed, or shipped off to other countries. The Viceroy, Venegas, could not believe his senses when he heard that San Luis, Cohahuila, Tamaulipas, Huichapan, the Mezquital, Nuevo Leon, and Texas had declared for Hidalgo. Haughty as Lucifer, he had made light of the whole movement, and it was only when Hidalgo put himself at the head of his army and marched out of Valladolid, occupied successively Marabatio, Tépétongo, Yordana, Ixtlinaca, and entered Toluca, a few leagues from the capital, that he owned a formidable enemy, and hurriedly set to work to retrieve his error.

Mexico had been placed under "the immediate protection" of the Virgin of Remedies; but still it was thought that an army would be useful, and 10,000 men were hastily got together. The command was intrusted to Don Torquato Truxillo. The battle of Las Cruces (the pass of the Monte de las Cruces) followed, and Don Torquato was repulsed, losing all his artillery, in spite of the fact that his celestial sovereign, the Lady of Remedies, had ordered him to give battle. This put the key of the city of Mexico in Hidalgo's hand. He had strained every nerve to get it. Yet, now that he held it, he dared not fit it into the wards. The city was garrisoned by 10,000 Spanish regulars, and although he knew that it also contained 30,000 malcontents, he could not make up his mind to pit his

undisciplined troops, unused as they were to artillery fire, against Venegas' veterans. Strange to say, the boldness that he had all along shown, the nerve for which he had been so remarkable, suddenly and unaccountably forsook him when he most needed them. He dared not put it to the touch, and win or lose all. Perhaps the anathemas that had been heaped upon his head took effect all at once. "Incantations and arsenic will kill a flock of sheep," as Voltaire has pointed out. Plus anathemas and minus gunpowder (which was poor Hidalgo's situation), the result is apt to be failure. Callejas, the Spanish general, was reported to be advancing, which made the risk even greater—so great that Hidalgo committed the fatal blunder of waiting inactive, undecided, for twenty-five days, and then ordering a retreat. A prompt and bold attack might have secured a great victory; retreat meant defeat and martyrdom, the beginning of the end. Allende saw this, and counselled a different course so ardently that a coolness ensued between Hidalgo and himself. But it was of brief duration. Both men were cast in too noble a mould for petty squabbling; whatever difference of opinion might exist between them, each loved and respected the other, and both knew that they had not been mistaken in each other, no matter what mistakes either made. When Callejas came, Hidalgo fell back upon Guadalajara, and Allende showed himself all that was brave and vigilant. As Allende had surmised, Callejas followed; the golden opportunity had passed; the tide had not been taken at the flood; and it is to the honor of this brave soldier that, well as he knew that his life-blood was ebbing with it, he never dreamed of deserting the cause, or of making his peace with the Government, as so many Mexican officers, before and since. He was true to his colors, and covered the retreat so skilfully, that he was for a while like a shield constantly interposed between the two armies. But in spite of his efforts, Callejas overtook Hidalgo and gave him battle at Aculco, on November 7th. The Indians, as Hidalgo had foreseen, could not stand the onset of the Spanish veterans. They fled pell-mell; the Mexican regulars, even, became disordered, but, after a fashion, held their own. Hidalgo left 10,000 dead on the field and continued his retreat toward Guadalajara. A series of disastrous engagements followed, and finally a decisive pitched battle, at the bridge of Calderon. Allende urged Hidalgo to avoid this, to take refuge in more rapid flight and a partisan warfare; but his advice, good as it was, was not accepted. The result was a victory

for Callejas, who, however, did not know how to utilize it, and allowed Hidalgo to carry off his treasure and munitions of war. Hidalgo might have intrenched himself in Zacatecas, or sought refuge in the more inaccessible portions of some one of the many provinces that owned his sway, but he perversely determined to march toward Texas. This destroyed his last chance of success; at least it was a decision that resulted most unfortunately. He had long coveted the help of, and an alliance with, the infant Republic of States, and had sent two envoys to Congress to try to secure it, as yet quite without success. He doubtless hoped to take temporary refuge under the wings of the American eagle until those of the Mexican bird were full grown—to reorganize his forces, and when strong enough, regain all that he had lost.

It was a practicable scheme enough, and might have been carried out but for the conduct of one man. The base blot that has stained every Mexican military enterprise of note was now to appear—treachery. And treachery was the one thing for which Hidalgo, the noble and generous-hearted, was not, and could never have been, prepared. He and Allende, after the defeat at Calderon, had both been offered pardon at this price, and had scorned it, declaring their perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of their cause, and their determination to abide by the issue they had made. But it was not so with all their party. Disorders and desertions had come with failure. There were many who did not mean to sink with the ship, and hurried off out of harm's way as fast as they could when it became evident that the cause was losing, almost lost. And then a certain Ignacio Elizondo, whose name has been execrated ever since, wrote to Hidalgo expressing great sympathy with the reverses he had suffered, and asking for a rendezvous. Hidalgo appointed a time and place for the meeting, and had not the least suspicion of his motive. Elizondo concealed his troops in ambush and waited for him. Allende and some other officers drove first to the spot, and found themselves betrayed. Allende drew his pistol and fired at Elizondo, who knocked it up, diverting the fire from himself to his son, who was killed. The Independents were then overpowered, and Hidalgo, coming up a little later on horseback, was set upon and seized. All this happened at Acatila de Bajen, March 21st, 1811. Fifty Mexican leaders were shot on the spot without any sort of trial, or so much as a drum-head court-martial. Elizondo had made his peace with the Government at this price. Hidalgo, Allende, and Abasolo were

hurried off to Chihuahua, and salvos of artillery all over Mexico announced that the cause was lost, the war over. Great was the official jubilation. The "bandits" had been scattered like chaff before the wind by invincible Spain. The "people" had been taught a lesson, and it would be seen now whether these low-born "peons" would ever dare lift head or hand or heel against their rightful masters. The Virgin of Guadalupe was the least of all the saints in the calendar. The Virgin of Remedies was the one only true Queen of Heaven, and as such had tons of wax-lights, roses, offerings, incense laid upon her lucky shrine.

But the seed of Mexican independence had only fallen into the ground, there to fructify, and in due time bloom into the fadeless laurels of liberty. "What! have we no other generals than these in America?" exclaimed a lady, when she heard the sound of the cannon, and knew that Hidalgo, the hope of his country, was a prisoner. The party still existed. The people had learned their power, and tasted of the fruit of the knowledge of good as well as of evil government. All was not ended. The Mexican prisoners were all taken first to Monclova. From there all the priests except Hidalgo were sent to Durango and shot—under ecclesiastical patronage and supervision, of course. When the captives reached Chihuahua, all the remaining leaders were sentenced without such tedious formalities as judge and jury, and shot. Chovell was summarily executed in the same way in the public plaza of Guanajuato. The Corregidor of Querétaro, Don José Dominguez, in spite of his public services and extraordinary private benevolence to the poor, in spite of influential friends and high rank, was shot. His wife, the Señora Josefa, a most devoted wife and mother and patriot, a woman with an intellect as cool as that of any man and a heart as warm as that of any woman, a lady of rank and as beloved as her husband, was seized and thrown into a common prison, where she languished until she was an old woman. When released by the Cortes of Cadiz, she found her property confiscated, her children reduced to beggary, the ruin of her family complete; yet, it is said, she counted all these sacrifices for her country as her best rewards, and never regretted the old Querétaro days when, under cover of the meetings of a literary society, she had secretly done so much to foment a revolution. Abasolo, thanks to his wife's political influence, escaped death. He was sent to Cadiz with her, and died in the Castle of Santa Catalina. Arrando, the Governor of Texas, was punished by imprisonment for

nine years, and Molano, another leading sympathizer, was sentenced for life. Allende and Aldama were shot. The Government from the first had refused to observe the ordinary rules of warfare, and now showed itself remorseless.

Hidalgo's case was too important to be disposed of out of hand, even by such rulers. He was put in prison, and the "Process," or trial before civil and ecclesiastical tribunals, if it can be called a trial, lasted four months. Olivares, the Bishop of Durango, arraigned him before the Church Court, and, the better to do so, invoked the assistance of Don Francisco-Valentin, Doctor of Canon Law. This authority was as anxious as anybody to get rid of Hidalgo, it would seem; but he had a reputation to sustain, and accordingly we find him writing to the bishop: "Hidalgo must be disgraced, but unfortunately the power to do so is given to bishops only (Council of Trent, caption 4, sec. 13)." This report upon the "Case of the Curate Hidalgo" had not the effect of delaying or altering a sentence already determined. The bishop and the *Commandante-General* vested themselves with any and all rights necessary in order to carry their point. Hidalgo was summoned, appeared before them, quietly and with perfect dignity affirmed his right to do as he had done, assumed all the consequences of his acts, and absolutely refused to make any revelations implicating his companions. His self-commissioned judges degraded him from the priesthood, and sentenced him to death in the name of the Roman Pontiff and the King of Spain. He was then sent back to prison. When the day came he rose early, gave himself up to his devotions, appeared cheerful, afterward scrawled some lines on the wall of his cell,* parted kindly with his

* *Ortega tu crianza fina,
 Tu indole y estilo amable,
 Siempre te haran apreciable
 Aun con gente peregrina.
 Tiene proteccion divina,
 La piedad que has ejercido
 Con un pobre desvalido
 Que mañana va d morir
 Y no puede retribuir
 Ningun favor recibido.
 Melchor, tu buen corazon
 Ha adunado con pericia
 Lo que pide la justicia
 Y exige la compasion.
 Das consuelo al desvalido
 En cuanto te es permitido*

guards, and went to his death as calmly as though he had been merely going to his bed for the night. His last words were these, spoken simply, without any sort of bravado: "The knell of Spanish rule has been sounded. *It will come.*"

So died, for the time, as remarkable a movement, all things considered, as history records. And so died to time, and for his country, the first liberator of slaves on this continent, a man now venerated as a saint throughout Mexico, and revered all over the world, a man great in intellect, eminently magnanimous, humane, generous, noble in thought and action, a devoted priest, a loyal friend, a true patriot, deserving the admiration and gratitude that have gained for him the name of "the Washington of Mexico," and associated him in the minds of men with our great countryman as well as with all the noble army of martyrs for truth's sake.

The Mexicans were determined to be rid of European domination. Morelos, who had escaped the fate of his comrades, kept the sentiment of independence alive for a long while; and in spite of the increased power and strenuous efforts of Church and State, liberalism spread rapidly among all classes everywhere. Morelos was at last captured in July, 1815, and brought before the Inquisition. "The Presbitero José Maria Morelos is an unconfessed heretic," they declared, "an abettor of heretics, and a disturber of the ecclesiastical hierarchy; a profaner of the holy sacraments; a traitor to God, the King, and the Pope." He was condemned to do penance in a penitent's dress, degraded, shot. But it was only the Inquisition that died. This was their last *auto-da-fé*, the first having been one held in 1574, at which, as Fray Baltasar de Medina records with much *gusto*, "twenty-one pestilent Lutherans" were disposed of. Vicente Guerero, another patriot, took the standard from Morelos' hands. An obscure, ignorant, poor man, who, before the revolution, did not so much as know how to read or write, he had served under Morelos with ever-growing distinction, and now he intrenched himself in his mountains and showed how right Allende had been to

*Partes el postre con él
Y agradecida Miguel
Te da las gracias rendidas.*

Ortega and Melchor Gorozpe were the governors of his prison and were extremely kind to him—so much so that they received an ovation for it when independence was achieved.

counsel a partisan war. The sole representative of the lost cause, he contrived somehow, without money, arms, or munitions, to keep it up against overwhelming odds, and make a splendid, tireless resistance. His prudence, courage, and heroic constancy saved the party and country from ruin. He eventually reigned all over the South, was a military martinet, a suave, clever, and, it must be confessed, very barbarous man. But that this "*hijo de pueblo*," as he is called, had the good of his country at heart, had noble desires, and was destitute of personal ambition, was shown by his reply to Iturbide, who wished to confer with him: "Do you decide what is for the best interests of our common country. I am content to serve under you as a man without ambition; whose sole ambition, rather, is to resist oppression, and not to elevate himself on the ruin of his countrymen. I can imagine no disgrace like submitting to the Spanish Government, and procuring my own pardon thereby. I will resist it to the last moment of my life. *Libertad! Independencia! Ó muerte!*" Indefensible as were his excesses, it is not surprising that Mexicans speak of him now as the "*benemérito de su patria*." The surprising thing is that, the revolution completed, he reaped only ingratitude, and that his country allowed him, so long their only defender, to be shot.

Thanks largely to him it was not long, as nations count, before *Te Deums* were being sung in the old church of San Francisco (the church in which Cortez heard so many masses, and in which his bones were laid) in honor of Mexican independence. It came as Hidalgo foresaw and predicted; and his head, which had been all the while stuck on a pike above the Alhondiga de Granaditas (flanked by the heads of Jimenez, Allende, and Aldama), with an inscription * above it almost effaced, was taken down, and, together with the remainder of his body, buried with great pomp by high and mighty ecclesiastics in the Cathedral of Mexico, where it now rests.

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

* This inscription was a curiosity in its way: "The heads of Miguel Hidalgo, Ignacio Allende, Juan Aldama, and Mariano Jimenez, insidious intriguers and leading chiefs of the Revolution, who have seized the property of the Religion of God and the Real Presence, and shed with the greatest atrocity the blood of faithful priests and just Magistrates: the cause of all the calamities, disgraces, and disasters which all the inhabitants of this land, an integral part of Spain, suffer and deplore.

"Nailed here by order of Señor Brigadier Don Felix Maria Calleja, of the King, the illustrious victor of Aculco, Guanajuato, and Calderon, and restorer of the peace in this America.

"GUANAJUATO, October 14, 1811."

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in a recent article on the Greek Anthology, reminds us that in many of these fragments of a rich and varied literature we come upon lines full of the modern spirit. The large objective manner of the earlier poets has given place to an introspective mood significant of a deepening self-consciousness, and the remote epic themes have been succeeded by subjects more intimate and personal. It is true that no period of literature is wholly destitute of glimpses into familiar life, of disclosures of personal experience; but when the epic and the drama are in the ascendant these are incidental and subordinate. The great emotions and convictions are presented in types and symbols; multitudes of persons are represented by colossal figures, the range and compass of whose lives create an impression of universality. The pyramids are race monuments; they have preserved no record of the individual hardship and sacrifice involved in their construction. In like manner the book of Job, *Prometheus Bound*, *Hamlet*, and the *Cid* perpetuate ages of personal experience and achievement in commanding types of human nature. The personal element is the very substance of which these typical men and women are formed, but art has discarded that which was individual in its instinctive search for those qualities which are of universal moment and significance. The personal element enters as substance but not as form in the earlier literatures; the individual is of value only as he contributes to those ideal conceptions which live and act in epic remoteness from common life. The mountains are of the same substance as the plain, but on their summits the shepherd's pipe is not heard, nor are the sheep housed there.

It is just here that we note one of the most striking differences between the literature of comparatively modern origin and that of earlier periods. The books of this century, contrasted with those of preceding centuries, present a greatly increased complexity of motives, moods, themes, situations. Probably not one phase of experience of any significance has escaped record at the hands of either poet, novelist, essayist, or critic. Never before has there been

such a universal confession of sins to a confessor devoid of any power of absolution; never before such a complete and outspoken revelation of the things which belong to our most secret lives. The old declaration that there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed is already fulfilled in our hearing. Those of us who read books must be slow of mind and of heart if we have missed a real and vital knowledge of the age in which, and the men among whom, we live. An impartial spirit of revelation presides over the world of our time and uncovers the unclean and the loathsome as persistently as the pure and the good. The selective principle of the older art has given place to a profound passion for knowledge of life; we are determined to know what is in man at all risks to our tastes and our conventional standards. The process is disagreeable but the fact is significant, and we shall make a great mistake if in our detestation of the methods of some contemporary writers we refuse to see the meaning of their appearance and activity.

Literature is so closely related to the whole movement of life that every decided tendency which it discloses, every dominant impulse which it reveals, may be studied with the certainty that some fact of human experience, some distinct energy of human purpose and desire, lies behind. The reflection of moving stars and overhanging trees in the depths of still waters is not more perfect than the reproduction of the thoughts and aims and passions of a generation in the books it writes and reads. This conception of the indissoluble union of literature and life is no longer novel and startling to us; but we have so recently come to understand it that we have not yet fully grasped all there is in it of suggestive and fruitful truth. Not until we have finally and forever abandoned the old conception of literature as an art, conformed to certain fixed and final standards, shall we learn the deepest things which books have to teach us. So long as we conceive of literature as an art whose limitations and methods have been established for all time, we shall have small comprehension of modern literature, very imperfect sympathy with it, and a very inadequate conception of its meaning and its tendency.

Compared with the literature of earlier periods, modern books, as has been said, show distinctly and obviously an immensely increased complexity of form and spirit; the passion for truth and for expression has become so general and so powerful that it has burst many ancient channels and made countless new courses for itself. Literature to-day tells the whole truth so far as it knows it;

formerly it told only such truths as were consistent with certain theories of art. If a modern artist were to paint the parting of Agamemnon and Iphigenia he would tell the whole story in the agony of the father's face; the Greek artist, on the other hand, veiled the father's anguish in order that the high tranquillity of art might not be disturbed. When Agamemnon was murdered or Œdipus with his own hand put out his eyes that they might not be the unwilling witnesses of his dreadful fate, the theatre knew only by report that these events had taken place; to-day the whole direful course of the tragedy is wrought out in full view of the spectators. It may be urged that this removal of the old limits of proper representation in art marks a decadence of the art spirit, a loss of the instinct which set impalpable bounds to the work of the imagination. But it is evident that this expansion of the scope of artistic representation has not been consciously brought about by men who have worked to a common end and bequeathed to their intellectual successors a tradition of iconoclasm. The change has come so slowly and so inevitably that it must be recognized as a universal movement; the working out of impulses and instincts which are a part of universal human nature, and, therefore, normal and necessary. Great literary movements are never consciously directed; they are always the expression through art of some fresh energy of conviction, some new and large hope and passion of a race or an epoch. The general development of literature is, therefore, in its main directions inevitable and beneficent; else all progress is a blunder and life is a stagnant pool and not a running stream.

While there have been periods of decadence, we must assume that the unfolding of the literary power and faculty has been progressive, and has taken place under laws whose operation has been above and beyond human control. Men have spoken through all the forms of art thoughts of whose origin and final outcome they have known as little as one knows of the ports from which and to which the vessels sail as they come and go against the blue of the offing. The expansion of the field of literature has not been a matter of choice; it has been a matter of necessity, and our chief concern is to accept it as a revelation of the general order under which we live, and to seek to understand the meaning of it. Students of literature know that when they come upon a period of large and fruitful activity, they will find the literary movement contemporaneous with some widespread and vital movement of thought, some profound stirring of

the depths of popular life. Without the unusual enrichment of soil the sudden and affluent fertility never takes place. If the English people had not been charged with an outpouring of national spirit strong enough to invigorate English life from the Strand to the Spanish Main, the great drama of Shakespeare and his fellow-craftsmen would never have been written. If literature has been vastly extended, it has been because the literary impulse has made itself more generally felt. Formerly a few men and women wrote the books of the world. They were the voices of a silent world; as we listen we seem at first to hear no other words than theirs. We might hastily conclude that there were no thoughts in those old times but those that come to us from a few lips musical with an eloquence which charms time itself into silence and memory. These great souls must surely have been of other substance than the countless multitudes who died and gave no sound; remote from the lost and forgotten civilizations which surrounded them, they breathed a larger air and moved with the gods. But as we listen more intently and patiently, these puissant tones seem to issue from a world-wide inarticulate murmur; they are no longer solitary; they interpret that which lies unspoken in countless hearts. How solitary Job sits among his griefs as we look back upon him! All the races who dwelt about him have vanished; the world of activity and thought in which he lived has perished utterly; but there stands the immortal singer with that marvellous song of which another has written: "sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars." But this sublime argument, which moves on with such a sweep of wing, is not the thought of Job alone; it is the groping, doubting aspiration of the East finding voice and measure for itself; it is the movement of the mind of a people through its long search for truth; it is the spiritual history of a race. The lonely thinker, under those clear Eastern skies, in that deep Eastern solitude, made himself the interpreter of the lost world which he alone has survived. Back of the great poem there is an unwritten history greater and more pathetic than the poem itself, could we but uncover it.

Great books are born not in the intellect but in experience, in the contact of mind and heart with the great and terrible facts of life; the great conceptions of literature originate not in the individual mind but in the soil of common human hopes, loves, fears,

aspirations, sufferings. Shakespeare did not invent Hamlet; he found him in human histories already acted out to the tragic end. Goethe did not create Faust; he summoned him out of the dim mediæval world, brought him face to face with the crucial experiences of life, and so fashioned a character and a career which have become typical. "It takes a great deal of life," said Alfred de Musset, "to make a little art." The more deeply we study great books the more clear it becomes that literature is not primarily an art born of skill and training, but the expression of man's growth into comprehension of his own life and the sublime order of which he is part. Life itself is the final fact for which all men of genuine gift and insight are searching, and the great books are either representations or interpretations of this all-embracing fact. There are wide differences of original endowment, of temperament, of training, of environment; there are broad contrasts of spirit, method, treatment; but a common impulse underlies all great works of literary genius. When Byron, with a few daring strokes, draws the portrait of Manfred, when Wordsworth meditates among the Cumberland Hills, each in his way draws near to life; the one to picture and the other to interpret it. No rapt and lonely vision lifts them to heights inaccessible to common thought and need; their gift of insight, while it separates them from their fellows as individuals, unites them the more closely with humanity. The essential greatness of men of genius does not lie in their separation from their fellows, nor in any moods which are peculiarly their own; but in that inexplicable union of heart and mind which makes them sharers of the private life of the world, discerners of that which is hidden in individual experience, interpreters of men to themselves and to each other.

The great mass of men arrive late at complete self-consciousness, at a full knowledge of themselves. The earlier generations attained this self-knowledge for the most part very imperfectly; it was the possession of a few, and these elect souls spoke for the uncounted hosts of their silent contemporaries. When any considerable number of individuals of the same race secured this complete possession of themselves there was a wide and adequate expression of life as they saw it. By virtue of natural aptitude, of exceptional opportunity for knowing what is in life, and of a training of a very high and complete kind, the Greeks attained a degree of self-knowledge which was far in advance of the attainment of most of the Oriental races, and of all the Western races just emerging from barbarism. This

mastery of life and its arts was disclosed chiefly in one city, and within a single century that city enriched literature for all time by a series of masterpieces. If there had been elsewhere the same degree of self-consciousness, there would have been a corresponding impulse toward expression. But, except among the Hebrews, there was not; for the most part the races in the East contemporaneous with the Greeks did not attain anything more than a very inadequate conception of themselves and their relation to the world. Among the Hindoos there was, it is true, a very considerable and a very noble literary development; but this movement for expression was partial and inadequate because the knowledge that inspired it was partial and inadequate. The Hindoos entangled God in the shining meshes of his own creation; they never clearly separated him in thought from Nature, and they never perfectly realized their own individuality. The great Western races, on the other hand, were so absorbed in the vast activities of growth and empire that they had small inclination to study themselves; the Romans conquered the world, but when it lay within their grasp they did not know what to do with it, so inadequate was their knowledge of themselves and of the real nature of their possessions. The literature of such a race will rarely reveal any original impulse or force; it will not even express the consciousness of power, which is more clearly realized than anything else by such a people; it will be an imitative art, whose chief attraction will lie in the natural or acquired skill of individuals, and whose chief use will be to register great deeds, not to express and illustrate great souls and a great common life. The Northern races, whose various stages of growth were to be recorded in noble literary forms, were still in the period of childhood, and knew neither their own strength nor the weakness of the older civilization which surrounded them.

During periods of imperfect self-knowledge there will be necessarily fewer thoughts, convictions, or emotions to inspire expression; and these will be clearly felt and adequately uttered by a few persons. The simplicity of life in such periods makes a very massive and noble art possible; such an art as the Greeks created as a revelation of their own nature and an expression of their thought about themselves and the world. The limitations of such an art give it definiteness, clearness of outline, large repose and harmony. And these limitations are not imposed as a matter of artifice; they are in large measure unconscious and they are, therefore, necessary. To

impose the standards and boundaries of the art of such a period upon the art of later and immensely expanded periods would be as rational as to impose on the America of to-day the methods of the America of the colonial period.

As self-consciousness becomes the possession of a larger number of persons, becomes general rather than individual, the faculty of expression is correspondingly developed until the gift and office of the fortunate few become almost public functions. Apollo's lyre still yields its supreme melodies to the greatest souls only, but a host have learned to set their thought to its more familiar strains. Now, it is precisely this general development of self-knowledge which characterizes our modern life and reveals itself in our varied and immensely diversified literature. Humanity has come to a large measure of maturity. It has had a long history, which has been the record of its efforts to know its own nature and to master the field and the implements of its activity. It has made countless experiments, and has learned quite as much from its failures as from its successes. It has laboriously traversed the island in space where its fortunes are cast; it has listened intently, generation after generation, for some message from beyond the seas which encompass it. It has made every kind of venture to enlarge its capital of pleasure, and it has hazarded all its gains for some nobler fortune of which it has dreamed. It has opened its arms to receive the joys of life, and missing them, has patiently clasped a crucifix. It has drank every cup of experience; won all victories and suffered all defeats; tested all creeds and acted all philosophies; illustrated all baseness and risen to the heights of all nobleness. In short, humanity has lived; not in a few persons, a few periods, a few activities; but in countless persons, through long centuries, and under all conditions. Surely some larger and more comprehensive idea of life lies in the mind of the modern world than ever defined itself to the men of the earlier times! Society has still much to learn; but men have now lived long enough to have attained a fairly complete self-knowledge. They have by no means fully developed themselves, but they know what is in them. In short, humanity has come to maturity and to the self-consciousness which is the power of maturity.

With this self-consciousness there has come a corresponding power of expression; the two are as inseparable as the genius of the composer and the music through which it reveals itself, as the impulse of the sculptor and the carven stone in which it stands

expressed. Thought and expression, as Max Müller has recently demonstrated, are parts of one act; neither can exist without the other. As conceptions of life multiply and widen, language is unconsciously expanded and enriched to receive and convey them; as experience deepens, speech matches it with profounder and subtler phrase. With the power to communicate that which is essentially novel comes also the impulse. Expression is the habit and the law of civilized life. There is within us an instinctive recognition of the universal quality of thought and experience; we feel that neither can be in any sense our private possession. They belong to the world, and even when we endeavor to keep them to ourselves they seem to elude and escape us. No sooner does one utter a thought that was new to him than a hundred other men claim a common ownership with him. It was, as we say, in the air, and he had unconsciously appropriated that which was public property. There is a large and noble consistency behind our fragmentary thinking which makes us aware of some great order of things with which we are unconsciously working. Our lesser thought is always seen in the end to be part of a larger thought. The investigator working along one line of scientific research, finds his latest discovery of that which seemed the special law of his department matched by the discovery of the same law operating in an entirely different field. Men of large vision know that the same general tendencies are discoverable at almost any given time in science, art, philosophy, literature, and theology. The significance of these common tendencies is deepened by the fact that for the most part the individual workers in the different fields are unconscious of them. They are all unwitting witnesses to a higher and more comprehensive truth than that which each is bent upon demonstrating. There is, in other words, a continuous revelation of ultimate things through the totality of human activity and experience, and this revelation, which is co-extensive with universal life, presses upon men for expression. Whether they will or not, it will utter itself; behind all life it sets its mighty impulse, and nothing can resist it. With the immense expansion of modern life it was inevitable that there should be an immense expansion of literature; that new literary forms like the novel should be developed, that facts hitherto suppressed or unobserved should be brought to light, and that phases and aspects of experience hitherto unrecorded should suddenly enshrine themselves in art.

The broadening of the literary impulse, the impulse of expression,

has materially changed the prevailing character of literature and indefinitely multiplied its forms. Instead of commanding types, massive because isolated, there has succeeded a vast variety of more specialized types, in which the great truths of experience instead of being generalized into a few personalities are dispersed through many. Literature no longer reveals only the summits of thought and action; it displays the whole landscape of life; continent and sea, barren wilderness and blossoming field, lonely valley and shining peak. Personality is no longer sublimated in order to present its universal elements; it is depicted in its most familiar and intimate forms. In art Raphael's Madonnas and Michael Angelo's colossal figures have been succeeded by Bastian Le Page's "Jean d'Arc," and Millais' "Angelus," not because the religious feeling is less penetrating and profound, but because it recognizes in nearer and more familiar forms the sanctity and dignity it once saw only in things most beautiful and august. Under the same impulse the literary instinct seeks to discover what is significant in the life that is nearest, convinced that all life is a revelation, and that to the artist beauty is universally diffused through all created things. As the wayside flower, once neglected, discloses a loveliness all its own, so does the human thought, emotion, experience once passed by in the pursuit of some remoter theme. Literature, which holds so vital a relation to the inner life of men, shows in this more catholic and sympathetic selection of characters and scenes the new and deeper conception of human relationship which is now the most potent factor in the social life of the world.

One looks in vain through the earlier literatures for such frank disclosures of personal feeling and habit, such unveiling of self, as one finds in Montaigne, Cellini, Rousseau, and Amiel. But these direct and explicit confessions are hardly more personal and individual than the great mass of modern literature. We know the secret thoughts, the hidden processes of character, in Tito and Anna Karénina, even more completely than if these creations, become actual flesh and blood, had attempted to give us their confidence. The great writers who have drawn these masterly portraits have comprehended the significance of the almost imperceptible stages by which motives and impulses are moved forward to their ultimate issue in action, by which character is advanced from its plastic to its final and permanent form. They have seen that dramatic interest does not attach exclusively to those well-defined climaxes of experience which we call crises, but

invests and gives artistic value to the whole movement of life; that no acts which have moral or intellectual quality are unimportant. The peasant is quite as interesting a figure to the literary artist as the king, has become, in fact, far more attractive and suggestive, since nothing intervenes between him and human nature in its purest form. Our interest in the great fact of life has become so intense that we are impatient of all the conventions and traditions that conceal it from us. Our novels to-day are full of studies of men and women in the most primitive conditions and relations, and he must command the very highest resources of his art who would interest us in a character swathed in the trappings of royalty. These things seem tawdry and unreal to a generation that has caught even a glimpse of the awful meaning of life as it works out its purpose in every individual soul. If Shakespeare were living to-day his Lear would not be an uncrowned king, but the kinsman of that lonely, massive peasant-figure whose essential and tragic dignity Turgeneff has made so impressive in "The Lear of the Steppes." Genius is the highest form of sympathy, and in modern literature this supreme quality has made itself the interpreter of the whole vast experience of humanity. It has been irresistibly drawn to that which is lowly and obscure because it has discerned in these untrodden paths a beauty and a meaning essentially new to men; it has become conscious of the pathetic contrast between souls encompassed with limitations and the eternal elements of which they are compounded.

They must be blind indeed who fail to discover in this attitude of literature towards men and women as individuals a change of thought as vital as any that has ever taken place in history; a change which suggests a new reading of history in the light of the New Testament ideals. The commonest life is touched and irradiated by this spirit of insight, and in the lowliest, as in the most impressive person and fact, an inexhaustible significance is discovered. Literature has come close to life not only in its great historic manifestations but in its most familiar and homely aspects, and it lends itself with impartial sympathy to the portrayal and interpretation of both. The phrase whose novel appeal to a common humanity once brought out the thunderous applause of the Roman theatre is to-day written as a supreme law across all our arts. Nothing that is human is insignificant or without interest for us. Our common search is not for theories of life—they are all being cast aside because they are all inadequate—but for the facts of life. There is coming to us

at last the slow dawning of a great and worthy thought of this life of ours and the universe in which it is set, and as this thought clears itself from imperfect knowledge and from ancient ignorance a new reverence for the humblest human soul is born within us. The expansion of the universe from the thought of Ptolemy to that of Tyndall has not been greater than the expansion of the conception of the meaning of life from the thought of the first or the thirteenth century to that of the nineteenth century. One result of this vaster conception of life is the recognition of its supremacy over the arts. They were once ends in themselves; they are now means of expression only. They were once supreme and final achievements; they are now records and registers of that which is greater than they.

Art is the necessary and universal quality of literature; it is the presence or absence of this quality which elects some books for long life and others for the life of a day. It is the impalpable and subtle touch of art which confers on a book, a picture, or a statue that longevity which we rashly call immortality. But as books accumulate, and as the years multiply into centuries and the centuries lengthen into epochs, we become conscious of the impotence of art itself to elude the action of that change from a lower to a higher form which we call death. There are in fact no finalities of expression; life has always a new word to utter, a new form to fashion. The greatest cannot hope to measure the complete span of a single age, much less the span of all history. We shall not think less of our arts but we are coming to have a new thought about them. The men that create them are greater than they; humanity is greater than the sum of all its achievements and expressions. Art must come closer to us, must be more reverent and humble, must be our servant and not master. Literature is already full of the signs of this change. It has suffered no real loss in the evolution through which it has passed from a few simple and impressive forms to an expression at once more flexible and of vastly increased volume. If the great chords that once vibrated to an infrequent hand are now less distinct and commanding, it is because tones that were silent have become vocal, and the lyre yields its full harmony to the passionate touch of life.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIE MODESTE.

"MARCÉLITE! but where is Marcélite? Send Marcélite to the parlor," called Madame Goupilleau to a passing servant. "Continue, Sister, continue, I am listening."

And the low voice of the Sister of Charity poured forth such a tale of asylum necessities, mingled with asylum gossip, that Madame Goupilleau was carried away again into forgetfulness of both Marcélite and the parlor.

"Is it possible! I can hardly believe it!"

The Sister had asked but for one moment in the corridor, but she had underestimated the length, and Madame Goupilleau the interest, of her budget. It sounded almost like a scandal in the church, a deplorable thing of infinite interest to all good Christians. Not until the volubly grateful itinerant disappeared with replenishment of her asylum's particular lack and exhaustion of its particular grievance did duty recall with painful jerk the chaperon to her charge.

"Ah, simpleton that I am! and I have vowed and vowed never to see those tiresome Sisters again."

She ran along the corridor to save what time she could, her long skirts rustling after her, holding her head with both hands and scolding it well. Without stopping she entered the parlor. Too late! At the first glance she saw that.

"Tante Eugénie!" exclaimed Marie Modeste with quavering breath as if waking from a dream.

"Madame!" apostrophized Charles Montyon, hurrying forward to meet her.

"Not a word! I know it all! It is my fault!" but she looked at them both reproachfully.

She had planned it otherwise, and far better, this scene, with a minute particularity for detail which only an outsider and a schemer in futurity can command. The young man would come to her first, of course, with his avowal, as etiquette prescribes. She would go to Marie herself, and delicately, as only a woman can, she would draw aside the veil from the unconscious heart and show the young girl the dormant figure of her love there; love whose existence she did not dream of.

"My daughter," she would say. Ah! she had rehearsed the discourse too often to have halted for a word. At any moment of the night or day her tongue could have delivered it. "My daughter!" all that as a daughter she had once craved to hear and been disappointed of, and all that her exempt mother's heart yearned to utter, she would tell. For she had a mother's heart, if by an error of nature she had never been a mother.

But the event always fools the prepared. Now, she knew not what to say or do. She was, in fact, embarrassed. It would have been better to depend upon the inspiration of the moment. She sank into an arm-chair and fanned herself with a handkerchief, which flavored the air with violet perfume.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I did not intend, I had no idea——" protested the young man.

That was so; when she was called away they were conversing about the climate of Paris.

"Tante Eugénie!" was all that Marie could murmur; for the dream held her still: a dream out of which she could not awake. Her eyes shone, touched with a new, bright light, and her white face swam behind blushes, appearing and disappearing like the moon behind thin clouds.

"She looks adorable, the little one," thought Madame. "If I could only have got hold of Marcélite I would have sent her to chaperon them."

It was not pleasant to think that the vigilance which had guaranteed a whole institute of girls should damage its record in these simple circumstances. A pest on Sisters and asylums! "*Eh, Mignonne!*" She drew the girl to her to look into those wonderfully brilliant eyes. It was impossible; the lids closed so quickly, and the long black lashes fell so thick on the cheeks, curling up at the ends as if singeing from the hot blushes; they even burned Madame's lips pressed against them. The troublesome face finally hid itself among the laces on her shoulder.

"Thou art sure? Very sure? No mistake? *Là! là!*" kissing her again. "After all it is what I expected. And you, monsieur," to Charles, who was standing close on the other side of her chair, "you have been indiscreet, as indiscreet as possible. You should have come to me first. You know that. Oh, no! I cannot pardon you, at least not immediately. Have you spoken to Monsieur Goupilleau?"

"Madame, I intended . . ."

"What! Not even spoken to my husband? But go down-stairs this moment, this instant! He is in his office."

"I assure you it was unpremeditated—leaving us alone——"

"Ah! that is what I have always said; those Sisters do no good, going around from house to house . . ."

She was fixed and inexorable; would not listen to him, would not even look at him, resting her head against the tall back of her chair, directing her eyes into vacancy.

Behind her, discretion was again violated and outraged. The hands of Marie and Charles met, of themselves first accidentally, and then purposely; would not part. And the eyes which had so much to conceal from Madame had for him abundant revelations, which the lashes did not hide from eyes that caused her lids to rise merely by glances. And her face came out of the blushes, a thin, white face in an oval frame of plaited black hair, and the lips parted as if again in the tremor of caress. Madame Goupilleau, with that big back to her chair, might just as well have been in the corridor again with the Sister.

"Tante Eugénie, I shall go with him. I, I——" she had to go, for the hands absolutely would not unclasp.

"My little girl is no more," thought Madame Goupilleau as they left her alone. "Well! *Ma bonne!*" to Marcélite, who came into the room. "Your young lady is going to make a fine marriage, a fine marriage. *Tiens!*" interrupting herself suddenly. "I wanted you; where were you? I called you to go into the parlor to chaperon. Ah! . . . I see now. You were in connivance! What innocence I have for my age!"

"Madame!" the quadroon's voice was apologetic, but her eyes were triumphant. "Such a good opportunity . . ."

"At least! At least, you did not send that stupid Sister to me?"

"That! No, madame! On my word of honor."

"In truth, I believe you capable of anything. What a rigmarole! The archbishop and some Madame Houbi, or Hibou, and a priest of Heaven knows where! . . . All the while '*ce beau monsieur*' was on his knees to mademoiselle.

"It is old Madame Montyon, however, who will have something to say," concluded Madame Goupilleau in thought. "She will beat a tocsin about our ears."

Madame Montyon, as expected, from the very first word of an-

nouncement resolutely vetoed any proposition of marriage between her step-son, her prospective heir, and a dowerless bride.

The old lady sat in her room in the twilight, going over her accounts, which, for convenience and secrecy, she carried in her head. A pleasant, wakeful occupation, adding dollar to dollar; watching the pile of gold, the concrete presentment of her numerous investments, grow, in endless, ceaseless, procreation. Her boudoir was as bare and simple as a soldier's quarters. There were no more effeminacies of culture or religion about it than about herself. She asked no other assistance from Providence than a neutral position as to her affairs, which she proposed to manage as her father had his army, without intermediation of saints or intermeddling of priests. And no one could deny that her affairs had paid her the compliment of prospering under the régime.

"No, my son, no," she reiterated, varying the formula not in the slightest degree. "Believe me, I know better than you. The young lady will not suit at all. In the first place, she has nothing."

"But, my mother . . ."

"In marriage there must be something; money is tangible, money remains; money is something, in fact . . ."

"Love?" he said, in a low voice, for it was novel to him, and he had yet to learn not to be shy of it.

"Love! Love! That for love!" snapping her fingers—which she could do with masculine effect.

And love was his theme, his inspiration, his reason; and love was her only dower! But it was like talking of God to an unbeliever.

"Be reasonable, listen to me! On my word of honor, as a woman who was not born yesterday, and who has not lived with her eyes shut, this is only temporary, momentary. She is not the only young woman in the world! *enfin*, I guarantee," raising her voice and her finger impressively, "I guarantee that you will meet at least, *at least*, one woman a year during the next ten years of your life whom you will love enough to make your wife. Ten women! Ten wives! *Tu Dieu!* and I am putting it low. No! I can never consent."

The rebellious retorts, the marplot of their domestic intercourse, which always rose in his heart at the sound of her voice, crowded to his tongue now, but he had no temper to utter them.

"Love, my dear, it passes like everything; only a little quicker.

This one will go like 'Good-morning'!" She kissed the tips of her fingers. "In point of fact, if you should marry Mademoiselle Motte now, and she should die, you would marry again in two years. Ah! don't jump so, don't exclaim at me that way. It is not my fault. I did not create men." Shrugging her shoulders, "After all, it is only nature; and nature is another name for a strong, ugly animal."

How could she talk so! He looked at her sitting below him, and for the first time tried to divest her of age, ugliness, and cynicism. She had been young once like Marie Modeste. Had she ever lifted her eyes to a man as Marie did, praying, yet dreading, his love? Had her warm hands ever got cold and trembled in the hand of another, as Marie's did? Had her slim form, for one instant, been in the arm of another? . . . or could first love ever be forgotten? Or was there one human being in the world whom this great ocean had not once enfolded, engulfed, drawn down, drowned beyond recollection, beyond comprehension of past, present, future, self, interest, money?

"And you think, you think . . . And women," changing the question, "can they not love? This young girl, Marie, she loves me, she has told me so." He laid his hand on her shoulder to accentuate his whisper.

The old lady's husband had married her for money, and had widowed her contemptuously during his life. She answered truthfully.

"If she loves you, all I have to say is that she will not be more disappointed now if you do not marry her, than some day if you do." His hand fell from her shoulder; he turned away. So old! So gray-haired! and the widow of his own father! He had not a word to say. His dreams and phantasies were frightened away. How the young are tied and hobbled, their most innocent plans twisted, turned, thwarted by the skeleton hand of a dead father, or mother, or grandparent, holding a careful entail of unhappiness and disgrace! And there is no relief from the debt! Flash after flash, illumination came in his brain along the dark spots of his ignorances, spots in his father's and mother's life which thought had glided over before, which his manhood had respected; preserved so far, by the miracle which preserves the ignorance of the young, in a secretless, mystery-less world!

"I assure you, my son"—his step-mother changed her voice briskly at the super-importance of her own business—"I am ex-

ceedingly pleased at the results of the Arvil succession. It is very good I came to attend to it myself. When we return to France . . ."

"Return to France?"

"I said, when we return to France. *Then* you will see the difference. You shall be installed '*en prince*.' Your separate establishment, your . . ." She checked off finger by finger her intentions for his pleasure and comfort. "*Then* you can talk of marriage, *then* you can select, *then* you will be a *parti* and you can marry a *partie*."

"And Mademoiselle Motte?"

"Eh! Will you never be convinced?" frowning angrily. "Is Mademoiselle Motte a *partie*? Has she a *dot*? Has she even a family? The foundling of a negro woman!"

"No! No!" Her own voice could not have been louder nor more authoritative. He came around and stood close in front of her chair. Without thinking, for his heart gave him no time, he spoke, soon changing his tone and his words, for his audience changed—the old woman and the chair fading away, and the room; and the young girl appearing, standing before him as she did this morning, transforming his defence into a tribute. In the early, powerful moments of first love, the real presence is carried around everywhere, and the sacrament of communion is celebrated in every silence, in every pause.

"Listen! Let me tell you once for all. A war had broken over her country. Her father was killed in the first engagement. Her mother died as soon as the news reached her; shot in fact and in truth by the same bullet. But one life was spared, a weak, wretched, frail infant; as if by a curse, a girl, to live and grow and develop in a detached condition. Her nurse, one of the very slaves about whom the war was being fought, aided the flight of the panic-stricken wife from her home, on the approach of a noisy, victorious enemy; and received into her arms the child which was born an orphan. Orphanage, my mother, is what a child never outgrows, it is what God himself cannot remedy. The nurse, a slave no longer, since she had flown with the infant to this city, then in the possession of the emancipationists, took the child to herself and nursed it, nursed it as the Virgin Mary must have nursed *her* Heaven-sent babe. Nursed it on her knees, in abnegation, in adoration; lodging it in her room, which became, not a room, but a sanctuary;

couching it in her own bed, which became an altar; feeding it, tending it, as imagination can conceive a passionate heart in a black skin tending a white child under the ghostly supervision of dead parents. When the child grew to intelligence of its surroundings; when memory began, day by day, to weave together frail bits of history; then a fiction arose as if by incantation out of the rude, ignorant, determined mind of the nurse. She placed the child at a school that the child's memory could not antedate. She gave the child a responsible white guardian, which the child's knowledge could not contradict. She took her forever out of the homely surroundings which love had made sumptuous and self-sacrifice holy, but which would prove social ostracism. To maintain this fiction, patience, money, time were needed. Patience? Did a woman ever need patience for a child? Was money ever needing, from an inferior to a superior? Time? The good God gives the same time to the slave as the free, the black as the white, the ignorant as the wise, the weak as the strong. Patience fed the fiction, anticipated doubts, allayed suspicions. Money came in quantities sufficient to form not a shield, but a pedestal; and time took the little girl and led her onward and onward through an education, and through the experience which brings the necessary ingredients to the formation of a woman's heart. Time protected the fiction to the last moment, but the last moment came. The basis of the young girl's life was suddenly withdrawn, and truth came in the fall to the earth. With the truth came, however, the substance of what fiction had supposed. To the nurse came two willing associates. To the young girl, bereaved by the fiction almost as cruelly as she had been by the war, came parents, volunteer parents. Who could refrain from loving her?" He stopped breathless.

"He raves," thought the old lady, "like De Musset!" But she did not answer, perhaps some hitherto unperceived merits in God's creation of men coming before her mental vision. She was only what experience had made her; her theories, like most women's theories, came from the heart, not the brain, and she had no imagination to beautify or make them palatable.

This was in winter. The spring came on, each day an incendiary to the heart, and all hymeneal. No one grows reasonable with the spring. The old lady felt the occult influences against her. The birds, aggressively lusty, the sky bringing the roses out, until the bushes threatened premature decay from wanton prodigality

in blooming, the moon acting like a venal Voudou charm. In a community where none but dowerless brides are born, love easily discounts money. She was left more and more in a helpless minority, fighting hard to main the solidarity of her resolution and fortune; daily reaffirming the one and entrenching the other by testament and codicil, behind a bulwark of papers proof against the assaults of present generations, and unborn ones to the third and fourth degree.

The contract of marriage was to be her substitute when she was gone, a certificate of consent but not approval, a notarial monument to the wealth and generosity of the step-mother, the foolishness of the groom, and to all perpetuity a confession of poverty by the bride. It is hard to be rich and a mother at the same time, but the old lady undertook the task; and while the young people were learning the necessary vocabulary of endearment for future intimacy, she applied herself to drawing with equal security the strings about her heart and the strings about her purse.

June brought the wedding day, for June brings more wedding days than any other month of the year in New Orleans. In the forenoon hours the bridesmaids came with their compliments and presents; all in one body, contagious with emotion; exclamatory, effusive, vibrating from the verge of tears to the verge of laughter.

"Ah, Marie!"

"Ah, *chère*!"

"At last!"

"Your wedding day!"

"You are well, *chérie*?"

"You are not frightened?"

"You do not tremble the least, the least in the world?"

"Let me feel your heart!"

"I would be paralyzed!"

"Such a beautiful day!"

"A little warm!"

"You will not forget us, Marie?"

"You will always be the same to us, Marie?"

"We didn't learn our a, b, c together for nothing, did we, Marie?"

"And we didn't miss our cosmography together for nothing, did we, Marie?"

"Do you remember, Marie? When . . ."

"Or that day . . ."

They were actually beginning to have a past to talk about like their *mamans*!

"*Mon Dieu!* how long ago that is! It seems like another life."

"And Marie the first one married!"

"Well, Marie, I give it to you with all my heart." (Meaning the honor.) And they all kissed her again to affirm the sentiment unanimously.

"And he is so handsome, *chère*."

"And *distingué*."

"And such good family."

"Oh, he has everything, everything."

"Was it a Novena, Marie?"

"Or our Lady of Lourdes?"

"St. Roch?"

"St. Roch! bah! he is old."

"*Ma chère*, they tell me there is a place down town, way down town, where you can obtain anything, absolutely anything."

"If it had not been for that pretty toilette at Madame Fleurissant's ball!"

"That was the first time you saw him, *hein*, Marie!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" in chorus at her assent.

"I told *maman* my dress was hideous there."

"I will never get married, I'm sure."

"Nor I either, I never had any luck."

"If I do not get married, I do not want to live."

"Nor I, *chérie*, candidly."

"Not to get married, is to confess one's self simply a—a *Gorgon*."

"But it's a woman's vocation! What must she do else?"

"My *maman* was married at sixteen."

"And my *grandmaman* at fourteen."

"Ah, but times were different then!"

"Women had more chance."

"And men less egotism."

"Frankly, I find men insipid."

This was too obvious an insincerity to be taken seriously; even the bride laughed.

"But we must not stay all day!"

"Yes, *chérie*, we must leave you."

"*Adieu!*"

"*Au revoir !*"

"*Courage !*"

"We will pray for you !"

They closed the door, and went down the stairs to the corridor.

"But you know, she is a brunette, and he is a *brun*."

"He should have been blond."

"Brown and brown, that is bad."

"Every one ought to marry her opposite."

"I adore blondes ; they look so cold."

"No, according to me ; dark eyes and light hair."

"Blue eyes and black hair, that is my type."

"And tall, tall, tall."

"Oh, I hope the good God will send me a *fiancé !*"

"*Ouf !* how dark the parlors look !"

"They sign the contract of marriage at three o'clock."

"I hear the old Madame Montyon gives handsomely."

"On the contrary, I heard not a cent."

"But what will Charles do for a living ?"

"And she has nothing."

"Not a cent."

Vestiges of winter were still lurking in the damp, stone-paved corridor, chilling them a little before they got into the bright street, where a summer sun shone all the year round. And the chill remained a while in their hearts as they walked away ; for beauty and youth were the only dower of most of them, and both were fragile ; and one year already had passed over their maturity, and patience is not a creole virtue. Their aspirations were not high nor many, so disappointment need only come in one form to be effectual.

The young girl who was so soon to be a bride sat alone in her room, in the isolation of retreat which custom recognizes as salutary, if not needful. Alone, yet not entirely alone, for she had the spiritual companionship which comes in the solemn moments of life to the pure in heart, and permits them while on earth to feel, if not to see, God. A week ago she had passed her eighteenth birthday. Only eighteen anniversaries since her birth ! It was little to form a separation from then and now. Looking back, she saw them rising, an ascending plane of mental and physical growth, until they culminated three months ago. That date had changed her ; she was a woman now. Over her face had fallen the dignity which, over faces of her type, falls without crepuscular interlude, severing them from childhood as from

a day that is past. Her dreaming eyes, wakened to look on life itself, not illusions fed by the imagination, were beginning to fill with women's wares, all on top and exposed, as good women's wares are, for the world to see. The inchoate sentiments that held the mouth in vacillation were gone, the lips that had said "I love," had found their character and expression. But the body was still in arrears, still hesitating over the sure profit of a change, receiving from the long, thin, white gown the curves and mouldings it should have contributed.

She walked across the room to where the usual pictures of devotion hung on the walls. They had answered their purpose in her life and were beginning to be useless. Her religion was not to be fed by symbols, but to produce them. But as she looked at them, holding in her hand the little, worn prayer-book that had once belonged to her mother, they helped her to span the interval that separated her from her dead parents, those absent guests represented only by proxies at all the feasts of her life. Her mother had once stood this way in bridal dress, waiting for him who was to become her husband and Marie's father. The virgins and sainted women from across their centuries brought the thought of the immensity of eternity and woman's vocation in it. Her heart throbbed and expanded under her novitiate's dress, she soared higher and higher in thought, she touched immortality in vision. God had carried her, an infant, through bloodshed, revolution, and disaster, and brought a heart for her heart, from the unknown distance, across an ocean! He had deprived her in youth, and hoarded up the privations for a dower of love on her wedding day!

Marcélite entered the room and stood silently waiting, looking, thinking how best to carry out her intentions. "Mam'zelle Marie!" She did not speak as the authoritative nurse to her charge, but as the humble servant of a future madame.

"Oh, Marcélite! the thoughts, the thoughts one has!" It was so good to lay her head once more on the shoulder that had cradled her, a baby! So good to feel that hand caressing her as it had caressed her all through life. For a moment she had felt strange and lonely in the glimpse of a new, foreign life.

"*Bébé! Bébé!*" was all the woman could say. If she had been educated, if she had been white! Her own marriage in the far-off days of slavery, what a thing it had been! Not to be mentioned, not to be thought of before her white child-bride.

"Marcélite, do you think he loves me as much as I love him?" A question of supreme importance requiring a long, rambling, but never-ending answer.

"Because, Marcélite, what do you do in life when the one you love does not love you?"

Although no one in the city, a city of intrigue, knew better than the hair-dresser, she had nothing to say.

"Marcélite, did my *maman* look like me as a bride? And my papa, was he like Charles?"

"*Bébé, Zozo!*" Could human beings ever unite the beauties and excellencies painted by the fluent tongue, or eloquence stray farther beyond the boundaries of truth?

"Their pictures are there on the walls of the house, there on the plantation, their books, their furniture . . ."

Pictures of what had been a pictureless ideal to her; her orphan conception of parents was no better than the blind one's conception of sight.

"One of these days, Marcélite, you and I, we will slip away from home—oh, Charles shall not prevent me! We will travel to that plantation, we will walk through the fields, slowly, easily; we will come to the gardens; we will go through them slowly, easily; you will be my guide; we will creep to the house, we will peep through the shutters and quick! quick! you will point out the place where those pictures are. Heaven! if I do not die in that moment, I will tear open the doors, I will rush in! If there should be dogs about! I hope there will be no dogs . . ."

She stopped suddenly. As if it were true, all this? As if the nurse would not destroy a world to please her, or fabricate one to delude her into security? She knew the woman and the extravagances of her heart. Almost, almost she felt as if she could give up her bridegroom that it might be true, Marcélite's story; her bridegroom, and all the love that dazzled around her future like an aureole.

"But what a toilette! What elegance! I never saw you look so fine in my life before! No, stand still! Let me look at you!" She walked round and round the nurse. In truth calico skirts could not stand out more stiffly, nor a bandanna be tied into more bows and knots. Simply to look at the new silk apron made it rustle.

"What is that you have in your hand? For me?"

"*Bébé*, you will hide it in your drawer. You will not look at it, not yet; to-morrow, next day?"

"*Par exemple*, I am not to look at anything to-day, it seems! Well, you for one! You reckon without my curiosity."

She laughed as she snatched a package out of the nurse's hands. She had never laughed so easily, so merrily in her life. It was like the laugh of her old school companions, and sounded novel and charming in her own ears.

"*Fifine*, *Loulou*, *Tetelle*, all said the same thing. It is too absurd!"

"*Zozo*! To-morrow or next day."

"Bah! I am going to do as I please. I am going to open this. I am going to open them all, right now. You need not think I do not know what it is! It is my present, my wedding present from you. And I have been expecting it all day, and I knew you were going to keep it till the last minute! *Là*! Madame *Marcélite* always takes her time! Madame *Marcélite* must always produce her effect! Ah, I know you, you ogre!" And she stopped again to pass her hands affectionately over the nurse's shoulders, which stood out like feather pillows.

"Now we will see what it is? A box, a work-box, a beautiful *nécessaire* . . . Thimble, see! it fits. Needles, scissors, thread. . . . Evidently I am to do my own sewing in future. No more *Marcélite* to darn, no more *Marcélite* to mend. And another compartment underneath! A . . . h!"

The little compartment underneath was filled with gold dollars. At first one would have thought it jewelry. The nurse started more violently at the discovery than the young lady.

"It is what I have saved for you, *Bébé*! for your wedding day, ever since you were born, ever since your *maman* gave you to me."

Looking at the face before her, she tested another argument.

"It was your own time, *Bébé*; I belonged to you, you have a right to it. Who made me your slave? God. Who made me free, *hein*?"

The girl looked at the box in her hand, stolidly, mechanically.

It seemed impossible for the quadroon's voice to become more humble, more pleading, but the words that followed proved that it could.

"*Zozo*! You don't mind taking it from me, from your *Marcélite*, your nurse, your own negro. No one will ever know it! I

swear before God, no one will ever know it! *Bébé*, you must have a little money, just for yourself—when you get married you don't know. You see, *Bébé*, they are strangers, they are not us, they are not *Marcélite*, they are not you. I could have bought you something, but I wanted you to have some money, some *picayunes* of your own."

It was hard to understand that the softness of her breath, the strength of her arms, the activity of her feet, the chained freedom of her whole life could be accepted without dishonor, and not the money value in coin; hard for the girl to understand it, too. Her past life of unconscious dependence rose before her, humiliating, degrading her. Tears of mortification came into her eyes; the bright beautiful day was tarnished.

"Only for the first few days, *Bébé*; after that you won't mind taking their money. What use have I got for it? I've got no parents, I've got no children, only you! They mustn't say you came to them without a *picayune*; with only your clothes in a bundle, like a poor unknown! Who must I give it to, if not to you? To negroes? You think I am going to work for negroes, eh?"

There was something else in marriage than love? There were distinctions. She had no money, that made a difference! She was to take this, acquiesce in what conscience, tradition, forbade, receive money from a negro woman rather than her husband—for the first few days. . . .

Gauging effect on the face of Marie, *Marcélite* saw that she was misunderstood, felt that she had blundered. She had come to the end of her argument with her cause lost.

"You won't take it! You are going to refuse it! You despise it! I know, I know, it's because I am black, it's because I am a negro!" She closed her eyes over the tears, and her mouth over the sobs that shook inside her huge frame. It had escaped her, the first confession of the galling drop in her heart. Gay, *insouciant*, impudent, she had worn her color like a travesty—who would have suspected her!

"*Marcélite*! *Marcélite*! You must not talk that way! See, I take it, I take it thankfully! Have I not taken everything from you? You do me injustice."

But it came too late to appease. The woman shook her head, flinging the tears savagely from her eyes.

"No! No! Throw it away! Pitch it out of the window!

They have money, the Montyons have plenty of money. Everything I do goes wrong; no one helps me. Even God will not help a negro!"

There was a rustling of skirts in the hall outside, a tap at the door.

"Tante Eugénie!" exclaimed the girl joyfully. "She will see it! She will thank you too!" She bounded forward with the open box.

"Let her know you take money from me! *Non! Non!*" In an instant the situation was reversed. With an adroit movement of the hand the quadron possessed herself of the box and hid it, as Madame Goupilleau entered the room; effacing magically all trace of emotion except in her eyes, in whose depths feeling seemed to surge and roll like the billows of the sea after the storm has passed.

"It is time, *mignonne!* Come! They are going to sign the contract now. Oh, you will understand all about it when you hear it. It is long, and *ma foi!* perfectly incomprehensible. It is in my head in such confusion! Marcélite, my good woman, go down-stairs to the office and ask the young gentlemen who are to serve as witnesses to have the kindness to ascend to the parlor."

Monsieur Goupilleau, the notary, was closeted in his private office with Mr. Morris Frank. They had been together the entire morning in an interview which was the résumé of a month's correspondence and a week's personal intercourse. The notary, glancing at his watch between sentences, saw that economy of words must be practised to conclude within the appointed time; his face was grave at the reflection of his miscalculation; perhaps a day or two more would have saved him the disappointment of his scheme and still rendered feasible his "*coup de théâtre,*" as he called it to himself.

The young German's face was grave also, graver than the notary's. It was a summary proceeding, this thrusting not only a plantation in the balance, but, gently as the notary put it, a father's reputation also. If his father had only lived one year longer to answer and act in his own defence! In embarrassment of manner and words the young man had repeated over and over again:

"Monsieur, I assure you, you do not know my father. He never made a mistake in his life."

The notary, whose profession was officially to prevent the deprecations of friends and relations upon each other, replied less as a notary than as a Frenchman :

"Monsieur, a father never makes mistakes to a son such as you are."

It was a cruel predicament. The notary held a letter in his hand ; continually referring to it with his eyes, he continually forbore reading it aloud.

"To acknowledge what you wish, criminales my father."

"Restitution is all that could vindicate him."

"There must be some law, some . . ."

"She is a young girl, an orphan. You a man, strong . . ."

A desperate last hope, and the swiftly passing time, impelled the notary to seek this adjunct to his legal argument.

"A donation?" the young man asked eagerly.

"No, sir." Monsieur Goupilleau drew himself up haughtily. "Restitution."

Armed with decision Monsieur Goupilleau began to read the letter in his hand, fixing his eyes resolutely on the paper, and throwing his voice into the official tone of indifference to human interests, sentiments, and affections which is the mode of conveyance of notarial communications.

"You ask me . . ."

"You have already consulted a lawyer! I thought it was understood between us . . ."

"I have sought legal advice in a supposititious case, from an unquestioned authority," giving the source. "As you will see, no names have been mentioned." Proceeding with the letter: "You ask me, 'Would it be possible, the owners of a plantation dying, both husband and wife, the first year of the war, and the nurse running away with the only heir, an infant—that the overseer of the plantation could obtain possession of the property and retain it, unmolested, unquestioned, for seventeen years?' I answer, he could, by chicanery and rascality . . ."

"Sir! Sir!" The young man rose excitedly from his seat.

". . . If he knew the child was alive. Suppose at the commencement of the war the owners of the plantation were in debt to the overseer, say for wages, the salary of a year or more. Overseers often preferred letting their salaries accumulate before drawing them. The husband enlists, leaving the plantation in charge of the overseer,

a most natural arrangement. You say he is killed, the wife dies; the nurse disappears with the baby. New Orleans was captured in 1862. A United States District Court was established, having jurisdiction of the captured territory below the mouth of the Red River. Now, the overseer by going down to the city, if the plantation was in this territory—the Parish of St. James, as you are aware, Monsieur Frank, is within it—by going down to the city and giving information that the owner of the plantation was a rebel, an officer in the army; concealing the fact that he was dead . . .”

“Monsieur, I cannot! I refuse to listen!” Morris Frank’s face was red with anger, his eyes moist with feeling.

The notary continued, slightly hurrying his words: “Could have the property seized, condemned as the property of a rebel, purchase it himself at the confiscation sale, paying a nominal price, say five thousand dollars, for it, which five thousand he would not pay in cash, but claim as a privileged debt the amount actually due, and make up the balance of the price by charges for overseeing, up to the date of proceedings. He could thus hold the plantation under an apparently legal title. No one but a child could contest.”

“And the young lady?”

The notary’s time was up. He was overdue up-stairs with the contract.

“That point, I thought, was settled yesterday,” said he curtly. “Now, I must bid you good-day.” He paused at the door; another thought came into his brain. For an instant he was embarrassed, undecided, then, dismissing his official character and simply, as an old gentleman with infinite worldly knowledge and infinite human sympathy, he laid his hand on the young man’s shoulder: “My friend, reflect for an instant what the condition of the South would be at this moment were such titles as yours to property good; and,” his voice sinking with feeling, “thank God that by the Constitution of the United States, no attainder of treason can work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted. Children *here* are not punishable for the offence of an ancestor,” at a bitter recollection of his own family history; “and,” with a pressure of the sensitive fingers, “my boy, remember restitution involves no confession. Fathers are but human beings like ourselves; when they die, the best thing we can do is to act for them as we wish they might have acted.”

Mr. Frank also left the private office, but he halted in the next room, sat down at a desk, and pondered.

"Sir, I assure you; you do not know my father. He never made a mistake in his life. He was a man of unquestioned integrity." He repeated the words over and over again, as if the notary still could hear them.

Reared in the strictest of ecclesiastical colleges, where credulity had been assiduously fostered and simplicity preserved, his youth was passed in a calm world of perfect submission and perfect trust. In his uncritical mind the visible and invisible world rested on one vast quiescent pillow of faith. His father, his mother, his plantation; as well question the saints, miracles, heaven!

The clerks from their desks looked furtively at him as he buried his face in his hands, the face of a man in helpless anxiety of mind. He had come to the city only three months ago in a vague search for some unknown pleasure which his swelling manhood craved. A pleasure not to be found on the plantation, in the green fields under the blue sky, not in the morning *reveille* to duty, nor in the tired languor of the welcome curfew. Pleasure, which parsimony had banished from his parents' lives, had descended to him intact, principal and interest, with the inheritance to buy it; a heritage to spend and a heritage to gratify. The beautiful young girls at that Fleurissant ball! His life had never contained a ball nor a young girl before. Oh, the plainest one there would have been a queen in his home! a *houri* in his heart! His home! Which home? The little white-washed cabin near the sugar-house, where the sows littered under the gallery and the mules galloped by on their way to the stables? The home of his birth, the despised overseer's house exhaling menace, inhaling hatred; or the other home, the home to which he returned from college, the master's residence, the beautiful home which his father had bought for him, with pictures and books, glass and silver, carved furniture and silken hangings? "By chicanery and rascality!"

He had lived in the house, slept in the beds, studied the books. And the pictures—ah, nature had given him such sordid, homely parents! He had idolized these pictured ladies and gentlemen. In adoration he had tried to fit himself, not for heaven, but for them. He had tilled the fields as their successor, maintained the manor as their heir. "I assure you, there must be some mistake, my father was a man of integrity." If he had not integrity,

what had he? Could he, the son, have lived in that house else? And his father and mother both slept in the cemetery of these people, these Mottes!

Ideals of marriage had come to him during the long evenings in the quiet house. In fancy he had often led a bride across the threshold of it, a black-eyed, black-haired bride, like the black-eyed, black-haired women in the pictures; and imagination had gone still further beyond, into those far-off dreams that lure the lonely into domesticity. The tears wet his fingers at the recollection of them. Could his father have known of the existence of the child? That was all the question now. The plantation and all the money in bank were a cheap price to pay for the redeeming answer.

Searching wearily among the commonplace incidents of his child-life for some saving memory which would give testimony in favor of the dead as one turns and overturns domestic articles in search of a lost jewel, the figure of a quadroon woman came suddenly to remembrance, clear and distinct; as clearly and distinctly as her voice now sounded in the door-way.

"Monsieur requests the presence of the gentlemen who are to act as witnesses."

Two of the young clerks, in gala dress, who had been scratching their pens sedulously in feigned indifference to the honor, rose with alacrity.

This was the woman who had run away with the child! Morris Frank arrested her, seized her by the wrist, and drew her in through the door of the back office. With an old instinct of fear she resisted and struggled. His father, the overseer, had not handled her color too softly.

"For God's sake let me go! What do you want? I haven't done anything!" she cried.

"Tell me, tell me the truth, about that child! about that baby!"

He questioned, he cross-questioned, he twisted and turned her answers.

"As there is a God in heaven, it's the truth! As the blessed Virgin hears me, it's the truth! Ask Monsieur Goupilleau, ask the priest, ask old Uncle Ursin on the plantation, they all know it! Mr. Frank, Mr. Morris, you are not going to harm her! I kept it from you, I would have died before you found it out from me! She doesn't know it! No one knows it!"

The same old terror of causeless violence that had made her a fugitive eighteen years ago possessed her again, sweeping away reason and presence of mind, making her dread, with barbarous anticipations of ferocity which had survived civilization in her, as immanent to the child the tragic fate of the parents.

"You swear it is the truth?"

"On the cross, on the blessed Virgin, on the Saviour. . . ."
All that was sacred in her religion, all that was terrific in her superstition, she invoked with unhesitating tongue to attest a veracity impugned with her race by custom and tradition.

It is not pleasant reading, a marriage contract. Stipulations in one clause, counter-stipulations in another; so much money here, so much money there, distrust of the contracting parties, distrust of the relatives, distrust of the unsophisticated goodness of God himself, who had trammels of every notarial variety thrown across any future development of trust and confidence. There were provisions against fraud, deception, indebtedness; provisions against change, indifference, enmity, death, remarriage, against improper alliances of unborn daughters, against dissipation and extravagance of unborn sons; provisions for everything but the continuance of the love which had waxed and grown to the inevitable conclusion of marriage.

It was a triumph of astuteness on the part of old Madame Montyon. She sat on the sofa nodding her head and her purple-flowered bonnet, at each clause repeating the words after Monsieur Goupilleau with great satisfaction.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" Mademoiselle Angely sighed at the end of it, not knowing anything more appropriate to do or to say.

"Those marriage contracts! they are all against the women, the poor women. That is the way with Eugénie there. Old Lareveillère made a marriage contract against her; she had nothing, and all her life there he has held her." Tante Pauline pressed her right thumb expressively against the palm of her left hand.

"At the last moment I thought," said Madame Montyon to herself, "that Goupilleau would have given her something, but that was not like a notary, nor a Goupilleau."

"If I had succeeded in my plans," thought Monsieur Goupilleau, "the favor would have been all the other way."

"*Pauvre petite chatte*," thought his wife, as a last resource of consolation, "at least her children will be secure."

"We will now sign it," said the notary.

"But I must go for the bride," prompted his wife.

They seemed to have forgotten her completely in their excitement over the settlement of so much property and money; both her and the young man who stood unheeded, unconsulted, in the corner of the room; his own insignificant personal capital of youth, hope, strength, love, honor, ambition, unmentioned in the elaborate catalogue prepared by the step-mother. It was all valueless as an endowment. Like an automaton he had been provided for and given over to his childish foible for a wife.

The noise of the street invaded the parlors, but genteelly and discreetly sifted of impurity by the fine lace curtains at the end windows of the long, narrow room. The half-closed shutters gave oblique views of the gallery, with its iron balustrade and canopy, and rows of plants thriving luxuriously, with only contracted pots for root, but the whole blue heavens for foliage. There reigned the gentle obscurity which the people of the climate affect, an obscurity which flatters rather than conceals the physiognomy, and tones the voices in soft creole modulations. The green-glazed marine monsters of a tall Palissy vase collected the few entering rays of light, and rose, a beacon, over an invisible centre-table, which carried an indistinct collection of velvet-cased miniatures, ivory carvings, Bohemian glasses, and other small objects which in Monsieur Goupilleau's days of extravagance gratified the taste for bric-à-brac.

There was a lull in the conversation. The occupants of the chairs and sofas devoted themselves to their fans and handkerchiefs, or put on eye-glasses to solve the enigmatical pictures hanging in oblivion; within gilt frames, on the walls. The moments of Madame Goupilleau's absence passed slow, dry, and detached. What was said was hurried, indifferent, in an undertone, mere packing-paper to fill up space, each volunteer fearing to be caught with a truncated word or an unfinished smile on the lips, and the women, of course, alone risking it.

"Eugénie's rooms are really beautiful!"

"Can you see what that is in the corner?"

"An *étagère*."

"Ah!"

"Who is that old skeleton?"

"Armand Goupilleau's confidential clerk!"

"Ah!"

"He will have to read the contract all over again!"

"Of course; the bride did not hear it!"

"I give them six months after the old lady's death to break it!"

"H'sh! she'll hear you, Pauline!"

"*Tant pis!*"

"Here they are!"

"H'sh! they are going to begin!"

"*Mon Dieu.* What a glare!"

"It is barbarous!"

Monsieur Goupilleau's confidential clerk was to repeat the deed, an old man with sight almost beyond recall of double glasses. He stood as close as possible to the coveted daylight of the outside world, against the window, holding the paper as close to his eyes as his long thin nose would permit; it was still too far off for smooth reading. Profiting by the confusion succeeding the entrance, he slyly laid his hand on the shutters to widen the crack of light by the merest trifle; at a touch they all fell open from top to bottom, letting the sun in like a flash of lightning, striking every one with sudden distinctness, brightening the written page into delicious legibility. Before a countermanding order could be issued, before the bride could be seated, he commenced the lecture, overriding the protests of the ladies with his unhuman mechanical voice, cracked by use, ignoring the opened fans used as screens against his end of the room.

The young girl stood where she was. The sun falling across her head increased the fairness of her face and the blackness of her hair. She held her hands clasped before her, and seemed with eyes as well as ears listening to the terms on which she was to be admitted to the profession of her love. In the last hours of her innocent, unconscious girlhood she was pathetic, pitiful to the women. The men, at sight of her, felt a stirring in their hearts; and conscience or the eyes of the married women resurrected a primitive, latent, effete distrust of themselves, a remorseful sense of unworthiness as conceded possessors of the other sex.

After the reading had ended, Marie Modeste still listened and thought, trying to make her head speak as distinctly as her heart had done.

"You will have the kindness to sign your name here, mademoi-

selle," said the old clerk, delighted with his evolution and the fluency of his rendition of the contract.

The young men from the office pressed forward alertly under fear of the awful possibility of being overlooked. The ladies and gentlemen rose from their seats, and all advanced toward the centre-table, where a space was being cleared for the signing.

The young girl took the pen, which had been dipped in ink, and waited for the papers to be straightened out and pressed flat.

"Here, on this line, mademoiselle." She placed her hand where he pointed, and bent over.

"No! no!" she cried, straightening herself, holding the document in her hand. Her face became red as she heard her weak, thin voice trying to raise and steady itself to audibility in the room full of strange faces.

"No! no! I cannot sign it! I will not sign it! I do not wish it! I refuse! I give nothing, I will take nothing! Nothing!"

She forced her lips, trembling convulsively, to utter what her voice was resolutely proclaiming in her breast.

"I give nothing but love! I want nothing but love," and the elaborate act, the notarial work of a week, fell in long thin strips to the floor.

There was a sudden decline in the value of bonds and stocks and landed investments. Madame Montyon's hillock of gold disappeared for once from before her eyes, leaving them staring at blank poverty.

"*Tu Dieu! Tu Dieu!*" she swore, in her unwhisperable voice.

"The marriage broken! Ah, I knew it!" exclaimed Tante Pauline.

"Eugénie! Eugénie!" Mademoiselle Aurore Angely pulled Madame Goupilleau's gown. "But look at them! Stop them! It is not proper! It is not *convenable!*"

It was against all etiquette, which had held him in strict quarantine for twenty-four hours; but the young groom broke from his corner and his passiveness as unrestrained as if the wedding were past and not to come, and his bride received him as if she had all the money in the world and he not a cent, and their embrace made all hearts and lips envious.

Mademoiselle Angely would have had to acknowledge at the confessional that it was not so much because it was shocking as because it was a sin, that she felt forced to turn her back on them.

The officious young witnesses sprang to the floor to gather up the fragments of the contract.

The confidential clerk, as deaf as he was blind, and equally conscientious, after showing the place on the document and giving the pen, was intent only upon closing the shutters as he had found them, and as slyly. The room passed again, without warning, into darkness, granting, until the eyes accommodated themselves to it, momentary shelter to the lovers and relief to the spectators.

"Ah! she's a fool all the same," Tante Pauline found time to say.

"Come!" said Morris Frank, "take me up there! Instantly!"

Grasping the quadroom by the wrist, he followed up the stairs, through the hall, into a dark room, separated by a *portière* from the parlor. Pushing aside the faded red and yellow damask, he stood, hearing, seeing all. The flesh and blood, the face, of his pictured hosts in the old plantation home! What did she need more than love for a dower? What other capital did he need more than the strength of the arms that clasped her? They would despise him, insult him, condemn his father, vilify his memory. The usurper of a home!

"Speak, speak, for God's sake, speak!" whispered Marcélite at his side. She was afraid he would change his mind.

He had dreamed and basked under the eyes of her kindred, while she had been the *protégée* of a negro woman! Oh, the years beyond recall!

Would they dig up his father and mother and cast them out of the pilfered grave?

Her father and mother, where were they buried? What would he do with himself without a home, without a plantation, without a profession, without, yes, without a reputation?

"Speak! Speak!" muttered Marcélite.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" No, they had nothing to do with it. "Mademoiselle!" He crossed the room, pushing aside those in his way; if they had been alone he would have knelt to her.

"Mademoiselle! It is all there waiting for you, ready for you; your plantation, your servants, your home, the pictures, the books, the silver; there, just as your father left them to go to war, just as your mother left them to fly to her death. Let me make restitution, let me make atonement; but oh! let me implore for the dead! . . .

My father!" He looked so tall in the midst of them; in his emotion, his stiff, awkward language, so boyish! His ingenuous eyes were fixed on her face in simple, earnest, humble devotion, as many an evening he had fixed them on the portraits at home.

With swift, sure impulse the quadroon woman put herself before him, took the words from his mouth, crazy as she was at the moment.

"It was my fault, monsieur!" to Monsieur Goupilleau. "He did not know it! His father did not know it! I swear that old Monsieur Frank did not know it! I sent word myself that the baby was dead. Old Uncle Ursin knows it's the truth; ask him. Monsieur Frank sent him to me. I made him lie. My God! I didn't know any better. I thought the Yankees would kill her too!"

Was it truth, or falsehood? There was no one to certify or convict. Old Uncle Ursin? He had been found dead in his bed before Morris Frank left the plantation.

"It is all there, and in bank." The bank-book was in his pocket; he got it, handed it to Monsieur Goupilleau. "You will find the amount. . . ."

He mentioned it quite simply and naturally, the amount which year after year had been growing in the bank, the result of many a day's hard work; the savings from a life's self-denial and parsimony. It was a fortune to astonish the little room, to strike even the women dumb. He thanked Heaven as he mentioned it, the spendings had been trivial.

"I never suspected it, I grew up unconscious of it. The woman, Marcélite, saw me at the ball, she told Monsieur Goupilleau. Mademoiselle, your marriage contract would have been different if, if I . . ."

But Monsieur Goupilleau would not allow any more explanations. It was a *coup de théâtre* after his own heart, voluntary restitution, no lawsuit, no revelations. He could not improve it with any additions, any commendations of his own, for his voice in the general hubbub deserted him, his eyes blinded his spectacles, and, Frenchman as he was, if he could have been granted a son then and there, it would have been the young German, the overseer's boy, he would have chosen—as he told him over and over again.

"It is she who is too good for him now," whispered Tante Pauline to Mademoiselle Aurore.

"*Hein!* She is a *partie* after all!" Madame Montyon felt elated,

for she flattered herself that her determination had forced the hand of Providence. "I am going to have an angel for a daughter-in-law."

"Félix! Félix!" Mademoiselle Aurore clasped her hands. "What can you say now against the good God? That superb plantation in St. James!" For the plantation was known all up and down the coast, and the fame of the Frank management was a State affair.

"*Bébé! Zozo! Mam'zelle Marie!* To go back! To see it all! The pictures! The books! The furniture! You didn't believe me! You thought I was lying. . . ."

"That quadrone will raise the roof off the house," said Tante Pauline; "when they commence there is no stopping them."

"Monsieur Morris," Marcélite threw herself before him. "Let me work for you, let me be your slave. . . ."

"*Mignonne! Mignonne!*" expostulated Madame Goupilleau. "You must not cry so, even for happiness! It is true, my child, it is all true! Do you not hear Charles, Armand, all of them? *Enfin*, Marcélite, control yourself! You are exciting the child with your screaming. *Non, monsieur*," to Charles; "to-day she is still mine, to-morrow I will not dispute her with you. Armand!" to her husband, "send them all away, get rid of them. My friend, we must have some repose before the ceremony."

"Well, Goupilleau," said the old lady, "we are to have all our trouble over again!"

"Of course, madame! Of course! The young lady's interests must now be protected." He stumbled against Marcélite. "*Hé!* My good woman! My *good* woman!" He raised her from the floor and held both her hands. "He could not have done it better himself, your Monsieur Motte!"

GRACE KING.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY.*

WE were glad when we heard of a journal of psychology being about to be issued in America ; but the first number of the new periodical is a disappointment.

Psychology is the science of the *psyche* or soul. This may be studied in two ways. We have a direct means of knowing the soul. We know it by the inner sense ; that is, by self-consciousness, just as we know matter by the external senses. It is thus we know our perceptions, our recollections, our imaginings, our decisions, our discernment of the distinction between good and evil, our qualms of conscience, our affections, our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, purposes and volitions. These are among the principal qualities of the *psyche*. They cannot be seen by the microscope, or measured with the tape, and yet they can be carefully observed. They can be classified. Distinctions can be drawn between them—say between the understanding and the feelings. Their sphere and mode of action, in short, their laws, can be, indeed have been, approximately determined. When this is done we have a science of psychology, which has existed since the days of Aristotle. This science has been taught in nearly all our American colleges, greatly to the benefit of our young men, who have thereby learned to know themselves, and to rise upward to a knowledge of Deity and of duty. This has saved America from materialism, with its debasing tendencies.

The *psyche* may be studied in another way, in its environment, on which it is largely dependent, especially by observing and experimenting on the brain and nerves. It is an advantage of this method that instruments can be employed and numerical results reached. It has nearly reached the rank of a science ; it certainly proceeds scientifically. It is called physiological psychology, some of its followers giving the larger place to the physiology, and others to the psychology. It has discovered a number of curious and a few important truths, and promises to find more. There have been more or less of such investigations in all the leading treatises on psychology, as, for instance, in those of Aristotle, of Reid, and of Hamilton. But of late years a more systematic attempt has been made, with con-

* *The American Journal of Psychology*, edited by G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in the Johns Hopkins University. Vol. I., No. 1. Baltimore, November, 1887 : N. Murray.

siderable success, to construct a science of the physics of psychology. Now we hold, and are able to prove, that these two should not be divorced, but kept in happy marriage-union. Light may be thrown on the workings of the soul, on the emotions, for instance, by the study of the producing or concurrent bodily affections. But the study of the body, of the brain and nerves, can never reach the self-conscious mind, with its tender or torturing feelings, its ideas of good and evil, and its free will. On the contrary, if pursued in an exclusive spirit, it may carry us away from such knowledge, and produce a materialistic spirit, by calling attention to, and dwelling upon, mere bodily accessories.

Now, this is the objection to this new American journal. It can see nothing outside of its own chosen field of research. Its tendencies are most clearly revealed in a depreciatory review of Doctor McCosh's *Psychology: the Cognitive Powers*, a work extensively used as a text-book in this and foreign countries, but which the new organ would set aside in favor of works in which there is some good physiology but very little true psychology. The article opens with some compliments to Doctor McCosh by a professedly friendly critic; but they are not calculated to raise him or his works in the estimation of the readers of the *Journal*. They are merely introductory to certain criticisms which it is not difficult to meet.

1. "Judged from a scientific stand-point, little that is good can be said of the book." By scientific stand-point, the review means simply physiological stand-point; in his narrowness of vision he can see no other; being one-eyed, he cannot see both sides of the truth. He would not allow it to be science, when Aristotle gives us the laws of association, points out the difference between memory and reminiscence, and announces the laws of reasoning; or when Doctor McCosh explains the nature of the mental image or phantasm, shows what influence the law of mental energy has on our associations, gives a good classification of the relations which the mind can discover, makes an analysis of the emotions, unfolds the laws of conscience, and points out important distinctions in the exercises of the will. All this is not science. In the leading article of the number on "The Normal Knee-Jerk," consisting of forty-seven pages, it is shown that the knee-jerk is modified before breakfast and after breakfast, before dinner and after dinner; and this is called science. We admit it, but term it physiological, not psychological science; while the *Journal* would not admit that Bishop Butler is scientific when he shows that conscience claims a supremacy over the affections and the passions.

2. Doctor McCosh is charged with inconsistency in standing up for the psychology of consciousness, and yet introducing a considerable body of facts bearing on the influence of body on mind. Doctor McCosh, in fact, claims that the soul must be studied mainly by self-consciousness, but delights to say that this may be greatly aided by the study of our nervous organism, and adduces as many facts on this subject as can well be pressed into a text-book on psychology.

3. It is charged that Doctor McCosh has failed "to profit from both Greek and German philosophy." Over against this may be set the statement in a favorable review of Doctor McCosh's *Psychology* in *Mind*, October, 1887: "Throughout Doctor McCosh seeks an Aristotelian basis for his psychological position." We are disposed to think that Mr. Croom Robertson, the editor of *Mind*, has as large an acquaintance with Greek philosophy as the critic of the new *American Journal*. All Doctor McCosh's pupils know how enthusiastically he expounds Plato in his college classes, and the readers of his works are aware how often he appeals to the grand ideas of Plato. We will rejoice to find the *Journal* making a better use of the Greek philosophy. From the Stoic philosophy Doctor McCosh has taken some important views as to the place which the "idea" has in emotion, and the difference between the phantasm and the concept.

4. The critic, referring to Kant, speaks of him as an author whom Doctor McCosh "cannot abide." Now, Doctor McCosh has declared of Kant (*Realistic Philosophy*, vol. ii., p. 195): "I place him on the same high level with Plato and Aristotle in ancient times, and as Bacon and Descartes, Locke and Leibnitz, Reid and Hamilton, in modern times," and goes on specifying his excellencies for two pages. In particular he everywhere commends Kant's à priori principles and his ethical theory. It is to be hoped that the new *Journal* will make a like use of Kant. As to Hegel, Doctor McCosh probably understands him quite as well as his critics. Hegel is good or evil, according as he is used; good, if his higher philosophy is taken; a *mess of pottage*, as the poet Heine expresses it, if his pantheism is carried out to its consequences. It is well known that one of the purposes of Doctor McCosh's teaching is to counteract some of the principles of Kant and the German philosophy; especially in opposition to its critical method, when it maintains that the mind begins with phenomena (appearances) instead of things, and makes our knowledge consist of forms added to things by the mind. His objections have not been answered; perhaps the *Journal* may furnish the answer.

5. Doctor McCosh is represented as adding little to philosophy, beyond what the Scottish philosophy has done. The writer who makes the charge does not seem to be able to enumerate the Scottish metaphysicians in chronological order; he places Stewart and Brown before A. Smith, and misspells Mackintosh's name. Doctor McCosh differs from the Scottish school in many points, and in particular he blames them for not being thorough realists, inasmuch as they make us look at the qualities and relations of things instead of at things themselves. Surely the critic knows that Doctor McCosh professes to set up a realistic philosophy, and to call it an American philosophy. But this may possibly be a piece of presumption!

6. The critic maintains that Doctor McCosh "has not taken advantage of his great and long opportunities" to promote the real interests of religion. In consistency the *Journal* ought to show that this new psychology of nerves and brains will serve religion better than the ideas of the true, the

beautiful, the good, and the infinite, which Doctor McCosh has found in the soul, and been bringing before our young men, with the view of refining and elevating them.

The critic treats Professor Bowne's *Introduction to Psychological Theory* very much as he does Doctor McCosh's work. He comments favorably on Professor Ladd's very excellent work, *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, but takes care to find fault with one of its highest excellencies, the author's belief in and defence of "the reality of the thinking ego," and of the importance of self-consciousness. This indicates more than is expressed.

Why should there be strife between a psychology of self-consciousness and a psychology of the nervous organism, if both correctly state the facts? If an attempt is made to cast out the philosophy of consciousness from our colleges and to substitute a mere philosophy of the senses, a combined effort must be made to resist it as tending to lower American ideas, beliefs, and character.

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

THE dullest man can be entertaining when he talks shop, and the profit which the younger Pliny found even in bad books generally, is sure to exist somewhere in the dullest and poorest of books about books. Mr. Lang cannot be dull if he tries; and, as a bookman who knows books thoroughly, his *Books and Bookmen* will appeal to all book-lovers; particularly in the pathetic prefatory note in which he pretends that it is the swan-song of a book-hunter who can hunt books no more. Mr. Lang finds, as so many of his fellow-sportsmen have found, that the game has grown scarce. The preserves are for the rich, the open country containing nothing but tough old birds of no value, or tame young fowl, which any poulterer will freely supply for twenty per cent. off. It is all very well, however, for the man who is on terms of one-sided epistolary intimacy with the defunct book-makers of half an hundred generations, to talk about playing the swan, and dying in music, without old books. He will find himself in a very Wrong Paradise indeed if it contain no book-stalls, luring him with cheap Elzevirs; if he can no longer talk, and think, and buy morocco, or tooling, or margins, or first editions, or prints in their earliest state. The book-hunter dies, he never retires voluntarily from the chase. A "black-letter" man, or a "tall-copyist," or an "uncut" man, or a "rough-edge" man, or an "Early-English dramatist," or an "Elzevirian," or a "broadsider," or a "pasquinader," or an "old-brown-calf man," or a "Grangerite," or a "tawny-moroccoite," or a "gilt-topper," or a "marble-insider," or an "*editio princeps* man," as Mr. John Hill Burton has classified them, is never thoroughly cured, either by low purses or high prices; and under no circumstances will he light his cigarette with a catalogue, as Mr. Lang claims to have done. The bibliophile who could say that could say anything, as Mr. Lang himself, in *The*

Library, asserts of Charles Lamb's pretence that he cared nothing for a first folio of Shakespeare !

Granting, therefore, that Mr. Lang's apostasy is one of his own Myths, and that he is as reliable and as enthusiastic in his *Books and Bookmen* to-day as he was in his *Library* five or six years ago, his later volume stands as the most noteworthy of books about books of the last few years. He dwells still upon the fact, so apt to be ignored by his contemporary bibliophiles, because of their lack of knowledge, that the love of books for their own sake—for their paper, print, binding—and for their associations, as distinct from the love of literature, is a stronger and more universal passion in France than elsewhere in Europe ; and he makes the delicate but shrewd distinction, that in England publishers are men of business, while in France they aspire to be artists. The English people borrow what they read from the public and private libraries, and take whatever gaudy binding chance chooses to send them ; the French people buy books, and bind them according to their heart's desire, with quaint and dainty devices on their morocco covers. Books are life-long friends in France ; in England they are the guests of a week or a fortnight ; and, if he had known this country better, he might have added that in America they are the paper-covered fellow-lodgers with whom we have but a bowing acquaintance, and whom we never care to meet again after they have left the boarding-house table.

Mr. Lang refers to a library of books about books in French ; the *Bibliophile Français*, in seven large volumes ; *Les Sonnets d'un Bibliophile* ; *La Bibliomanie en 1878* ; *Un Bouquiniste Parisien*, and almost a score of other works by such men as Janin, Nodier, Didot, Pieters, and Bennet—great collectors who have written for the edification and instruction of beginners, and the pleasure of every one who takes delight in printed paper. Nevertheless, since the time when Mr. Lang said in *The Library* that twenty books about books have been written in Paris for one published in England, this particular form of literature has become much more common in the mother-country, if not in our own. *The Bookhunter* of John Hill Burton has seen two new editions. Mr. J. Rogers Rees has published his *Pleasures of a Bookworm*, and his *Diversions of a Bookworm*. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has given to the world his *Book Fancier*. Mr. Henry Stevens has written the pamphlet, *Who Spoils Our New English Books?* and his *Recollections of James Lenox*, the latter a book not so much about books generally, as about the marvellous collection of books made by one man. Mr. Brander Matthews has written his *Home Library*, has edited his *Ballads of Books*, and has taken in Mr. Lang's own essays, finding for them that shelter over sea which book-lovers on our side of the Atlantic were so ready and so eager to grant them.

Taking for the text of his chapter on "Book-binding" the words of an unknown writer in one of Mr. Quaritch's catalogues, that books cannot live long without binding, and that it is a wise mania which impels book-lovers to deck their treasures in a costume so appropriate and so good that even

ignorance will be inclined to save the author for the sake of his robe, Mr. Lang regrets the lack of a really satisfactory history of the art of binding books ; and discourses most eloquently upon Grolier and the other immortals among the bibliopagists. Mr. Quaritch's own description of his Grolier's copy of the *Adversus Gentes*, 1465, the first dated book printed in Italy, will show the value the enthusiast puts upon the proper covering of his friends. It is bound in orange morocco, "with grand geometrical designs of interlacements tooled in broad compartments of silver, with elegant subsidiary ornaments of mosaic characters, in green, red, and gold." The fact that an Italian marquis of the seventeenth century profaned the back of this binding with his own coronet and monogram, Mr. Quaritch naturally deplures ; but he is able to add that no worm and no marquis have "invaded the beauty of the rich decorations of its sides." Mr. Blades, in his next edition, will perhaps add marquises to worms and other destructionists among *The Enemies of Books*. Dibdin devotes at least one-third of his *Biographical Decameron* to binding and binders ; and the parts the art and its representatives play in the history of books will surprise all readers who are not book-lovers or book-hunters in the proper sense of the words. The great attention given to binding in France, the comparative indifference to binding in England, and the general contempt for binding in America, serve to emphasize the distinction between the three nationalities, as bookmen, which has been noted above. The French clothe their books sumptuously, because they are their friends ; the English clothe their books in homespun, because they are simply their guests ; we, as a melancholy rule, do not clothe our books at all, because they are only transients, for whom damp sheets, and no coverlets whatever, are considered good enough.

The folio *Beaumont and Fletcher* which Charles Lamb dragged home to Islington one Saturday night, from Barker's, in Covent Garden, wishing it were ten times as cumbersome, makes its appearance on some page of every book about books written since Bridget Elia discoursed so eloquently concerning it, so many years ago ; and Mr. Rees could no more have avoided the mention of it, than Mr. Dick could have kept Charles the First out of the famous Memorial. But Mr. Rees goes farther than most bibliophiles on this subject, and traces the historical folio, which cost the Lambs the mighty sum of fifteen—or was it sixteen?—shillings, until it finds its proper resting-place in that Westminster Abbey of precious books, the Poet's Corner of the British Museum. It was "picked up" by Colonel Cunningham, accidentally, for a few shillings more than Lamb paid for it ; and at the sale of that scholar's books it went to the Museum authorities for £25.

Mr. Rees wrote his *Pleasures of a Bookworm* and his *Diversions of a Bookworm* because he could not help it, from the very love of books as books, and the very love of the bookmen whom his books bring so near to him ; and his quaintly affectionate remarks and reflections upon books and their writers are very delightful, as well as instructive. He gossips about the curiosities of books, the romance and reality of dedications, the

loved books of some other folk, the companions of the bookworm, the personality of books, and a variety of kindred subjects, in a way that never tires the book-lover, and will even excite a spirit of bibliomania in the minds of men who love not, and who know not, books ; men who cannot yet understand that tender, almost human, attachment for books which prompted Southey in his last hours to walk about his library, as Wordsworth saw him, "patting with both his hands his books affectionately, like a child." Douglas Jerrold had an almost reverential fondness for books—books themselves—and could not bear to treat them, or to see them treated, with disrespect. It gave him actual pain to find them turned on their faces, stretched open, dog's-eared, flung carelessly down, or in any way misused. And Mr. Rees and Mr. Lang and their fellow-missionaries in preaching this doctrine of respect for books—that respect without which true affection for books, or for anything else, animate or inanimate, cannot exist—are doing a noble work in a heathen community, for which all men who love their "fellow-books" will heartily thank them. Mr. Rees's love for books is not a love for printed paper and proper binding simply, so much as a love for books having some special associations with their authors or their former owners, and for books into which their authors have put so much of themselves that they make him love both them and their books. He belongs to the guild of bibliophiles who would rather own the copy of *Queen Mab* in which Shelley wrote, "You see, Mary, I have not forgotten you," or the copy of Chapman's *Homer* which Leigh Hunt once saw Lamb kiss, than a *Mazarine Bible*, worth from three thousand dollars to three thousand pounds.

In Mr. Stevens's delightful book there is, perhaps unconsciously to its author, much more of his own personality than of his subject. Mr. Stevens was a keen huntsman, killing for the sake of killing, yet loving his game as much as if the brush he captured was to hang in his own gun-room instead of his master's baronial hall. After scouring through New England and the Middle States for old papers, sallow pamphlets, and musty books, he went to England in 1845, a young man, on an antiquarian and historical book-hunting expedition which lasted upward of forty years, and ended only with his life. During nearly all of this period he supplied Mr. Lenox with those invaluable books which form the great bulk of the present Lenox Library, bequeathed by its founder to the public of New York. No man in Mr. Stevens's day had a more thorough or profound knowledge of books, and in this present volume—itself a model in paper, print, and general style—he discourses most learnedly and entertainingly about the famous works in manuscript and print which have passed through his hands : *The Bay State Psalm Book*, *The "Wicked" Bible*, *The Drake Map*, *The Columbus Letters*, and *Washington's Farewell Address*. His affection for every-day books he has shown in the beautiful little volume published by his son in 1884, in which he asks and answers the question, *Who Spoils Our New English Books?* laying the blame impartially upon authors, publishers, printers, paper-makers, ink-makers, binders, and, last but not least, consumers, whom he considers, by their

ignorance and carelessness of the beauty and proportions of their books, the greatest sinners of all.

The latest contributions to "The Book-Lover's Library," edited by Henry B. Wheatley, are *The Dedications of Books*, by Mr. Wheatley himself, and *The Story of Some Famous Books*, by Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of *Salad for the Solitary* and *Salad for the Social*, two works which met with extraordinary success when they were first published some thirty years ago; Washington Irving calling the former a "Salad" peculiarly suited to his own taste, and one which he had relished with somewhat of the curious palate of a literary epicure. Mr. Saunders, in more ways than one, is a man of books. He began life in New York as a publisher of books as long ago as 1836; he was placed in charge of the books in the Astor Library, New York, as assistant librarian in 1859, and he is still connected with that institution; his name appears upon the title pages of many books, and now at a ripe old age, and in a most amusing and instructive way, he gives the history of the conception and execution of some of the masterpieces of English prose and verse, from *The Canterbury Tales*, suggested, perhaps, by Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and based, perhaps, upon the method and plans of *The Decameron* of Boccaccio, down to *The Song of a Shirt*, written in a single night and rejected by three or four London journals before it was published in *Punch*, to "run like wild-fire and to ring like a tocsin through the land." Mr. Saunders has a congenial theme, which he has handled well. No book-lover's library is complete without his *Story of Some Famous Books*.

Surely, with Mr. Lang, Mr. Rees, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Fitzgerald to teach the value of books, and Mr. Matthews's galaxy of poets to sing their praises, never before have books had so appreciative a literature, or a literature so emphatically their own. Of *The Book Fancier* there is but little space left to speak here. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is an industrious and indefatigable compiler, who has done in this volume and in other books on other subjects most laborious and, at the same time, most entertaining work. He writes about books not as his fellow-historians have written, simply from the love of books themselves, and because he cannot help it, but, being possessed of the keen instinct of a journalist, he has seized the subject which he feels is of great general interest at present, and turns to the history and genealogy and romance of books, as he wrote in other seasons about the *Suez Canal* or the *Romance of the Stage*. He is familiar with the literature of books, from Dibdin and Burton down; he has gone to later, and further, and even out-of-the-way authorities; and the result is a most interesting collection of facts and fancies about books of all sorts, which is more valuable, however, as a means of education to those who want to be told about books, than as a source of amusement to those who love books and know all about them without being told.

The temptation to quote from Mr. Matthews's collection of *Ballads of Books* some of the charming poems, old and new, contained within its covers,

is very strong ; but no invidious distinction can be made. Mr. Gosse, in his contribution, confesses that he might prate thus for pages, the theme is so pleasant ; and the gloom of the ages which lies on him at present must banish from these columns, for the time being at least, even Mr. Lang's cheerful "Proem" and Mr. Dobson's "Final" and pathetic "Word."

DARWIN'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

PROBABLY no man of the nineteenth century has exercised so profound an effect upon all departments of contemporary thought as Charles Darwin ; the story of his life possesses, therefore, a much wider interest than that of most scientific men, even the most eminent. The volumes before us contain a most interesting autobiographical sketch, which Darwin wrote for his children toward the close of his life, some chapters of reminiscences by the editor, and a large series of letters, from 1825 to 1882, arranged partly on a chronological and partly on a topical plan, the editor supplying the necessary thread of connection in order to make them tell a continuous story. Although one sometimes regrets that more of the letters from Darwin's correspondents are not given, the work is a fascinating one, edited with great skill and taste, and presenting a very attractive picture of the quiet and secluded life which had such far-reaching and abiding results.

As far as can be judged from his own account, Darwin's childhood and youth seem to have given but little promise of future greatness. His career at school was not brilliant, and he regarded it as "simply a blank" from an educational point of view, as the instruction was entirely classical, and during his whole life he "was singularly incapable of mastering any language." But his interest in nature had been awakened, the collecting of minerals and insects, with observations on the habits of birds, and the like, occupied much of his time and attention, while his experiments in chemistry earned him the nickname of "Gas" from his schoolfellows, and brought down upon him a public rebuke from his master for wasting time on such useless subjects. At the age of sixteen young Darwin was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, but he found the lectures intolerably dull, and the knowledge that he would probably inherit a competent support from his father removed all stimulus to hard work. One feels, however, that Darwin probably does himself injustice in this account of his idle boyhood, as is indicated by Sir James Mackintosh's saying of him : "There is something in that young man that interests me."

Finding that his son had no inclination for the practice of medicine, Doctor Darwin determined to make a clergyman of him, and to that end sent him to Cambridge at the close of the year 1828. The three years were very happily spent at the university, but "wasted, as far as the academical

* *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* ; edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1887.

studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh or at school." A little classics, less mathematics, and a course of Paley comprised the sum of academic work. But at the same time he developed a great fondness for entomology, and his friendship with Professor Henslow "influenced his whole career more than any other circumstance," while the reading of Humboldt and Herschel stirred up in him a "burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science." At Henslow's instigation he also took up the study of geology, and accompanied Sedgwick in some of his classical investigations of the older rocks of Wales, a training which he subsequently found useful; but he returned in time for the shooting, "for at that time I should have thought myself mad to give up the first days of partridge-shooting for geology, or any other science."

By far the most important event of Darwin's life, and the one which definitively shaped his career, was undoubtedly the five years' cruise in the *Beagle*. Not only did it strongly confirm and direct his "innate taste for natural history" and give him grand opportunities for work on both biological and geological lines, but it also directed his attention to the great problem of the origin of species, upon his solution of which his fame chiefly rests. The charming *Voyage of a Naturalist* made the work of this cruise very widely known and appreciated, while scientific results of the highest interest and importance were its direct outcome. The extraordinary perseverance and fortitude which accomplished so much under the most trying circumstances of hardship and continual sea-sickness, were the forerunners of his life-long battle with disease and pain, of which the world knew so little, and in spite of which he wrought such wonders.

On his return from the voyage, Darwin spent some years in London and Cambridge working upon his great mass of material; but the gradual oncoming of ill health forced him to shun all excitement, and to settle in the secluded neighborhood of Down, in Kent. His weak health and now passionate devotion to science marked out his career for him, which was undeviatingly followed for forty years. One cannot but be astonished at the "pluck" he displayed. Never free from pain for a single day, able to work only three or four hours a day, yet how much he accomplished! From necessity his life was extremely regular, and he never wasted a minute that could be employed.

The problem of the origin of species occupied him for more than twenty years. Every one knows the story of the noble generosity displayed by both Darwin and Wallace with respect to their independent working-out of the same theory of natural selection. The annals of science are unhappily marred by many disgraceful squabbles for priority, to which this famous episode furnishes a refreshing contrast. The publication of the *Origin of Species* was at once followed by a storm of obloquy and opposition, both scientific and theological, and most unjust and bitter things were said of the author. But to Darwin's credit be it said, that he never retorted in kind. So completely has the scientific world been won over to his side of the case,

that it is difficult to imagine the state of mind prevailing thirty years ago ; and so completely did he live down all malice that the honors heaped upon his later years and the funeral in Westminster Abbey were the natural outcome of a nation's reverence. The remainder of his life was devoted to further elaboration of the problems indicated in the *Origin of Species*, which was by its plan a mere outline or preface, and a series of important and now famous works followed as rapidly as his strength would allow them to be prepared. The last one appeared only the year before his death.

As a naturalist Darwin was almost entirely a "self-made man." At that time but little instruction in science could be had in England, and he deeply regretted that the excessive dullness of the instruction at Edinburgh had deterred him from the study of human anatomy and the practice of dissection. Of *direct* training for his life-work he had almost none at all ; he stated that his education had been of little service to him, and that all he had learned of any value had been self-taught. He probably, however, underestimated the indirect value of his education, and more especially of the atmosphere and companionship at Cambridge. He was, in consequence, a naturalist of the old school in methods, very far removed from the modern specialist ; few of his works show the minute technical investigation now so common. His methods and appliances were of the simplest, and his faith in the instrument-maker implicit. His books are nearly all well adapted for popular use, and to this fact, as well as to their courteous and reasonable tone (so different from the bitter intolerance of some of his supporters), is largely due the speed with which his doctrines spread and found acceptance. While his discoveries of new facts are very numerous and valuable, they are overshadowed by his wonderful power of generalization. Out of what was but a mere chaos of uncorrelated and unintelligible facts, Darwin has created a true science, and opened up innumerable lines of fertile inquiry. Few but biologists can appreciate the wonderful impulse which he gave to all departments of zoölogical and botanical research. The unifying and integrating effect of his labors has revolutionized the natural sciences. His place is with such men as Newton and Copernicus, and though in the progress of knowledge, every one of his theories be discarded, the preëminent character of his services will ever remain.

Many of Darwin's characteristics are apparent from his writings. His immense learning, his wonderful power of handling great bodies of facts, his keen observation, his ingenuity in devising experiments, and his luminous reasoning, are all familiar traits. Of even higher value are his perfect honesty, his conscientiousness in argument, and his remarkable candor in seeing and admitting the objections to his own views, which has been so much admired, even by his enemies. It is a striking fact that very few of his critics have suggested objections which he had not himself foreseen and mentioned. In this connection a passage in his autobiography deserves quotation :

"I had also during many years followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought came across me, which was opposed to my gene-

ral results, to make a memorandum of it without fail, and at once ; for I had found by experience, that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favourable ones."

While these traits have long been known, his private character was understood, of course, by only a few ; but this *Life* depicts it in most attractive, though not exaggerated colors. His modesty, unselfishness, single-hearted devotion to the search for truth, his universal kindness and sweetness of disposition, certainly made up a beautiful character, which need not fear the minutest examination.

With all his greatness, Darwin cannot be called a many-sided man, in the sense, for example, that Goethe was. The long-continued and intense application to one class of observation and reasoning seemed to produce almost an atrophy of the æsthetic side of his nature ; but it is characteristic of his humility and freedom from pretence, that he regarded this change as a loss, and that he did not look upon æsthetic pleasures as a childishness which he had outgrown.

A very similar change seems to have affected his religious views. We first meet him as a thoroughly orthodox young man, whose few conscientious scruples about entering the church are easily overcome. No abrupt change in the plan of taking orders seems to have occurred ; it simply died a natural death, owing to the complete turning of his thoughts toward scientific work. He appears never to have given the subject of religion any very profound or continuous thought, and the gradual decay of belief made him an agnostic. None of his remarks on religious questions which he printed, or which are given in these volumes, show signs of deep or even altogether logical consideration.

"During these two years (1836-39) I was led to think much about religion. Whilst on board the *Beagle* I was quite orthodox. . . . But I had gradually come by this time to see that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos. The question then rose continually before my mind and would not be banished, —is it credible that if God were now to make a revelation to the Hindoos, he would permit it to be connected with the belief in Vishnu, Siva, etc., as Christianity is connected with the Old Testament ? This appeared to me utterly incredible."

In another place he expresses himself as "all in a muddle" on the question of design in nature, and considers that the safest conclusion with regard to the existence of God is "that the whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect ; but man can do his duty." This last sentence is the keynote of his system of theology and ethics, for his agnostic attitude in no wise diminished his moral sensitiveness or his benevolence. His interest in and aid to the Fœgian missions has been widely commented upon, though often misunderstood. Near the close of his life he wrote :

"As for myself, I believe that I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures."

However widely we may dissent from Darwin's philosophical and theo-

logical, and even from his scientific conclusions, we must in candor acknowledge and admire his intellectual greatness, the beauty of his transparently simple character, and the nobility of his life.

FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH SONG.*

THIS anthology of the Victorian poetry is an admirable sequel to Mr. T. H. Ward's anthology of the English poets. It covers to some extent the ground previously traversed by Mr. Ward. But as he made no selections from living poets, there was left a large and inviting field for a later collection. This has been attempted by Mr. Randolph in the present work, and with gratifying success. Even where the two anthologies overlap each other, the selections made are generally different, and the later work supplements the earlier most worthily. Mr. Randolph has, in the case of such poets as Southey and Wordsworth, indicated more exactly where the extracts are to be found—a point of superiority in his work. "The principle which has prevailed in the present anthology is to make such selections as would give a general knowledge of the tendency and scope of English poetry during the last fifty years." (Preface.) The work is to be judged from this point of view. The aim is broader and more difficult than simply to set forth the merits of particular poets. Such, in fact, is the true scope and also the true method of an anthology. In order to the full estimate of individual poets, their works must be studied as wholes.

The work has a felicitous arrangement in its distribution of material. Volume 1 is devoted to the *Earlier Poets : The Blackwood Coterie and Earlier Scottish Poets*. Volume 2 embraces *The Poets of the First Half of the Reign ; The Novelist-Poets*. Volume 3 is occupied with *The Poets of the Second Half of the Reign ; The Writers of Vers de Société*. Volume 4 contains *The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood ; The Ballad and Song Writers ; The Religious Poets*. There is a decided gain in the way of a clear and satisfactory knowledge of the tendency and scope of English poetry during the last fifty years, by such a classification rather than by a mere chronological order, if, indeed, this were practicable. We get thus a distinct view of what has been the poetic outcome of the time in the different realms of song. The classification may be only approximate ; nothing like a scientific precision is possible in such an endeavor ; but it is a help in all appreciative study, as any student of literature will gladly acknowledge.

What now are the *cardinal* virtues of such an anthology ? To what standard must we turn in order to form a just estimate of the work before us ?

* *Fifty Years of English Song*. Selections from the Poets of the Reign of Victoria. Edited and arranged by Henry F-Randolph. New York, 1888 : Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

1. A sensitive and accurate critical judgment in the choice of extracts. This goes almost without saying. And yet the need of this is absolute. We must have not only accuracy in selection of the best, but sensitiveness also, so that the best *characteristic* production may be chosen. This is seen at once in the case of such a poet as Southey or Wordsworth among eminent poets, and among the minor, Rossetti or Procter.

2. A sense of proportion, so that the relativity of the various poetic achievements can be seen. It would be absurd in any anthology to give as much space to Gray as to Shelley, to Scott as to Burns, to Allingham as to Landor. The excellence of Mr. Ward's anthology consists largely in this, and Mr. Randolph has succeeded as well. If there be any exception, we should make it in the case of Southey and perhaps Landor, more space having been given to each than to Wordsworth.

3. The omission of no poet whose work is in any sense a child of the age, whose note echoes any tone of the *Zeit-Geist*. Mr. Randolph has said in his preface that his anthology "does not pretend to include all the poets of the last fifty years." But it cannot be said that he has omitted any from the work whose poetry represents any characteristic note of the Victorian poetry.

To such a standard for anthologies the editor of this one has finely conformed. Judged broadly and perused in detail its excellence will appear. We have risen from each examination of its contents with enhanced views of its worth. There are other fields for anthological research and production on which we hope Mr. Randolph will enter.

It remains only to say that the subsidiary features of his work in the notes, biographical and bibliographical, are excellent specimens of this department of editorial labor. For ourselves, we prefer the arrangement adopted in Mr. Ward's anthology, by which the biographical and bibliographical notices immediately precede each author's contribution to the work. This, however, may be a matter of individual preference. The typographical execution of the volumes is in fine keeping with the character of the work. The volumes are tastefully printed and form an attractive set. More points of excellence might have been named, and here and there some exceptions taken to the choice of extracts, but any fair and thorough judgment of Mr. Randolph's selections can only end in warm commendation. It is an American contribution to the Queen's Jubilee not unworthy the good queen, among whose distinctions will be this, that her reign, like those of the great Elizabeth and Queen Anne, is to be forever marked as an era in English literature.

THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT.*

THE attainment of universal knowledge has been the dream of many a scholar's life. Problems raised in earlier years find their solution as life

* *The Science of Thought*. By F. Max Müller. 2 vols. 16mo, pp. xxii, 656. New York, 1887: Charles Scribner's Sons.

goes on ; the store of wisdom increases with each succeeding year, almost with the passing days ; and yet each question answered suggests others to be confronted, and the ever-widening circle of intellectual acquirement but serves to make manifest the darkness which lies still beyond. To some it is given, however, through exceptional endowment, or by the accidents of training, to secure an intellectual horizon of a wider sweep than that granted to their fellows. Especially those who have learned to combine the intellectual treasures of their fatherland with the gleanings of another race and country ; and those who, from investigation in their own special fields of study, have been led onward to the deeper problems of all knowledge, are fitted to give us glimpses of truth which cannot be otherwise obtained.

Max Müller has enjoyed these several advantages in a preëminent degree. By birth a German and by early training familiar with Teutonic learning ; in later years transferred to England, where he has played a foremost part in the intellectual movements of our day ; a profound student of language, who yet finds in human speech a clew to solve the fundamental questions of the mind, he offers us now a work which he touchingly describes as, perhaps, the last finished product of his pen :

“ This book has been written for myself, and for a few friends with whom I have been travelling for many years on the same road. We have exchanged our thoughts from time to time. We agree on some points, we differ, or we imagine we differ, on others ; and as we shall soon have come to the end of our journey, I wished to leave on record what is the outcome of many years of common work and thought and friendly discourse.”

We may venture to differ from the author's expectation that his work will find little response beyond the limits of his own acquaintance. It is calculated rather to rouse interest in all quarters of the thinking world.

The Science of Thought marks no new departure in its author's thinking. It is the systematic and complete expression of opinions which he has often stated before. Its thesis is best epitomized by the motto of the title-page :

“ No Reason without Language,
No Language without Reason.”

Thought and language are thus considered obverse and reverse of one common coin, the reciprocal, never-separated, in reality never-separable, aspects of that which we call ourself. We never think—*i. e.*, in the true significance of thought, the formation and comparison of concepts—without words ; and, conversely, we never really speak without at the same time thinking. Our words are the embodiment of the intellectual history of the race. To them the philosopher is to go in his study of the mind, as the geologist goes to the strata of the rocks ; or, more accurately, since they constitute the organic records of a racial history, as the biologist goes to the fossils of the past and the living species of the present to investigate the development of life. Further, when we do so study the phenomena of speech we are rewarded by notable discoveries concerning the phenomena of thought.

In all languages, very distinctly in those of the Aryan family, the ultimate constituents of speech may be reduced to a very few; and these few are further dependent on a still smaller number of basal thoughts. Again, contrary to the expectations of many celebrated scholars, these ultimate elements are not particular, but, *quoad hoc*, abstract or general terms. They are such as might arise among a primitive people, developing the beginnings of a language by associating a natural expression of sound as they bend over their common labor with the acts which they perform. They are in their origin nothing more than the consciousness of personal actions, crystallized into speech by the addition of a name. The performance of these acts in concert, the repetition of them when alone, determined their prominence in the budding intellects of our half-animal forefathers; the association with them of the accompanying sounds gave the beginnings of a name; name and concept, concept and name are mutually inseparable, unthinkable apart, and the first completed production of the two gave the germ of language, which was at once the germ of thought.

And with the question of the origin of general concepts, Professor Müller holds that all the riddles of philosophy are solved. The problems of space and time, the problems of the categories, nay, even, to follow the Kantian terminology to the end, the problems of the pure reason itself, are all settled—or, if not settled, they are shown to be so simple that they call for no solution, or so to defy it that the simple postulation of the principles involved is the utmost which human reason ever can attain. Logic and psychology and metaphysics, and metaphysical theology as well, wait only for the completed science of language to give up the secrets which have eluded the philosophers of all the ages:

“What really follows . . . I have tried to show, namely, that language is the true autobiography of the human mind, and that all and every secret of philosophy is to be studied in the world-old diary of language. If we fully understood the whole growth of every word, philosophy would have and could have no longer any secrets. It would cease to exist.”*

It is evident that this theory is open to challenge at any one of several different points. No one knows better than its distinguished author that its linguistic postulates will be traversed by not a few students of language by profession. But he does not seem to reflect that it is also exposed, on every hand, to objections from the stand-point of pure philosophy. At best, it is but a possible genesis for thought and language, liable, as all kindred theories are historically shown to be, to essential correction from later discoveries, and liable, unfortunately, also, in the meanwhile, to be accepted by ardent defenders or believing disciples as an integral part of the body of proved truth. Nor will the hesitancy of philosophers in yielding their adherence be due alone to their predilections for time-honored modes of thought. Professor Müller enters a caveat against the “hall-mark anti-

Darwinian," because of his denial of a simian ancestry for man, as well as against the "label, materialistic," because of his lack of agreement with current theories of "mind-stuff"; but he would have done his system a greater service if he had anticipated more fully, or answered more conclusively, the abstract arguments which may be summoned to disprove it. It is greatly to be doubted whether the linguistic solution of the problem of general concepts will stand the test of dispassionate criticism.

Or, if the adequacy of the solution were granted, there would still remain other and deeper problems to be met. The question of *a priori* principles, for example, receives from these latest results of linguistic science merely another, though important, link in the long demonstration that such principles exist, and an argument for their interpretation in terms of the Kantian analysis. The many obscurities which centre around their nature and their mutual relations are not lightened; the crucial difficulties connected with their application to entities, phenomenal and noumenal, are passed over, apparently, with lightest hand.

The absence of a discussion of that last enigma of philosophy, the self-conscious and knowing ego, is not, however, to be noticed here. Professor Müller promises, if life is spared him, to give his theories upon it in a succeeding volume. In addition to the good wishes which the world of thought already sends him for his own sake, it will invoke for him length of days to complete the work which he intends shall crown the whole.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

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- BRADLEY.—*Lectures on Job*, pp. xvi., 333. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- CAMERON.—*Lyrics*, pp. 296. Boston: Alexander Moore. Kingston: Lewis W. Shannon.
- FROUDE.—*The English in the West Indies*, pp. x., 373. New York, 1888: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- HECKER.—*The Church and the Age*, pp. 322. New York, 1887: *The Catholic World*.
- HILL.—*Elements of Psychology*, pp. xxiv., 419. New York and Chicago, 1888: Sheldon & Co.
- JASTROW.—*A Dictionary of the Targum, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature*, part ii., pp. 97-192. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co.
- KINNEY.—*Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real*, pp. 184.
- MARTINEAU.—*A Study of Religion*, 2 vols., pp. xx., 417; vi., 410. New York, 1888: Macmillan & Co.
- PARKER.—*The People's Bible*, vol. vii., pp. iv., 362. New York, 1887: Funk & Wagnalls.
- SCHAFF.—*Church and State in the United States*, pp. 183. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- SHAKESPEARE.—*The Works of William Shakespeare*, in reduced facsimile from the First Folio of 1623, pp. xi., 393. New York, 1887: Funk & Wagnalls.
- SMITH AND WACE.—*Dictionary of Christian Biography*, vol. iv., pp. xlii., 1227. London, 1887: John Murray.
- SYMPOSIUM.—*The Second Advent*, pp. viii., 160. New York: James Pott & Co.
- TOLSTOI.—*The Long Exile*, pp. vi., 363. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- Napoleon and the Russian Campaign*, pp. ix., 190. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- WHITSITT.—*Origin of the Disciples of Christ*, pp. 112. New York, 1888: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

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BALZAC.

IN the long gallery of the Louvre there is, as everybody knows, a series of twenty-one pictures representing scenes in the life of Marie de Médicis, huge canvases painted within the space of two years by Peter Paul Rubens. After making all due allowance for the part taken by the pupils of the master, this series is still an astonishing evidence of his qualities as well as of his defects. What a pell-mell of redundant forms and splendid colors, of warriors and courtiers in armor and brocades, with gods and goddesses in the costume of Olympus, of weapons and architecture and clouds and draperies, the whole teeming with life and motion, so exuberant, so over-full, that the brain of the observer begins to swim in the midst of his admiration. He will be long perhaps in making up his mind as to what are the proportions of praise and blame to be meted out to this wonderful series, but none the less, if he have something of artistic discernment in him, he will see that it shadows forth the entire Rubens, the man as well as his work. He can divine the painter who was equally great in all branches of his art—allegories, history, landscape, *genre*, flowers, martyrdoms, beasts—who was capable of painting in sixteen days the Assumption of the Virgin over the high altar of the Antwerp Cathedral, who loved splendor and good living, who was happy and prosperous, who “amused himself at times with being ambassador,” and then returned to his studio and “*Soulageait sa fécondité en créant des mondes.*” *

* Taine : *Philosophie de l'Art dans les Pays Bas*, p. 139.

And not only is this series of pictures a revelation of the life, the mind, and nature of the painter, it is a sort of magic mirror reflecting the images of a whole family of intelligences, of all the generous and prolific geniuses distinguished rather for force than for delicacy, with whom invention is like a flood bearing on its surface things great and small, precious and ignoble. Gazing into the mirror one may see a procession of such coming from all walks of life, among them Michel Angelo, Peter the Great, Mirabeau, so dissimilar among themselves, in spite of points of resemblance, that one perceives that the glass, like nearly all analogies, performs its office with a certain liberty of distortion. One is therefore less surprised at recognizing among the number, stumbling in the impetuosity of his haste, a short, thick figure, with a bull neck and sensuous lips, but with a bold, clear, and kindly eye,—the subject of this study. Let us look at him a little more nearly with a view of learning what sort of man he was, and to what extent his presence in this procession is justified.

I.

The energy, the tireless activity, the teeming invention of the man were something worthy of wonder. For long periods together he worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day, chiefly at night, scarcely eating, and kept up by copious draughts of black coffee. It was a sort of fury of work, resulting in almost incredible production. For example, in 1830 he published *La Vendetta, Une Double Famille, Etude de Femme, Gobseck, Autre Etude de Femme, La Grande Bretèche, Adieu, l'Elixir de Longue Vie, Sarrasine, La Peau de Chagrin*; * in addition to writing other works which were finished later, or perhaps never appeared, as well as articles for the newspapers, besides the labor of correcting proof, which he repeated often as many as twelve times, so loading the margins with alterations that, on occasion, the work was thus nearly entirely rewritten. *Sarrasine* was completed within a week. They tell of Beckford that he did *Vathek* at a sitting. It was a feat that he never repeated, while Balzac performed similar ones over and over again during his whole literary life. Nor is this all: these works were repeatedly refashioned for succeeding editions. Divided, combined with other inventions—two or more tales were, on occasion, melted down into one—republished under new titles,

* *Vie de Balzac* by his sister Madame Surville. The detailed list in De Lovenjoul's *Histoire des Œuvres de Balzac* varies slightly from this, but is even more astonishing.

the labor of former years was forever returning to swell that of the present.*

And yet even this did not exhaust the activity of Balzac. He dreamed of political life, and attempted more than once to enter the Chamber of Deputies. He founded at least two reviews, and, in the case of one of them, wrote nearly everything it contained during the three months of its existence; he engaged in type-founding, in printing, in paper-making, in publishing (Madame Surville says he was the first to issue the compact editions that have since enriched so many publishers); he tried to work the *scoriae* left by the ancient Romans about the silver mines of Sardinia; he defended a criminal before the courts of justice, and, not content with being lawyer, miner, manufacturer, printer, publisher, and politician, his head was forever full of the most magnificent schemes for making fortunes, as busy with the ordinary world of industry and commerce as he was with that other world where he was supreme, a world where there was room enough and to spare for him, or for any intelligence short of the highest.

For, think of it! The world of the *Comédie Humaine* embraces upwards of two thousand persons, who were for the greater part as real to their creator as were his mother and sister, his friends Gozlan and Laurent, Jan, or his wife. Every one remembers the story of Jules Sandeau, how he came one day to Balzac full of the illness of his sister, and how Balzac, after seeming to listen for a time, finally broke in, "But to come back to real things—who is going to marry Eugénie Grandet?" Or how he used to entertain the family circle with news of what was going on in his own particular world—"Have you heard whom Felix de Vandenesse is about to marry? A *demoiselle* de Granville. He is making an excellent match; the Granvilles are rich, in spite of what Mademoiselle de Bellefeuille has cost the family." Or how, when his sister begged to know somewhat better the past life of a character of whom too little was told, he replied, "I did not know Monsieur de Jordy until he came to Nemours." But after that time he lived with this same M. de Jordy in the closest intimacy up to his death in 1823.

It was indeed a world apart by itself, where the people grew up, developed in character, loved, married, enjoyed, suffered and died, just as in that other where the rest of us live. Balzac's spirit,

* *E. g.*, the novel published in the ordinary cheap edition as *Un Ménage de Garçon*, is included in the definitive edition as *La Rabouilleuse*, the title under which it appeared at first in 1842.

which inhabited chiefly in Paris, where it had relations with every class of society, used once in a while to take a journey to Douai, or Saumur, or Tours, or Issoudun, or Angoulême, to keep abreast of what was doing in those cities. It was familiar with the whole of France, though it went outside only by way of exception, as when it visited Tarragona and brought back to Paris Madame Diard, or to that Spanish island in the Mediterranean in pursuit of the Duchesse de Langeais, whom it had formerly much admired. But in French provincial towns it was so at home that it could give you the photograph of every street and every house, and when it led you indoors could take you through every room from cellar to garret, calling your attention to each article of furniture, being able even to tell you their cost, if worth while. As for the inhabitants, it counted their very wrinkles, noted the least of their daily habits, actions, or sentiments, and made their business and their interests its own. So thoroughly was this done that, as M. Taine has already said, one almost needs to be a merchant to understand *César Birotteau*, or a magistrate to follow *Une Ténébreuse Affaire*.* Just so Balzac was banker with Nucingen and physician with Bianchow, or he became botanist in following the windings of the Indre, student of philosophy with Louis Lambert, inventor for David Séchard, herald for all the noble families of his acquaintance to such an extent that, as we hear, a work is in preparation which shall publish the armorial bearings of all the nobility in the "Balzacien" society.† Never since novels were written, has an imaginary world been created so populous, so varied, so knit together, so studied, and so described, outside and in, with all possible causes, bearings, and consequences, as this of the *Comédie Humaine*.

Is it not plain that this genius, so many-sided, so strong, so fruitful, is of the intellectual race of him who painted the Descent from the Cross? And not alone in abundance of production may the relationship be seen, but in the largeness with which each individual work is conceived, in the breadth and force of touch, in a common love for splendors, and, in so far as literary and pictorial art may be described in the same terms, in a certain fulness and exaggeration of forms, a tumult of movement, a daring and richness of coloring. The treatment of these qualities, however, as far as Balzac is concerned, belongs to a later part of this essay.

* *Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire*, p. 87.

† Monsieur de Lovenjoul. See *Corfbon et Christophe*, p. 470.

Nevertheless, it would be unfair not to note that in this case also such differences may be found as always exist between the present representative of a family and the ancestor of three centuries ago whose portrait he seems to make live again. Perhaps some of the effect is due to distance, but Rubens has the air of having done everything easily in obedience to the first strong impulse, to have accomplished his greatest works just as he *played at being ambassador*, to have been always fortunate and prosperous, to have taken his greatness by storm, *facile princeps*. Fame was no such holiday comrade for Balzac. She came to him, it is true, at a sufficiently early moment in his career, and remained by him faithful though full of caprices. But she would not allow herself to be taken seriously; she not only did not secure crosses and embassies for her stepson, but she did not second him enough to gain for him even the dignity of deputy, and she did not bring with her *fortune*. Money? Yes, and a good deal of it, but never enough to command ease and serenity. The story of Balzac's life is, in fact, a painful one of struggle and disappointment, so obstinate on both sides that the poor great man broke down finally just at the moment when fortune seemed to have relented. For him she was all along a malicious jade; she gave him a brain teeming with resources, and energy to put them one after another into execution, but she managed to spoil everything. Some of his inventions have since brought wealth to people who never knew him; but to Balzac they brought only that load of debt under which he labored all his life and which was the primal cause of his untimely death.* He worked on like a giant, refusing to despair, and his fertile brain continually suggested to him new expedients for compelling fortune; but one and all they ended in sinking him deeper and deeper in embarrassments.

Look but a moment at the young men whom Balzac sent up to Paris with but slender equipment of either money or scruples, and with only so much brains as their creator chose to endow them with—his Rastignac, his Nucingen, his du Tillet—and compare the facility with which they achieved riches and honors with his own painful and scantily rewarded struggles with the world. But think twice before you sneer at his failures, or even before humiliating him with your pity. Fortune had her compensations even for him—chief of all in that she made him share the existence of his creations. So when she seemed to be paying his efforts in *monnaie de singe*, she left him

* He died August 18, 1850, aged fifty-one.

his secret for transforming this into gold, inappreciable to others but good in its way. For instance, he conceived the idea of a drama,* and immediately, according to his wont, began to compute the profits before even putting pen to paper. "With *Frédéric Lemaître* there must be at least a hundred and fifty representations at, taking one with another, five thousand francs apiece—that makes seven hundred and fifty thousand francs—seven hundred and fifty thousand francs gives the author, at the usual rate of twelve per cent., more than eighty thousand francs. Then there are five or six thousand francs of tickets, and ten thousand copies of the play at three francs each. . . ." You see the computation is agreeable enough, only the drama was either never written or else failed. Failure was a rude blow, but there was a way to bear even that. After the suppression of *Vautrin*, Gozlan went to condole with the author at *Les Jardies*, and found him occupied in parcelling out strips of land on the confines of his property, one for a model dairy, another for a market-garden, a third for a vineyard (the wine of which was to command three thousand francs the cask), etc.,—with an assured return altogether of twenty thousand francs a year! No doubt pain was here the stimulus of his ingenuity, but his imagination had of itself sought the true anodyne.

Happily for Balzac, the courage, the energy, the faith in illusions lasted unassailed even while their employment was fast using up his strength. His broad shoulders bent, his heart broke, once for all, just as fortune had at last relented from her rigors with regard to things material, and, as if by a sort of delicacy toward one whom she had treated too hardly, had not taken away the gifts that had consoled him in earlier days. If then he was of kin to Rubens in point of force, of fertility and variety of genius, he was not that either in respect of the fortune that waited on his efforts, nor, indeed, in ease, serenity, or facility. Few things that he wrote give an impression of power exercised with pleasure. In most of them there is a mass of erudition filling half the volume, which the reader is apt to skip, and which for the writer was often as difficult to manage as the baggage and provision train of an army in a wild country. The story gets painfully under way, and even when the action is at white-heat it preserves the movement of a heavy body. Then, as we know, he was never contented, and worked over and over again what he had written, and after that was the terror of printers with his proof-read-

* Gozlan : *Balzac en Pantoufles*.

ing. Moreover, his relations with the world of literature were not altogether pleasant. He was at war with the newspapers and with several reviews, partly because he told disagreeable truths about journalism, partly because his punctiliousness about what was due to him led him into various lawsuits. Looked at from this side, one must own that, if he was of the Rubens order, he wore its garb with the seamy side out.

As for the literary vanity, that first "infirmity of noble minds," which the enemies of Balzac thought excessive in him, his friends found it easy enough to forgive because of its extreme, its childlike, frankness, because it was merely part and parcel of the intensity and exaggeration of his every sentiment, because it was, at least to them, open to correction, and, finally, because he was essentially kind and "*bon enfant*."

That Balzac was sordidly devoted to gain, as Mr. Henry James in a charming and generally appreciative essay gives one to believe, there is at least reason to doubt. He was exacting of his publishers, his correspondence is full of talk about money, but one should remember that the great, forever unsatisfied labor of his life was to shake off the load of debt that oppressed him. This fact alone may account for his admiration for those who were above such cares, as well as for the avidity he showed in his own affairs.

It is to be regretted that no adequate biography of Balzac has as yet been given to the public. The long list of books and articles relative to Balzac given by Monsieur de Lovenjoul* (about ninety books and over one hundred articles) gives one little else but gossip. Though one may extract from the whole a sufficient and just idea of the great novelist, it is yet at the cost of a labor that one would be glad to avoid.

II.

Balzac was one of the writers who would seem to have been created expressly to furnish support to such a theory as Taine's of the influence of circumstances in determining the bent of genius. Indeed, by the aid of a little arrangement of facts, with an occasional suppression, the great critic has already made him serve as an illustration of the value of the French *milieu* toward producing a greater novelist than the English Thackeray.† We prefer to keep

*De Lovenjoul, *Histoire des Œuvres de Balzac*.

† *Essais de Critique et d'Histoire* and the last volume of *English Literature*. The above remark does not apply to the able article devoted to Balzac in the *Nouveaux Essais*.

to the easier and safer task of showing how Balzac's self was reproduced in his work. Here he who runs may read. Even to the squat, stout figure with the eager gait, which seems the image of his style, the man may always be descried between the lines of his books. His style, at its best, has about it a sort of plain straightforwardness that we once heard characterized as "square-toed"; while, at its worst, it has a vulgar emphasis, heavy, heated, overloaded, as if its author in perspiration, with a pack upon his shoulders, were jostling his way through a crowd. Of course a bit of observation of the utmost delicacy may be embodied in his worst manner; it often is. In fact the style, like the matter it contains, is marked by contradictions. One can never foresee when a page of the simplest narration will be interrupted by a rigmarole of philosophy, or science, or mysticism clothed in all the splendor of tinsel and fustian. A much smaller man would easily avoid such offences against taste. But Balzac was encyclopædic, and had pretensions to omniscience, and he poured forth the torrent of things great and small at such a headlong rate that it could not always be clear. His style was never better, simpler, more nervous and forcible, than in the literary criticisms of the *Revue Parisienne*, as, for instance, in the savage assault on Ste. Beuve, apropos of Port Royal, which Ste. Beuve never really forgave, and which, very likely, was the origin of the malignant foot-note, spoken of by Mr. James, where the great critic said that Balzac was the "grossest, greediest example of literary vanity that he had ever known." The revenge is pardonable, considering the offence. The justice that one administers to a man who has outraged every sensibility, is never quite the same thing as that meted out to friends.

And it is not alone the style that suffers from a plethora of ideas and erudition—the conduct of the stories is equally embarrassed. Balzac not only knows the surroundings, the setting of his personages to the minutest detail, but he cannot make them act until he has told it all. The town, the street, the house and its furniture must all be described before we are introduced to the inhabitants; then they come with their clothes, their habits, their features, even to the accidents of conformation, their interests, their belongings, their society. Sometimes more than half the story is taken up with details that other writers would, at the utmost, have dismissed in a few pages. Nor is this all: the narrative is continually stopped for digressions on every conceivable subject—art, science, agriculture,

government, the police, finance, manufactures, clairvoyance, journalism—on all of which, as well as on everything else, he thinks he has something worth saying. Sometimes, as, for example, in *La Maison Nucingen*, the digression is nearly the whole book, and in general it is only after nothing remains to be described that the author begins to warm with the passions and actions of his people.

And then, when once the stage is cleared for the play, what people they are! How full their veins are of blood, how palpable their flesh, how they live and move before you! We doubt if in the whole range of fiction there is another world so full of real, breathing existences. Taine was right; after Shakespeare and St. Simon, Balzac is our greatest magazine of documents on human nature. Where can we look for such another? Dickens has perhaps as many figures, and they come before you and grimace and play their antics in a very lively manner; but with very few exceptions they are only fragments of people, mostly mere physiognomies and oddities, not whole people, and the most genuinely alive among them are the fantastic caricatures like Quilp, that your reason rejects even while your imagination accepts. Dickens' figures are so strong in effect, simply because to him too they were hallucinations; but he was haunted by the maimed, the halt, and the blind, while Balzac's familiars were sound and whole in mind and limb. They are like the companions of our daily walks; we know them as completely and from as many sides, and, whether we like them or not, we are forced to own them as of our own flesh and blood.

It has been often said that the excessive minuteness of Balzac's descriptions defeats the end of description, confusing the reader in the multitude of details. M. Taine says, for instance, that there are so many mullions and transoms to the Hôtel du Guénie at Guérande* that one cannot see the house. We venture to believe that such description produces its effect in another way: whence its minuteness and exactitude, if not borrowed from nature? It is impossible to avoid the conviction that, if a writer gives the utmost characteristic of a person or thing, it must be because he is familiar with the original; the too great intimacy evinced is, while it confuses us, just one reason the more for accepting his testimony as final. And Balzac is not only a close observer of what he sees, but he is strongly impressed by it; that also is a guarantee of his truthfulness. If he sees too much, it is because he has felt too keenly. The wife of

* *Béatrix.*

Balthazar Claës* sits in her parlor and hears the approach of her husband's footsteps, which "it was impossible to listen to with indifference." Why so? Simply because she felt deeply, and Balzac with her, that Balthazar was walking the way of ruin. When he enters the room, Balzac notes that "his eyes, of a rich, clear blue, were marked by sudden, quick movements like those of the great seekers of occult causes." Now the utmost that we should have noticed would have been that the eyes were restless; we never should have dreamed of drawing such an inference from their motion. Nor would Balzac, had he been less troubled about the fatal mania that bewitched Balthazar, and seemed to his observer to impress itself on all his surroundings. So he remarks that Lucien de Rubémprét had broad hips, "like most men who are sharp, not to say, crafty." The reader may smile incredulously at the generalization of the trait, but at the same time he has gained in conviction as to the reality of Lucien. It is in a similar manner that the most intricate description of Balzac, whether it makes you see the object described or not, ends in convincing you that the author is telling the truth: nothing but reality could have been so exactly observed or so strongly felt.

It would be too much to claim that every personage in the *Comédie Humaine* impresses one as being a living existence. Balzac, like Dickens, was not nearly as successful in portraying fine gentlemen and ladies as he was with mortals of coarser clay, but, unlike Dickens, he did not recognize the limits of his power. Indeed he seems to have found a particular pleasure in painting the leaders of society. Many readers, witnessing the author's abject adoration of these brilliant creatures of his imagination, together with the lapses of taste of which they are too frequently guilty, have hastily concluded that he could not have had opportunities of modelling them from proper originals. The reader of Balzac's correspondence, however, knows that such was not the case, but that he was at least as well placed for studying a Madame de Beauséant as for drawing Vautrin. We learn, too, that on occasion his descriptions of fine ladies were revised and approved, before being made public, by real women of the world. We may allow, further, that undoubted ladies and gentlemen often do things that jar sadly with our ideals of the conduct to be expected from such people. We may also grant that much, perhaps all, of the author's admiration of his great people is not so much the

* *Recherche de l'Absolu.*

† *Illusions perdues* : "Les deux Poètes."

snobbery that the Anglo-Saxon, with the keen scent of his race for this foible, is apt to take it for, as it is another instance of the author's intensity of vision—he cannot help making his princesses and dandies as transcendent in their way as his criminals or sharpers are in theirs. In such case his adoration is only a proof that he believes as firmly in the existence of the one as of the other set of beings. And yet, one may grant all this and still feel that the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse or Henri de Marsay have not the force of vitality in them that impresses one in Valérie Marneffe or Philippe Bridan.

In fact the genius of Balzac was full of singular contradictions. One is continually surprised that such a giant in force should display on occasion such weakness, that the most exquisite delicacy should at times go hand in hand with grossness or plump tastelessness, that the writer who in description seems guided by an insight, almost unerring, into human nature, should in conversations continually be making people to say things that they either never could or never would have said. Here we touch upon one of the greatest (perhaps the greatest) defects of his novels. No one has ever equalled Balzac in description—as long as he is occupied in that he is nearly impeccable; but as soon as his personages begin to talk at length, or write letters, they become so many miniature Balzacs. If they are people of any pretensions to education or cleverness, they repeat even the peculiar vocabulary of their great father; you recognize at once the *car*, the *aussi*, the *n'est il pas*, with the favorite adjectives, and they have all the uncertainties of his taste. That is why his young girls are such conspicuous failures—they do all this and worse. They talk about themselves as knowingly as Balzac himself, who had all sorts of forbidden knowledge at his fingers' ends, and who was steeped through and through with sensualism, materialism, and cynicism, could have done. When Mademoiselle de Chaulieu was waiting so impatiently to be “*déniaisée*,” she was already capable of writing in a manner that might have scandalized the most hardened duchess of her world. There is scarcely a girl in the *Comédie Humaine*, though some of them are otherwise charming figures, who does not at least once in a while let fall some expression utterly discordant with her character. Even Eugénie Grandet is not exempt from this reproach.

As far as the mere language of these people is concerned, Balzac might easily have rendered it more truthful had he wished. The admirable *Contes Drolatiques* are there to prove that he could, if he

thought it worth his while, revive the style of the sixteenth century. The *Journal des Goncourt* * calls attention to the fact that all his military men of the Empire reproduce the short phrases, the incisive manner of Napoleon's conversation. The life of the emperor, as recounted by Goguelat,† is a masterpiece of popular narration; one wishes that his ordinary style could have been as good. The talk of his common people is generally true with regard to the ideas expressed, and often,—in spite of the accentuation of their solecisms, which Balzac, as a man whose sense of humor was heavy, could not resist,—as to the mode of expression. If then his fine ladies, his virtuous women and young girls do not talk in character, the fault is not merely a literary one; it lies less in the art of the writer than in the nature of the man.

It is here that the thick-set man with the bull-neck and the sensuous lips comes uppermost again. The strong, coarse, animal nature enabled him to support the tremendous labor of so many years, but on condition of impressing itself upon the work. We must remember that this, comprising about one hundred titles—with the plays and the *Contes Drolatiques*—or forty-five volumes in the ordinary cheap edition, was the production of a little less than twenty years. We must also call to mind that, though other writers may have produced as many volumes in an equal length of time, the quality of these renders the number at least doubly extraordinary. Few of them can be called light reading—still fewer could have been easy writing—the amount of knowledge, of thought, of observation that they represent is almost encyclopædic. You cannot imagine one of them to have been written as George Sand wrote her charming tales, which were simply poured forth as a spring pours its waters; they are built up as is a coral-reef, or as a coral-reef might be that was built by the aid of steam and machinery. The very sentences are closely packed. It is because his genius reposed upon such a solid physical structure that it could accomplish all this; but the physical structure was of the earth, earthy; it had eager material appetites, and these were so strong,—so *mighty* is a more literal expression for it,—that they bent, and warped, and colored, and permeated the genius. The spirit could not create an image of beauty and purity but the flesh must come and mark it with an earth-stain.

Hence it is that the finer characters nearly always reserve for us some disappointment, and hence it is that the greatest successes of

* Vol. I., p. 185.† *Le Médecin de Campagne*.

Balzac are among people in the middle and lower classes, people occupied with every-day, often sordid, things, or among those who are frankly given over to their passions and vices. His best people here are, like César Birotteau or Madame Bridan, of few ideas and commonplace aspirations, but they are genuinely good. It may even be the secret of the beauty of Marguerite Claës, who does not seem at first to belong to this class, that her energies are so occupied with the hard, practical work of saving the fortune of the family. At any rate, it is these

"Creatures not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

that are the most cheering figures in Balzac. There are not too many of them, and the few that there are only too often end their lives in sorrow, for it is a sad world that they live in. Unscrupulous force, cunning, and shamelessness win all the great prizes, while modesty and innocence go to the wall. For the rest, they are sordid, vicious, or imbecile. The struggle for existence, the struggle for power and precedence, stripped of all that makes them sightly, seem the chief characteristics of the world, with the manias, the passions and vices that enslave, and with the malignity that makes society its prey.

How comes it, then, that such a society is not only endurable to the spectator, but even fascinating? It is simply because of the pleasure we all have in regarding the exercise of power,—and the power is here unmistakable,—together with that which we feel in the contemplation of art, art which can make us delight in that which in real life would well-nigh crush us. M. Taine, among the clever definitions he cites of Balzac's work, gives this, that it is the "*Musée Dupuytren in-folio*—," a collection of models of anatomy and of the various diseases to which the human body is subject. But M. Taine recognizes the fact that this is incomplete, although Balzac had all the curiosity of a pathologist with regard to cases of imperfect or morbid development. He treats such cases not only as a man of science, but much more as an artist. "Balzac loves his Valérie," says Taine in contrasting his method with that of Thackeray toward Becky Sharp. And this is true, for, though it is twenty years since we read *La Cousine Bette*, the impression made upon our young imagination remains as fresh as ever. We fear that even today our sympathies might not be on the side of the excellent

Madame Hulot. You see the great scapegrace of an artist painted the saints with conviction, but the sinners with love.

III.

Mr. Howells, toward the end of his work on modern Italian poets says, by the way, of Carducci, that he "seems an agnostic flowering of the old romantic stalk." We think we understand Mr. Howells' meaning sufficiently well to appropriate his saying to our own uses, for it was the old romantic stalk that produced the realistic flower of Balzac. Indeed Balzac claimed something very like that for himself. In turning over the pages of the little *Revue Parisienne*,—the review that he carried on pretty much by himself alone through the three months of its existence,—our attention was taken by an article on Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*, which, to our surprise, we found to be preceded by a sort of manifesto of realism. It is not accompanied by a blare of trumpets, like the similar composition of Hugo prefixed to *Cromwell*, and it is all the better for its modesty; without being remarkable either for brilliancy or wisdom, it is saved—in part by its obscurity, in part by its tone—from the blatant absurdity of the Hugonian production. Balzac begins by saying that the literature of his epoch, unlike that of preceding centuries, which had been too much under the influence of some one man or system, belonged to three classes: the literature of imagery, of which Hugo was the most distinguished figure, with Gautier and Ste. Beuve (this last either as a malicious pleasantry or with exclusive reference to his poetry) as followers; the literature of ideas, including among others Alfred de Musset, Mérimée, Léon Gozlan(!), Béranger, and Casimir Delavigne, and, more complete than the other two, because uniting them and aiming at an all-embracing view of things, *the eclectic school*, to which belong Scott, Madame de Staël, Cooper, George Sand, *and to which he gives his personal adhesion*. He finds that the writers of the first class have but little feeling for the comic, and, with the exception of Gautier, know nothing of dialogue. Victor Hugo makes his characters speak too much his own language; instead of becoming one with them, he merely puts himself inside his personages. The works of the second class are marked by naturalness and strict observation. As to the third class he is somewhat vague; still he gives as his reason for adhesion to it: "I do not believe a picture of modern society to be possible by the severe methods of the litera-

ture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The introduction of the dramatic element, of the *tableau*, of description, of dialogue, seems to me indispensable in modern literature." His programme was, as you see, more modest than that of the representatives of what he calls the literature of imagery, but then *his* programme influenced his work.

Curiously enough, he assigns Stendhal to the second class, and considers the *Chartreuse de Parme* as the chef-d'œuvre of the literature of ideas, although in parts it belongs to both the other schools. He little expected that a day would come when he and Stendhal would be considered as the two pioneers in this century of a literature with the most arrogantly exclusive claims. It is strange that he should have admired Stendhal as unreservedly as he did, without perceiving what their geniuses had in common.

Nevertheless, the two were, without any consciousness of what they were doing, laying the foundations of the school of literature that was to succeed them. They raised no standard of revolt, there was no break between them and their fellows in art. Indeed they felt the same influences with the rest, and, as far at least as Balzac is concerned, thought that any peculiarities they might possess were only different manifestations of the new movement in which all were taking part. Balzac once cried, with the generosity and vanity that were both characteristic of him, "There are only three writers in France who really know the French tongue, Hugo, Gautier, and myself." Indeed the most inflated and abominable pages, as to style, that he ever produced—we refer to some of the fine writing in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*—came from the desire to prove himself the peer of Hugo in the handling of language.* It is a long way from the flattery of such imitation to enmity. Nevertheless, Balzac and Stendhal made Flaubert possible, and the revolution dates from Madame Bovary.

Before, however, saying a further word about the successors of Flaubert, we would add that Balzac not only had no quarrel with the romantic school, but that he even belonged to it to an extent which he himself little suspected. He had undergone the same influences with the others, and with them he began his course. For any one who may wish to study the development of Balzac, we would say that there is amusement as well as profit to be had from the perusal of his early bad works. They are so preposterously bad

* Zola. *Romanciers Naturalistes*, p. 47.

that one doubts involuntarily whether the author be not playing a practical joke at the expense of the reader, especially as the animal spirits in them are evidently high, and their connection with anything like probability is so slight as to be imperceptible. *Jean Louis*, published in 1822, reads in places like an anticipative burlesque of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, while there are passages in *La Dernière Fée*, published in the following year, that might be taken for a travesty of the author's later self—as, for instance, where he says, in describing an alchemist's laboratory, that the walls, if scraped, would have yielded thirty quintals of soot! In reality he was doing the best he could (although he knew himself that his best was bad), driven by poverty and ambition; and the excesses of both sorts were fore-shadowings of something in the better work of after years, less the exuberant spirits and all suspicion of a joke. To give but a single example—if *Jean Louis* savors of romanticism, what shall one say of *Vautrin*? Are his adventures a whit less incredible than anything in the *Comte de Monte Cristo*, or the *Trois Mousquetaires*? It is only that we are imposed upon by Balzac's matter-of-fact manner, and even that fails on occasion, as when *Vautrin* favors either Rastignac or Lucien de Rubempré with pages of cynical wisdom that are clearly of "Balzacien" manufacture. No, the entire story of *Vautrin*, whether in the *Père Goriot*, in the *Illusions Perdues*, or in the drama, is only saved by an occasional stroke of profound insight into human nature, a bit of keen observation, or the air of verisimilitude obtained by the author's mode of treatment, from being as arrant a fable as anything in Dumas or Hugo. This instance might be multiplied, if it were necessary, to prove that Balzac was of his time, and affected by the literary atmosphere he breathed. In the end we should only have to admire all the more the force that enabled him to get outside that atmosphere into a region where he may not have commanded as wide horizons as might be wished, but where at least he could see clearly.

But if the great father of naturalism sometimes painted his cheeks, and draped himself in the theatrical stuffs of his more romantic brethren, there are many of his followers who have determined to be guilty of no such compromise. Their zeal for the truth as they found it first in Balzac, and yet more clearly enunciated in his professed disciple, Flaubert, has made them as great iconoclasts as were the romantic poets whose images they have striven to destroy. This is not the place to follow their quarrels, where we are treating

of their predecessor—who had quarrels enough, but not of that sort. The school of naturalism has gone far, much too far, in its application of the principles that, it has fancied, are to be drawn from the work of the founder. Its conduct has alienated the affections even of those who from the beginning wished it well. And yet—it requires perhaps some courage to say it at the present moment—we owe to it many an undoubted masterpiece. Those who are in the habit of putting to the account of the principles he professes, the worst things of Zola—or of others, whom we would not wish to mention here—should remember that they have received from the same source, also, his best, and that these are very good. They should remember, too, that the less direct influence of these principles has been beneficent, not only on the novel but on the drama, and that we may thank Balzac for much of the pleasure we have in listening to the plays of Augier, of Dumas Fils, of Sardou.*

In taking leave of the *Comédie Humaine*, which we do with regret, we cannot but feel how inadequate is any attempt to represent the magnificent hurly-burly that it is. Its execution is variable, its creatures are of every degree of vitality. Figures of pure convention, like Vautrin, jostle against others that seem as much flesh and blood as ourselves; the most puerile interests are at work in the midst of the most terrible passions. Comedy, of which there is but little, is overshadowed by tragedy, of which there is a great deal. All classes, all walks of life are there, and their representatives come and go, crossing one another's paths with love and hatred, with fidelity and with treason, and all are warmed with passion, the white heat of their creator. Wonderful man! M. Taine has compared him both to Shakespeare, and to Rembrandt. Another critic has compared him to the tower of Babel. For us, he simply holds the keys of the world, finite as he is finite, but rich, and varied, and terrible. We may get a nightmare by remaining in it too long, and yet it affords a pleasant refuge from more personal cares, and plenty of acquaintances worth cultivating.

JOHN SAFFORD FISKE.

* This opinion is enunciated with the more confidence that it has the support of so able a critic as M. Faguet : *Etudes Littéraires sur le Dix-neuvième Siècle*.

A POLITICAL FRANKENSTEIN.

I.

ANY one who has read Mrs. Shelley's remarkable story will understand why I compare Bulgaria to the monster she describes. Children have been known before now to turn against their parents: but Bulgaria was never thought of as a real living being which would grow up and have a will of its own; it was intended to be a sort of automaton, the wheels of which were to be kept in motion by its principal inventor, with the consent of the others who had assisted in the manufacture.

We can see more clearly what is going on now in its life, if we take a cursory review of the events attending its birth. - Without being exactly one of the midwives, I overheard some of the consultations, and knew what went on between the doctors.

The first project for the formation of a separate Bulgaria was that presented to the Conference at Constantinople, after the indignation caused throughout Europe by the massacres of May. This proposed to make all or the greater part of the country inhabited by Bulgarians into a self-governing province, with a Christian governor. The rights of the Sultan were to be preserved, but the province was to pay a fixed tax, and was, in general, to be practically independent, much like one of our Territories. The plan of organization had been worked out on the spot with much care, and the result would have been the creation of a very contented and well-governed country, in no way dangerous to the peace of Europe. Lord Salisbury first divided this province into two by an arbitrary north and south line; and then the other English representative, Sir Henry Elliot, in his zeal for Turkey, persuaded the Porte to reject the proposed arrangement, and thus brought upon his dear friends a bloody, expensive, exhausting, and, what was worse, utterly useless war, which resulted in the dismemberment of the empire. It is true that there were other compensations in the independence of Serbia and Rumania and the enlargement of Greece; but, as far as the Bulgarians are concerned, they would have received from the plan of the Conference, without a war, as many real and practical advantages as they have since enjoyed.

After the war it was, of course, impossible to revert to the original plan. Every one felt that the Bulgarians had then a right to greater independence, and every one felt, too, that Russia, as the liberating power, had a right to direct the political destinies of the country. The Treaty of San Stefano, of March 3, 1878, therefore, not only gave to Bulgaria its greatest possible extent, making it include nearly every district that could by any possibility be claimed as Bulgarian, but formed it into a self-governing country, with its own army and its own laws, and with a prince of its own. It received everything, in fact, short of complete independence, for the Prince was to be a vassal of the Sultan, to whom the country was to pay a nominal tribute. The position thus created for the "Great Bulgaria," as it is technically called, was almost precisely similar to that of Egypt under the Khedive, or of Rumania under Prince Charles.

Turkey had signed and ratified the peace, and the Bulgarians felt that they could count upon their future; that, even though practically governed from Russia, they would at all events have peace, law, and order; that prosperity and civilization would grow together. Unfortunately, in consequence of the threats of England, Russia felt obliged to submit the Treaty of San Stefano to revision by the great powers, a job which was completed in haste, as Bismarck, in his capacity of "the honest broker," wished it soon over; and care was not always taken to study the hidden meaning of some of the innocent-looking clauses that were inserted to please Austria-Hungary. That Power, Great Britain, and France, all left the council-board much richer than they came; each gaining a province or two at the expense of Turkey. The only sufferers were the peoples of the Balkans, for whose benefit the war and the treaties had been made. The occupation of Bosnia and Hersegovina by Austria-Hungary was a blow to the development of a free and united Serbia; and this little country was, furthermore, thrown, financially and commercially, and, as it proved, politically also, into Austria's hands, by means of the clauses relating to railways and commercial treaties. Rumania was restricted in her rights on the Danube; nominally in the interest of the commerce of the world, but really for the benefit of Austria-Hungary. The Bulgarians fared still worse. The country was divided into three parts: one was allowed to remain an autonomous principality; but its growth and development were hindered by the fact that the Province, where most of the wealth, prosperity, and intelligence were concentrated,

was separated under the name of Eastern Rumelia and placed under the more direct rule of the Porte, in accordance with regulations, and under a governor sanctioned and approved by the Powers. The third part was given back to the arbitrary rule of the Sultan, though with the promise of administrative reforms, which were duly considered by commissions but were never carried out.

Besides the mutilation and division of the country Bulgaria was forced to accept the unknown, and not easily ascertainable, engagements of the Sublime Porte toward the railway companies and Austria-Hungary. The railway from Rustchuk to Varna belonged to an English company; but it had been leased to the Austrian company controlled by Baron Hirsch (in which various highly placed personages were interested), which was working the railways of European Turkey, and which in their construction, repair, and working had, with the active assistance of the Austrian Government, perpetrated one of the most colossal financial jobs of this century. Other provisions of the Berlin Treaty bound Bulgaria in certain respects to definite obligations toward Europe. The only stipulation absolutely in her favor was that which diminished the period during which she should be under Russian tutelage, from two years to nine months. That time was given her in which to set her governing machine in motion; after which she was to be left to herself, exempt from the legal interference even of Russia, although full play was allowed to the exertion of Russian influence. This, however, was not intended in the interest of Bulgaria; but to guard the interests of England and Turkey, and to prevent Bulgaria from becoming to all intents and purposes a Russian province, and thereby ultimately causing new trouble in Europe. It will be seen, therefore, that the Bulgarians had no particular reason for being grateful to Europe, or to the powers which had signed the Treaty of Berlin. Their gratitude was rightfully due, and was freely given, to Russia; which Power, even admitting ulterior and selfish objects, had at the cost of great sacrifices obtained Bulgarian independence. At that time it was thought an easy matter for Russia not only to retain and strengthen the affections of the Bulgarian people, but to control and guide their destinies. That this expectation was ultimately deceived, came, in part, from the natural desire of every people to govern themselves without arbitrary foreign interference, but chiefly from the unwisdom of the Russian policy and the unskilfulness, folly, and over bearing conduct of her agents.

The Russians had begun the work of organization on their first entry into Bulgaria, partly for their own convenience, and partly because, for the interests of the country as well as for their own, it was necessary to show to Europe that a civil administration had been rapidly formed and was already in working order. The task was intrusted to Prince Tcherkássky, who had proved himself a capable administrator in Poland and at Moscow, and who was a far-seeing and able statesman. Unfortunately he died at San Stefano on the very day of the signature of the treaty. He was succeeded by Prince Dondukóf-Korsákof, who had been for many years Governor-General of the Province of Kief—a difficult region to govern—and was highly considered for his tact and administrative qualities. There was, indeed, a great show of governing on the Russian provincial plan; there was rebuilding of towns and making of roads; there were no end of institutions and commissions, many of them, however, only on paper; and the country soon took on the air of a fairly flourishing outlying Russian province. Of all the results effected by the administration of Dondukóf-Korsákof, little now remains except the extremely bad pavement of one street in Sofia, which has perhaps been preserved because it has been carefully avoided by travellers. Of the \$3,000,000 or thereabouts which General Sóbolef says had been economized, not one cent was found when the government of Prince Alexander took possession of the treasury. When Prince Alexander complained a year later that the National Bank could not be made to work, so stupidly had its laws been drawn up, Dondukóf laughingly answered, "You must be very simple to have taken that institution seriously."

By the Treaty of Berlin an Assembly of Notables was to meet at Tirnova, draw up a constitution, and then elect a prince. The Russians chose for their model the Constitution of Serbia, which they closely imitated, the main feature being that the Legislative Assembly was to be composed of half the bishops, half the judges, and a number of elected delegates proportioned to the population (one to 20,000), in addition to whom the Prince could appoint half as many more. The plan was, perhaps, not a bad one for a people untried in the practice of self-government on a large scale, though they had had experience of it in church and village matters ever since their conquest by the Turks; but it had the disadvantage, as is still seen in Serbia, of nearly always allowing a minister to return a majority of his own supporters.

When the Constituent Assembly met, it did not seem inclined to proceed to business, and came near adjourning as a protest against the decision of the Treaty of Berlin. It required a sharp telegram from the Emperor of Russia to get them started, and even then there was great dissatisfaction at the exclusion of the deputies sent from Eastern Rumelia and Macedonia. It cannot be said that at this time there were really any parties, in the proper sense of the term; nor can we even admit the distinction made by Prince Alexander's chaplain, Herr Koch, into "wild" and "tame." The persons designated as "tame" were, for the most part, those who had received or completed their education in Russia or Western Europe, where they had unconsciously imbibed notions of government which were afterward called conservative. The remainder, and the great majority, were chiefly men of little education; but they were led by a number of young men who have since made their mark, who had received their education under American influences. They were, also, sometimes counselled by an American then at Tirnova, whose zeal frequently outran his discretion. With all this, an anti-Russian feeling began to show itself. The Russians had not treated the Bulgarians any too kindly during the war, nor had they been the mildest governors during the occupation. They had stigmatized the peasants as cowardly and unpatriotic because they had wished to be paid for the provisions and forage taken from them by the troops. The Bulgarians were willing to consider the Russians as their "brothers," but resented dictation, and were enchanted with the thought of governing themselves. Many did not see why they should merely exchange Turkish for Russian masters. With all this, it was soon seen that the constitution proposed by Russia had very little chance of being accepted, although it was recommended by the committee appointed for its examination, which was composed chiefly of moderate men but whose chairman had the misfortune to say that it was desirable that the constitution should be permeated by a spirit of judicious conservatism. The result was that the project was rejected by the Assembly, and a constitution passed of a far more liberal character, and which, it must be admitted, was somewhat too advanced for the country at that time. Dondukóf-Korsákof had a moment of irritation at the failure of his plan; but in his heart he laughed at the whole farce—as he considered it—and accepted without difficulty the constitution as it had been passed.

For prince there was only one serious candidature. There had

been a slight movement in favor of Prince Dondukóf-Korsákof, and also of General Ignatieff; but the Tsar absolutely refused to allow a subject to mount the throne, and the treaty excluded members of the reigning houses of the great powers. On the second ballot, April 29, 1879, Prince Alexander of Battenberg was unanimously elected. He had been fixed upon by the Tsar early in the war, and as a preliminary experience had accompanied the Russian army during most of the campaign. He was the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, the favorite brother of the Empress of Russia, who had been for many years a general in the Austrian service, and while there had married, morganatically but legally, the daughter of a Polish nobleman, Count Haucke, at one time Austrian Minister of War. The Countess, on her marriage, had been created Princess of Battenberg, and the children took that title. While their aunt on the father's side was Empress of Russia, one of their uncles on the mother's side had been condemned to death for participation in a Polish revolution against Russia. Prince Alexander had been educated in Germany, and was then a lieutenant of dragoons in the German service.

The Prince was dining with the Russian ambassador at Berlin, on the birthday of the Tsar, when he received the telegram announcing his election. He hesitated somewhat before accepting, chiefly because he thought himself hampered by the constitution; but went to Livadia in the Crimea to see his uncle, the Emperor Alexander II., who persuaded him to undertake the responsibility. He then made a tour of the great powers, winning over sovereigns and statesmen by the charm and grace of his person and bearing, and finally, on July 9, 1879, took the oath of office at Tirnova.

The Prince was at first obliged to rely on the experience and counsels of M. Davýdof, the Russian Consul-General, who gave him information as to the Bulgarians most likely to be of use to him in forming his government. Personal jealousies and feelings prevented a coalition of the two opposing factions; and he decided to form his first Cabinet entirely from the group which called themselves Conservatives, but which was in a minority in the country, having been totally defeated on all the questions arising during the Constituent Assembly. Of this group, three men, Stoílof, Grékof, and Náthcho-vitch, not only preserved their personal influence with the Prince until the end, but have greatly increased their weight in the country since, owing to their natural prudence and increased experience.

The two latter entered the Cabinet as ministers; Stoilof became the intimate adviser of the Prince as his Chief of Cabinet. These are the three known by the Russians as the *camarilla*, or the *triumvirate*, and hated as opposed to Russian designs and as being Bulgarian patriots; but who, in spite of occasional slips and errors, have acted chiefly with a view to their country's good, and have been great factors in making Bulgaria what it is now. The Ministry of War was held by a Russian, General Parentzof, who was unfortunately too young, utterly unfit for the place, and of bad manners, as it proved; he immediately began to intrigue against the Prince, as being a German, in which he was aided by Colonel Shépelef, attached to the person of the Prince as Russian military agent and adviser.

In the first Assembly, the Liberals greatly outnumbered the Conservatives, being 150 to 30. They immediately demanded a change of ministry, but the Prince refused and dissolved the Chamber. This was a great mistake, owing to inexperience in government—especially in constitutional government—and to a purely military education. Later he learned to see that his only way of governing was with the help of the party which represented the great majority of the voters; and that other methods are only possible in a country like Prussia, where a Bismarck can govern in spite of an opposing Chamber; or like the United States, where the positions of ministers do not depend on the votes of the representative body. The difficulties attending this course were so great that, when the Prince went to St. Petersburg at the beginning of 1880, to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of the Emperor Alexander II., he asked for a change of the constitution. General Milletin, the Minister of War, replied that the constitution had not yet had a fair trial; that it was too soon to think of changing it; and advised the Prince to try a Liberal Cabinet. The Emperor agreed with this and gave sound counsel, characteristic of the man: "If you act with moderation and, if need be, with the energetic use of your legal powers, you will succeed in winning respect and love. The art of managing men is one that can be learned, and every day will give you greater skill." It was not, however, until the new elections showed a still greater Liberal majority that the Prince accepted a Liberal ministry, the leading members of which were Zánkof and Karavélof.

The Tsar, at the request of the Prince, had relieved him of the tutelage of his military adviser, Colonel Shépelef, and had re-

placed the intriguing Minister of War by General Ernroth, a very worthy man, who devoted himself to the service of the Prince ; although, unfortunately, his ideas were not large, and, in spite of being a Finlander, he was a firm believer in absolutism. He carried out orders and engaged in no intrigues. Unfortunately M. Davýdof, the most experienced, clear-headed, cautious, and honest agent that Russia has ever had at Sofia, was recalled at the same time, and in his place there was appointed, through the influence of a Russian financial ring, a M. Cumáni, who had resigned his position as Counsel of the Embassy at Constantinople—the first place after the ambassador—to become agent for the Austrian Jew, Baron Hirsch, in his Turkish railway dealings.

Meanwhile, even after such a short period of independent life, the Bulgarians had begun to suspect, to dislike, and even to be disgusted with the Russians. There were deep-seated as well as superficial reasons for this discontent. Among the latter were the arbitrary and tyrannical acts of the Russian civil officials still remaining in the country ; the contempt with which they and the Russian officers regarded the Bulgarians, and the manner in which they outraged the moral feelings of the latter. The Bulgarians are a virtuous and honest as well as thrifty race, and it went against the grain to see Russian officers, whom they had to pay out of their hard-gained earnings, spending it all for suppers and champagne, and *cafés-chantants*, and the entertainment of loose women. There were many good and honorable men among the Russian officers ; there was a great sprinkling of men who were being given their last chance before being finally disgraced ; and there were some who were even too bad for Central Asia. Indeed, Bulgaria has always been treated by Russia as if it were situated somewhere near Khiva, and, whether from defective information—which can hardly be supposed—or from a mistaken appreciation of it, the Russians have not seemed able to understand the Bulgarian character in its actual or possible development. They have persisted in treating the Bulgarians as beings far inferior to the uneducated Russian peasant, who certainly has many excellent qualities which Bulgarians do not possess.

Among the more serious reasons for Bulgarian suspicions of Russia were the intrigues of all kinds carried on by nearly every Russian official. It must be said, in all justice, that in the East and in a country not thoroughly organized, where intriguing is so natural, so easy, and so *very amusing*, only men of strong character and cool

judgment can refrain from it; but, unfortunately, very few of the Russian officials had this necessary coolness and balance. When there were not three, there were two Russians, the Consul-General and the Minister of War, who received their instructions from different sources, and then used their own judgment in carrying them out, as well as in working for quite different ends. The Bulgarians were sharp and wily enough to see the divergence of views between the Russian agents present at any one time; and between any one and his predecessor, for changes were frequent. They began to suspect that each was pursuing his own personal policy for selfish reasons. There was obviously one proper course for Russia to follow—and it was probably the course originally intended by the Government—*i. e.*, to confine itself strictly within the rôle of the protecting and guiding power; making the army as serviceable as possible for an auxiliary in case of a war; guiding the foreign policy of the principality; abstaining from any interference, however slight, in the internal affairs of the country; and giving the young and inexperienced Prince a discreet and silent mentor, who would really have great influence while seeming to have none. This part Davýdof played with some success; but, with the exception of General Ernoth, all the leading Russian officials secretly intrigued either for or against the Prince, and generally openly sided with political factions. The Bulgarians seeing this, often used them to further their own ends, and then laughed at them behind their backs.

Most important of all in detaching Bulgaria from Russia were the acts and intrigues of the financial ring at Moscow and St. Petersburg. The Bulgarians had made their money with difficulty, and looked carefully after the spending of it; and the proposals for banks and railways and public works repeated, urged, and pressed, even with threats, by the various Russian agents, the easy talk about millions, about guarantees, and profits, raised suspicions that the chief object of the Russians was to exploit the country; that its importance to them was financial, rather than political or strategical. The phrase, "But we have shed our blood for you," had so often been repeated as to become a by-word; and no Russian proposition—especially a financial one—could escape severe scrutiny.

When I speak of the Russian financial ring, I do not mean that there exists an organized body of men for mutual assistance in financial enterprises and for a division of profits. But in a country like Russia, where the middle classes are few in numbers, and where the

mercantile classes have been till lately deficient in education, the fever for commercial and industrial undertakings, which has greatly spread in the last twenty years, has necessarily brought to the aid of speculators many of the official and noble classes. This has been to some extent the case in Berlin and Vienna also; but nowhere can be seen as many generals and high officials active or passive directors in banks, railways, or companies, and ardently engaged in speculation, as in St. Petersburg. This state of things has, therefore, brought about, wherever personal interests do not clash, a certain solidarity between the great capitalists and the high officials. Life in St. Petersburg is expensive, especially in these days; many people speculate, so many good chances coming to them through official sources; still more invest their little savings, and therefore feel a kindly interest in all financial enterprises. The result is that any scheme which has the support of some high officials and great nobles will be sure to command the aid of all who may some day hope for favor or preferment. Among the financial grandees of Russia at the present moment are Baron Günzburg, a Jewish banker; Poliakóf, a Jew from Southern Russia; and Gubónin, originally a Moscow merchant, and now the rival of Poliakóf in railways. There is scarcely an official in Russia who has invested or made money in enterprises, who has not been at some time placed under obligations to one of these three men, or to one of their like. When we know that men high in the Foreign Office have large investments, and even in a covert way speculate on the Bourse; and when we find General Obrútschef, the Chief of the General Staff and practical head of the Russian army, accused of being a member of the ring, we can perfectly understand that lesser officials who have no pecuniary interest themselves, are very careful not to thwart the plans, or run counter to the possible interests, of their superiors.

When Prince Alexander arrived for the first time at Varna, even before he had taken the oaths, he was asked to receive the representatives of Günzburg and Poliakóf, who brought recommendations from many high Russian officials, among others a very warm one from the Imperial Chancery. The Prince, who wished to keep clear of all financial transactions, such as have been malevolently alleged against the kings of Rumania and Serbia, could only reply that, in view of the pressure brought to bear from Russia, he would represent the matter to his ministry as soon as constituted. What was wanted at this time was, first, a concession for a network of rail-

ways to be built in Bulgaria, with the exclusive right of making the preliminary surveys, which would effectually prevent all competition as to terms ; second, the right to establish a national bank. The charter of the bank was so drawn as to allow it to take charge of the whole financial operations of the State, including the ordinary service of the treasury, all public loans, all public works, all savings and deposit banks, and even the coining of money and the issue of notes. It was to have, also, the privilege of lending money on mortgages and purchasing real estate, and of furnishing capital for commercial and industrial enterprises in the country. The regulations were so contrived as to secure to the original shareholders complete control over the whole capital in case of any subsequent issue of shares ; in other words, the whole commercial and financial interests of the country were to be placed in the hands of two Russian Jews, MM. Günzburg and Poliakóf. As I have said, the Bulgarians are keen about money matters ; and the ministry, in spite of the pressure, demanded time for deliberation, and subsequently decided to present to the Chamber only the railway proposals. When the Chamber was dissolved and a new ministry formed, those ministers most hostile to the Russian financial projects were dismissed. Outin, the agent of the speculators, when the new ministry was announced from the gallery, exclaimed, "At last we have a ministry with which one can do business." For this he was attacked in the newspapers, and, on his complaining to M. Davýdof, Consul-General, was told that, if he did not wish to be written against, he should not mix himself up in the affairs of the country. From that moment the ring declared war against Davýdof, who was soon removed.

The new ministry showed the same reserve as the first ministry had done toward the propositions of the Russian speculators ; but, on the continued urging of M. Cumáni, the Russian agent, and of the Prince (who wished to content Russia and had been led to believe that the railways were desired by the Tsar for strategic purposes), the Archbishop Clement consented to introduce into the next Assembly a bill establishing a national bank, but absolutely refused to sign the contract proposed. When the speculators saw they could get no further, they immediately turned round and warmly espoused the side of the opposition ; and it has been stated on good authority, and not contradicted, that, to provide for electoral expenses, they contributed \$40,000 to the party of Karavélof and Zánkof. This contribution, if it was really given, was entirely

superfluous, as the Chamber in any case would have had a large Liberal majority. The Zánkof Ministry now felt in its turn the pressure of the Russian coterie; the railway project was again brought up and persistently urged by Cumáni, who, calling attention to the fact that Bulgaria was bound by the Treaty of Berlin to complete its part of the railway link between Belgrade and Constantinople, represented how important it was, both for Russia and Bulgaria, that a railway from Sofia to Rustchuk should be built first; so that, in case of disturbances in Macedonia, the Russian troops could arrive on the spot at least as soon as the Austrian. Zánkof and the Assembly were still too sharp for the Russians, and were unwilling to commit themselves to an indeterminate concession where no plans, estimates, or preliminary surveys were presented; the ministry laid the project before the Chamber, which that body, however, accepted as its own, approving the principle of the railway and authorizing the Government to make the necessary surveys and bring in a bill on the subject in the next session, without saying a word about Messrs. Günzburg and Poliakóf. Although no positive advantage had yet been gained, it was a partial victory for the ring; the Bulgarian Assembly should not have accepted the project, even in this modified form. But as it was necessary to conceal their operations, the ring demanded and obtained from Karavélof—for Zánkof had been obliged to resign to please Austria on the Danube question—that M. Hogdé should be dismissed. This was a French financial official who had been sent out by the French Government at the request of the Prince, to organize the treasury department. He had scarcely yet entered on duty, and, therefore, in accordance with the terms of the contract, received \$16,000 in compensation. It is pleasing to state that he immediately gave the half of this sum to the French school at Sofia.

So many difficulties beset Prince Alexander that the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II., on March 13, 1881, gave him a very severe shock. He was not only influenced by the love and affection which he bore his uncle, and by the horrible manner of the latter's death, but he felt that he had lost his chief supporter and protector, and feared that his position was greatly shaken. He therefore started the next day for St. Petersburg; partly to attend the funeral, and partly to learn the sentiments of the new Emperor. A few days after his return, he astonished the country by issuing a proclamation, dated May 9, in which he de-

clared his intention of abdicating unless the constitution were suspended and he were given dictatorial powers for seven years, and called a meeting of the Great Assembly to accept either his propositions or his abdication. Responsibility for this step rested chiefly on the Prince himself, but he was pushed on by General Ernroth, his Russian Minister of War, and especially by Herr von Thielau, the German Consul-General. He was encouraged in this course, also, by various people in St. Petersburg to whom he had explained the difficulties of the situation; and the members of the financial ring approved of his ideas, thinking that with a man whom they considered weak, and who had hitherto more or less approved of their schemes, they would find no difficulty as soon as he should possess sole and arbitrary power. Officially the Russian Government knew nothing about it, and had given no consent. M. Hitrovo, the new Russian diplomatic agent (for Cumáni had been recalled at the earnest request of the Prince) was surprised by the news while lingering in Vienna. Russia, however, lost no time in accepting the *fait accompli*, and in supporting the Prince. The Emperor conferred on his cousin the red ribbon of St. Alexander Nevsky; the Foreign Office sent an approving telegram, which was at once widely circulated, and in which it said: "the Imperial Government wishes the Bulgarian people to maintain their indissoluble union with the Prince, and reject the enticements of ambitious agitators who seek to trouble this good understanding." Hitrovo was ordered to accompany the Prince during his electoral campaign, and to lay stress on the wishes of the Tsar in his favor. The Ministry had, of course, been at once dismissed; General Ernroth was intrusted with almost dictatorial powers for the period of the elections; Russian officers took the government of every province, and the elections were, of course, a mere farce. In some places the Liberals were not allowed to come to the polls; in others, where Liberal delegates were returned, the elections were annulled on the ground—*mirabile dictu*—of terrorism. It was hinted to the peasants that there would be freedom from taxation during the seven years. The result was that over three hundred delegates were returned in favor of the *coup-d'état*, and only twenty-five against it. The Great Assembly met at Sistova on July 13th, and, as the small minority thought it useless to attend at the risk of their lives, it was able to organize, to vote unanimously the Prince's propositions, to listen to the reading of the manifesto, and to be dissolved, within the short space of twenty minutes.

The same day M. Hitrovo announced to the Prince the speedy arrival of General Struve with pressing letters of introduction, especially from General Obrútschef, Chief of the General Staff, to ask in the name of the Russian Government the concession of the Sofia-Rustchuk Railway. General Ernroth immediately resigned; partly because he found it impossible to work together with M. Hitrovo, and was disinclined to be mixed up with the financial schemes which the latter patronized. The same day, too, a new ministry was formed, composed of two Russian officers, a Wallachian resident in Russia, a Bohemian, and only two Bulgarians.

At the first council of ministers held under the presidency of the Prince there were present the two Bulgarians, the Bohemian, and Lieutenant-Colonel Römlingen, who had been made Minister of the Interior and of Public Works, with, also, M. Hitrovo, General Struve, and Kopitkin, a young and inexperienced Russian engineer, who had been introduced as Director of Public Works. The only subject of discussion was the railway from Sofia to Rustchuk, and it turned out that although Struve professed to represent the Russian Government, he was in reality agent of Günzburg and Poliakóf. He demanded the immediate concession of the railway, on the ground of the decision of the previous Chamber; but finally contented himself with a request for the exclusive right of surveying the proposed line. The Prince had fortunately shielded himself by his very first proclamation, in which he had left the decision of all financial matters to the Chamber. It was even more annoying to find that the presence in the council chamber of the Russian diplomatic agent did not render the Bulgarian ministers more supple. These consented, not to give Struve exclusive permission to survey the line, but to empower him to make surveys as the agent of the Bulgarian Government. Nevertheless, Römlingen, in spite of the decision of the Council, wrote a letter to Struve, granting him the exclusive right of making surveys and proposals. For this and for other arbitrary conduct—not only in relation to the railways, but by his too frequent use of the whip and the knout as aid, to his administration—the Prince removed the latter from office. But such delicate treatment was required in the case of Russians that it was necessary for this purpose to ask the authorization of the Tsar, who telegraphed back, "I permit you to make a last trial with a Bulgarian minister."

When it was found that, after all the difficulties placed in the

way, the convention for completing the railway from Belgrade to Constantinople had been signed, and that Bulgaria would be obliged to construct its portion at once, Hitrovo renewed his instances with the Prince for the concession of the Sofia-Rustchuk line, talked much about its strategic necessity to Russia, and laid great stress upon its being the personal wish of the Emperor Alexander III., finally accusing the Prince of wilfully playing into the hands of Austria. The ministers at last agreed to the project on two conditions: that it should be proved to them by an official document, and not by mere letters of recommendation, that Russia really desired the railway; and second, that the Russian Government should either advance money or guarantee a loan for its construction. With this Hitrovo went to St. Petersburg: but, in spite of all his influence, the ring was not so powerful in high Government circles as had been supposed; opinions were divided as to the advantage and utility of the railway; and, although the question was discussed in the council of ministers, it was unanimously decided to refuse any financial responsibility. It was added, however, that, if the Bulgarians chose to build the railway, the Russian Government would not be displeased, and would even be glad to help them by introductions to some banking-houses.

It may seem as if too much stress were laid on these financial intrigues; but they had their importance in alienating Bulgarian feeling from Russia. Bulgarians could not well see why gratitude toward the country which had liberated them should compel them to enrich a lot of speculators who, as they at first suspected and afterward knew, in no way represented the Russian Government or the Russian people. The accusations that Hitrovo had a pecuniary interest in the matter seemed to them well-founded, as they knew of his financial embarrassments, and had heard of the equivocal reputation and debts that he had left wherever he had been.

So far the full powers granted to the Prince had not produced much effect on the government of the country. There was continued protest and agitation, which greatly increased now that Hitrovo turned against the Prince and openly allied himself with the radicals. In order to undermine the authority of the Prince he fomented intrigues which were against the interests of the country, such as the sending of an armed band into Bosnia, and attempted to disturb the allegiance of the Russian officers serving in the Bulgarian army. With the connivance of General Krylof, Minister of

War, an order of the day was issued to the Russian officers informing them that, as Russian subjects, they must obey the orders of the Russian agency, which represented the Emperor, in preference to orders emanating from the Prince. Fortunately this order did not have the effect that was expected. Just about this time there were other difficulties in the army. It was reported that serious peculations had occurred in the Shumla cavalry regiment; and, on a personal inspection, the Prince satisfied himself that the equipment and material were in very bad condition. Soon after loud complaints were made by the peasantry that parties of this regiment, commanded by non-commissioned officers, rode about the country at night and robbed them of hay and oats. These non-commissioned officers, on being called to account, admitted the charge, and stated that they had acted under the orders of their captains. The captains, in turn, threw the blame on the colonel, who had charge of the military chest, and who for a long time had given out no money. In order to preserve the honor of the Russian officers as a body, the Prince felt compelled to dismiss from the service *all* the regimental officers, both Bulgarians and Russians. This was afterward brought up against him, for the Russian war department could not forgive such want of consideration for the Russian officers. The Prince also insisted on the dismissal of the chief of the engineering department, who had made too free with the funds intrusted to him; but to this Hitrovo and Krýlof opposed strong objections, and while the Prince insisted, Popof, the assistant of the Minister of War, began an agitation among the officers, whereupon he was dismissed. A farewell dinner was given to Popof, in which Hitrovo and several of the higher Russian officers took part, as a demonstration against the Prince. The latter then ordered General Krýlof to forbid officers taking part in any demonstration without his consent. The general hesitated and was ordered to resign. General Lesovóy was appointed Minister of War *ad interim*, despite the protest of Hitrovo that the position could only be filled by the Russian Government.

This was too much for the Prince, who, after taking the advice of the leading Bulgarians, went to St. Petersburg, represented the state of affairs to the Emperor, asked for the recall of Hitrovo—which was granted—for strict orders that the Russian diplomatic agency should not meddle in internal affairs, and for a new Russian War Minister, being persuaded to accept a Russian also as Minister of

the Interior, in order to counterbalance the Bohemian, Jiretschek. He further asked the Emperor for an order to the Russian officers in the Bulgarian service, that any offence against the Prince should be considered and treated as an offence against the Emperor himself. This order, which was written out by the Prince in the Emperor's presence, was subsequently withdrawn and disowned, and Lesovóy was recalled for having read it to the officers. It was decided that the diplomatic agency should for the present remain in the hands of the secretary, Arsénief, who would thus be in an inferior position. The choice for Minister of War fell upon Major-General Alexander Kaulbars, and, at his request, Major-General Sóbolef, with whose family he had intimate relations, accompanied him as Minister of the Interior.

Here begins a new period in Bulgarian affairs. The story of the griefs of the Bulgarians is not yet complete ; but it is necessary now to explain how the feeling in Russia gradually rose against Prince Alexander—"the Battenberger," as the newspapers sarcastically began to call him ; why suspicions of his fair dealing took such deep root in the mind of the Emperor ; why, after the abduction and abdication of Alexander, the same feelings and suspicions have beset the ruling party in Bulgaria ; and how, at last, the state of things has become so changed that there can be no more return to the old, but that, in any international arrangement which may be made for the principality, *the will of Bulgaria must be first consulted*. This must be the subject of another article.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

(Conclusion in the next number.)

THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL SPIRIT.

As the French social instinct culminates in the French religion of patriotism, French individual vanity becomes conceit whenever the Frenchman contemplates France or the foreigner. The egotism which he personally lacks is conspicuously characteristic of himself and his fellows considered as a nation. Nationally considered, the people composed of the most cosmopolitan and conformable individuals in the world distinctly displays the provincial spirit. Other peoples have their doubts, their misgivings. They take refuge in vagueness, in emotional exaggeration, in commonplaces, in pure brag. We have ourselves a certain invincibility of expectation that transfigures our present and reconciles us to our lack of a past. Or, when we are confronted with evidence of specific inferiority, we adduce counterbalancing considerations, of which it need not be said we enjoy a greater abundance even than most of us are prepared on the instant to recall—"comfort and oysters" were all a certain compatriot could think of in one emergency, according to a recent anecdote. But France is to the mind, rather than to the feeling, of every Frenchman, as distinctly *la grande nation* to-day as she was in the reign of *le grand monarque*, when she had fewer rivals. The rise of these has made little impression on her. M. Victor Duruy begins his history by citing from "some great foreign poet," of whose name he is characteristically ignorant, the statement that France is "the Soldier of God." Every Frenchman echoes the words of Stendhal, who, nevertheless, in general strikingly illustrates what Mr. Spencer calls the "bias of anti-patriotism": "We, the greatest people that has ever existed—yes, even after 1815!" The "mission" of France is in every Frenchman's mind. Her many Cassandras spring from the universal consciousness of it, and are, besides, more articulate than convinced. Antiquity itself, to which it is a tendency of much modern culture to revert for many of its ideals, seems in a way rudimentary to the French, who, even during the First Empire, deemed themselves engaged in developing, rather than copying, classic models, from administration to attire. More than any other people with whom comparison could fitly be made,

they seem ignorant of what is thought and done outside the borders of their own territory. It is probable that not only the Germans, a large class of whom know everything and whose rapacity of acquisition nothing escapes, and the English and ourselves, who are great travellers, but persons of almost any nationality to be encountered anywhere abroad, are far more familiar with French books, French history, French topography, French ways, than the average intelligent Frenchman is with those of any country but his own.

The French travel less than any other people. Less than any people do they savor what is distinctly national abroad. Not only do they emigrate less; France is so agreeable to Frenchmen, and to Frenchmen of every station, that it is small wonder they are such pilgrims and strangers abroad, and tarry there so short a time unless necessity compels them. But, as one travels to become civilized, and as in French eyes civilization reaches perfection only in France, the chief motive for travel is lacking to them. "We need to study, not to travel. A travelled Frenchman is no more civilized than his stay-at-home compatriots—which is not the case elsewhere. Besides, nowadays, you know, we have photographs"—*naïveté* like this it is not uncommon to hear in Paris. The *Temps*, probably on the whole the best journal in the world, never has occasion to refer to the United States without falling into some gross error of fact, such as its American analogue would be incapable of making in regard to France, though the latter shows considerably less sympathetic disposition to appreciate French currents of feeling and thought than the *Temps* does in the converse case. Every American traveller has encountered the Frenchman who believed that the Civil War was a contest between North and South America, and has been astonished by his general intelligence, which is wholly superior to that of our people of an analogous ignorance. The entire French attitude toward foreigners strikes us as curiously conscious and sensitive. In Paris, certainly, the foreigner, hospitably as he is invariably treated, is invariably treated as the foreigner that he is. His observations about French politics, manners, art, are received with what slight impatience civility permits; and often, indeed, they are of an exasperating absurdity. He is made to perceive that all these things are distinctly matters of French concern. The Frenchman feels too acutely the privilege of being a Frenchman to extend the favor, even by courtesy, to the stranger within his gates. He has laws which authorize him to expel from French territory foreigners who

displease him. When the little American daily, the *Morning News*, treated the Parisians to some American "journalistic enterprise" about the healthfulness of Nice, some years ago, there was an amusing outcry for its immediate exile as a foreign publication. When the late King Alfonso passed through Paris after accepting in Germany a colonelcy of Uhlans, President Grévy was obliged to apologize for the conduct of the Paris mob, which hissed and hooted him as if there were no such thing as French civility, which, nevertheless, is proof against everything but Chauvinism. Accurately estimated as Wagner is by the leading French musicians, and avid as are the Parisians of whatever is new in art, Paris is so distinctly an entity and as such takes itself so seriously, that it would not listen to "Lohengrin" because the author of "Lohengrin" had, nearly twenty years before, insulted it after a manner which, one would say, Paris would be glad to condone as natural to German *grossièreté*, and therefore as unworthy of remembrance. The artists of the *Salon* lose a similar opportunity of showing themselves superior to provincialism of a particularly crass kind, in visiting the æsthetic primitiveness of our Congressmen on the individual American painter, who is already only too impotently ashamed of it.

The provincial spirit born of an exaggerated sense of nationality has nowhere else proved so fatal to France, perhaps, as in closing her perceptions to one of the very greatest forces of the century. The modern spirit is illustrated in many ways more signally and splendidly by the French than by any other people, but they have notably missed its industrial side. Industrialism may almost be said to play the chief part in the modern world, to be one of those influences which contribute the most to national grandeur and individual importance. Beside its triumphs, those of the military spirit are surely beginning to seem fleeting and ineffective. Standing armies were never so colossal and never cost so much, but, despite the fact that no one can foresee the manner of their decline, it is already plain that the system which they support must ally itself with industrialism, or perish before it; which is only an extended way of putting Napoleon's remark that "an army travels on its belly." Democracy may have as much use for force as feudalism had, but it is only the more clear for this that the heaviest battalions are to be on the side of the particular democracy which best apprehends and applies the principles of peaceful industry in their widest scope and exactest precision. If there be anything in these inconsistent with

eminence in literature, art, natural science, diplomacy, philosophy, with the ideal, in short, so much the worse for the ideal. It is the *fittest*, not the best, that survives. But it is far more probable that what is generally called materialism is often only so called because the science of it has not yet been discovered. The future will certainly account nationality a puissant and beneficent force just in proportion as the nationality of the future imbues itself with the spirit of industrialism, which at the present time appears, superficially at least, so unnational, so cosmopolitan. Witness already not only the wealth of Anglo-Saxondom, but the way in which this wealth serves to promulgate the Anglo-Saxon ideals, imperfect as these are. Now, at a time when the foundations of modern society were being laid, France was neglecting the practice, if not the philosophy, of industrialism. Only in a philosophical and speculative way—and, indeed, one may add, an amateur way—did she concern herself with it. She was wholly given over to the things of the mind, of the heart, of the soul, examining the sanctions of every creed, every conception, every virtue even, and so preoccupied with encyclopædism that she forgot colonization entirely. She threw away Canada, which she had administered with a sagacity wholly surpassing that of the English administration of the then loyal America. She allowed herself to be driven from India. She made only a desultory effort to develop her possessions in South America. While Turgot was studying his reforms, writing political economy, discovering that needless wages were in reality but alms, meditating and administering with a brilliance and power that place him at the very head of French statesmanship, the English Turgot was plundering India. While the French were pondering and discussing the *Contrat Social*, the English were putting money in their purse, with which to fight the Napoleonic wars and restore the ancient régime at the Congress of Vienna. By force of intelligence, of impatience with sophisms, of passion for pure reason, by detestation of privilege and love for humanity, feudality in France was being undermined; while by force of energy, of strenuous, steadfast, and heroic determination, Hastings was enabling England, by condoning infamy, to substitute wealth for institutional reform.

The result is very visible at the present day, and complicates the French outlook not a little. French credit is still high, but French finances give the wisest French economists melancholy forebodings. French commerce and manufactures are very considerable, but, unlike

her agriculture, they are so in spite of, rather than because of, French institutions. The settlement of the land question followed naturally upon the adoption of the Rights of Man, whereas the Revolution left the questions of trade and finance untouched in their provincial seventeenth-century status. Immigration and geographical situation go far to atone for the un-American stupidity of our tariff, but the same provincial spirit works much greater provincial results in France, where no good luck in the industrial field counterbalances the effects of subsidies and protection. The nation is at once the most industrious and the least industrial of the great nations. Notable exceptions there are; but not only do these thrive at the expense of the mass, but, these included, the business of the nation seems, by comparison with that of England and ourselves, exaggeratedly retail, where indeed traces of its activity are not altogether lacking. An Englishman notes at once the tremendous depleting cost of consuming only native manufactures. An American remarks a surprising absence of business of all kinds, except in the luxuries and decorations of life. The smallness of the scale, the universal two prices for everything, the restriction of speculation to a small army of professed speculators, the way in which the trade in *articles de Paris* and *nouveautés* dominates in importance that in grain, cotton, groceries, and provisions, the outnumbering of drays and trucks by handcarts and cabs, the immense preponderance of little shops over what we are really etymological in calling "stores"—these things seem provincial not to our Philistinism so much as to our ideality.

It is very well to be at the head of civilization, to represent most perfectly of all nations "the humanization of man in society," but you must manage to live, to endure; and to endure you must take note of the forces at work around you, you must see the way the world is going. You must not at the present day be so exclusively devoted to *Geist*, however justifiably Mr. Arnold may sing its praises to his own countrymen, as to let your commercial instincts atrophy. Such costly fiascos as the Tonquin expedition are the price paid by France for that uncommercial character betrayed in the use of the term "*article d'export*" for whatever is cheap and poor. At a time when every European nation is colonizing in search of markets, success is not to be won by exporting brummagem. Curiously enough, even in the domain of art, where the French are, one would say, thoroughly commercial (as well as, of course, admirable executants),

a critic in *L'Art* rebukes the provincial French disregard of foreign art, by begging his countrymen to be, at least, lenient enough to examine before disapproving, and asking them how they would like to be judged solely on the art products they themselves send abroad. The French belief that foreigners can be made to buy an article in art or industry that Frenchmen would reject is, indeed, directly associated with their conviction that in all activities you can only be amusing to them, never instructive; and that while they welcome the strangeness which other peoples resent, there is no more utility in exchanging ideas than dry goods with you. And not only do they lose in national consideration in this way, but, to note a by no means unimportant detail, they miss the development of character that a national genius for industrialism in its large aspects stimulates in individual citizens. The amassing of money makes misers of Frenchmen. There is no amassing on a large scale that is not known and described as avarice. There are no Vanderbilts. Their laws securing the distribution of wealth stimulate sordidness instead of speculation. For speculation the mass of the people substitute the lottery, which is certainly a provincial form of business risk. Holders of successful tickets almost never dissipate their winnings, but employ them sensibly and economically. Petty gambling is nearly universal, but its scale is usually parochial. The gambling at the Paris Bourse is, of course, colossal in amount, but in its area of influence it is restricted. There are comparatively few "lambs shorn" there, and the temptation to take a "flyer" in the market does not assail the average citizen.

Moreover, the necessity for an immense army keeps the military spirit in fashion. Every citizen passes through the *caserne*, and retains something of its feeling. Duels, fine uniforms, contempt of civilians, patronage of "trades-people," survive from the middle-age predominance of the *noblesse*, through this necessity, with a persistence that strikes our industrialized sense as puerile. Democratic as France is, she is still as feudal, as provincial in these respects, as oligarchical or despotic societies are in others. Material as the community is in many ways, in these it is still steeped in the antiquated ideal of that age of chivalry whose very existence we have arrived at doubting. The truculence of Richelieu's time has been softened, but a statesman is still at the mercy of a *spadassin*, if the latter conceives his "honor" wounded in the course of parliamentary polemics. The sentiment which sustains the soldier against the *avocat* is

wide-spread, and does not differ greatly, except in refinement, from the similar provincialism of our Southern fire-eaters.

French provincialism, however, is exhibited rather in a restricted field of knowledge than in a narrow attitude of mind. It proceeds from ignorance rather than prejudice. Unlike the provincialism of any other people, it is thoroughly open-minded. It is traditional rather than perverse. It is not arrogant but limited—not so much sceptical of foreign merit as conscious of its own. Its development has taken place amid competitive, rather than isolated, conditions, and it shows the mark of the continental struggle instead of insular evolution; its conceit is derived from a too exclusive contemplation of French accomplishments, not from that vague and sentimental exaggeration with which unchecked emotion accentuates self-respect. Its view of the universe is conspicuously incomplete, but so far as it goes its vision is admirably undistorted. In a word, even French provincialism is remarkably candid and rational. It seems for this reason particularly crass to us, because its exhibition is marked by so much sense and so little sentiment, because a lack of emotional delicacy leads to bald and, so to speak, scientific, statement of French merits and attainments. We could sympathize much more readily with pure brag. The absence of buncombe is distinctly disagreeable to us. The palpable sincerity of its air of placid exactitude we find difficult to support. We could forgive it anything more readily than its frank composure. The story of the London cockney who found the French a singular people because they called “bread” *pain*, and replied to a comrade, who observed that calling *pain* “bread” was just as singular, “Oh, well, you know it *is* bread,” illustrates rather the French than the Anglo-Saxon order of provincialism. The Englishman would be preoccupied with the contemptible character of the bread itself. The reason why the Germans are such good linguists, says the French Calino, is because “they already know one foreign language.” His English correlative esteems foreign languages “lingo.” A young and observant Methodist clergyman whom I once saw in Rome (whither he had been sent by his Connecticut congregation in search of health and recreation) was evidently getting none of either because, in the presence of Raphael and Michael Angelo, he was perpetually and painfully reminding himself, as well as others, that “a fine action is finer than a fine picture,” and that the Italians were so contemptible a people as to make it natural to infer from their distinction in them something particularly debas-

ing in the influence of the fine arts. It would be hard to find a French priest in our day thus perplexed and tormented by the fascination of pure oppugnation, and well-nigh impossible to encounter a Frenchman of any kind so persuaded that to differ morally from himself was *ipso facto* witness of degradation. The travelling Frenchman rarely exhibits this pedantic order of contempt for the foreign phenomena with which he comes in contact. He often misconceives and misinterprets them most absurdly, and the serenity of his superiority on such occasions has, first and last, afforded a good deal of amusement. The newspaper letters of the French correspondents are sometimes as good reading on account of the picturesqueness of their blunders as for any other reason. The conceit is colossal. But it arises from ignorance and misconception, from a certain helplessness in the presence of what is unfamiliar that fairly paralyzes even Gallic curiosity, and throws the victim back on his own nation's eminence, with whose justification he is much more at home. It is never combined with feeling, and generally contents itself with such comparisons as observation suggests. Our pedants, on the other hand, are constantly occupied with inferences of the most fundamental nature drawn from the most trivial circumstances. In the case of the travelling Briton, the view of novel objects seems actually to distil dislike. Encountering abroad, for example, a strange costume, the Frenchman finds it in bad taste, the Englishman conceives a contempt for the wearer. Both positions are equally unwarrantable, very likely, but it is clear that the provincialism of the latter only is pedantic. We are all familiar with the budget of opinions about foreigners with which our kindest and gentlest travellers return from Europe: the filth of Italy, the stupidity of the Germans, the insincerity of the French, the ridiculousness of the English, the atrocity of the Spanish *cuisine*, their ultra-radical conviction of American superiority in all these instances being based on the simple fact of difference. No French traveller looks at foreign phenomena in this way, and though his conviction of French superiority may be as unsound at bottom, yet, so far as he is concerned, it is more intelligent, less exclusively sentimental, as well as less uncharitable—one is tempted to add, less unchristian.

An explanation is that the French provincial spirit, like other French traits, is thoroughly impersonal. The individual, everywhere subordinated to the State and the community, appears himself curiously unrelated to the very object of his characteristic adoration. Personally speaking, his provincialism is impartial. He does not ad-

mire France because she is his country. His complacency with himself proceeds from the circumstance that he is a Frenchman ; which is distinctly what he is first, being a man afterward. And his pride in France by no means proceeds from her production of such men as he and his fellows, but from what France, composed of his fellows and himself, accomplishes and represents. One never hears the Frenchman boast of the character and quality of his compatriots, as Englishmen and ourselves do. He is thinking about France, about her different *gloires*, about her position at the head of civilization. His country is to him an entity, a concrete and organic force, with whose work in the world he is extremely proud to be natively associated, without at the same time being very acutely conscious of contributing thereto or sharing the responsibility therefor. He is, accordingly, a marvel of candor in discussions relating to France, of which in detail he is an unsparing and acute critic. One wonders often at his admissions, which seem drastic, not to say fundamental. We forget that he always has France in reserve—that organic conception which every Frenchman holds so firmly, owing to the closeness of texture in the national life since the nation's birth. In discussions of this kind his attitude is very well expressed by a fine *mot* of the Duc d'Aumale, who, during the Bazaine trial, when the inculpated marshal exclaimed, in justification of his treason, that there was no longer any government left, any order, any authority to obey, said, "*Il y avait encore la France, monsieur !*" The national life of England has been nearly as long and no doubt as glorious as that of France ; but, owing to its looseness of texture, to the incomplete way in which it has absorbed the individual, the individual himself seems to make its dignity and eminence subjects of constant concern. And so much personal emotion is in his case associated with this preoccupation, that nowhere more conspicuously than in his Chauvinism does he illustrate the disposition of Doctor Johnson, "who," says Emerson, "a doctor in the schools, would jump out of his syllogism the instant his major proposition was in danger, to save that at all hazards." Similarly with ourselves. In national criticism the Frenchman, on the other hand, never thinks his major proposition in the least danger. This perhaps argues an intenser national conceit, a more explicit provincialism, but it permits a certain syllogistic freedom which an Anglo-Saxon can only envy. Mr. Arnold notes this characteristic as common to the continentals generally in his inimitable essay entitled "My Countrymen."

"It makes me blush," he says, "to think how I winced under what the foreigners said of England; how I longed to be able to answer it; how I rejoiced at hearing from the English press that there was nothing at all in it, when I see the noble frankness with which these foreigners judge themselves." But I think this frankness is especially characteristic of the French, and it is, from our point of view, not a little singular that it should be accompanied by the most intense Chauvinism. "Modesty is doubt," says Balzac, and the French thus judge themselves so frankly, very likely, because they are lacking in that modesty which the screaming of our eagle and the roar of the British lion attest as an Anglo-Saxon trait. At all events, the French; with their excessively rational way of looking at things, esteem modesty a defect rather than a quality, both in nations and individuals, and rarely use the word except in the enumeration of feminine charms, or in the extended sense of "unpretentiousness"—as, for example, a modest *savant*.

And it is to be remarked that the French have a particular justification for their ignorance of foreign national worth and accomplishment which people of other countries are without. On principles which they comprehend, that is to say, such principles as State action, organic development, scientific study of special problems, coöperation, and centralization—every principle, in fact, in accordance with which the common activities of an entire nation are to be directed—France presents as a nation a far more definite and concrete figure than any other. Englishmen, Italians, Americans may excel in a hundred ways, but they are not excellences to which England, Italy, America concretely contribute as nations. In the way of direct national accomplishment, the work of France is certainly more palpable than that of other nations. We build, for example, an astonishing number of miles of railway every year, but what we mean by "America" is no more associated with it than it is with the levying of a 30% duty on foreign art. M. de Lesseps' success or failure is, on the other hand, intimately and directly French. It is by no means altogether because French national accomplishment is almost always a government affair, whereas we make "private enterprise" the great protagonist of our national drama. It is because in France the Government is in all matters of this kind so thoroughly representative, so wholly a popular agent. The result is that "France" is far more real to a Frenchman's intelligence than "America" is to ours, however much our subjective sentiment may atone for the lack of na-

tional palpability. Of "private enterprise," of the attainment of magnificent results through pure sentiment, through a loose social organization, through a consistent inconsistency, the Frenchman has no notion. These are principles of which he does not comprehend the workings. But, as I say, the results of those principles whose workings he does comprehend are far more considerable in France than elsewhere. In the line of social and political problems whose solution depends upon the conscious and precise regulation, ordering, and development of an entire society, French experimentation has, in variety, scope, and thorough-going audacity, been so far in excess of that of other modern peoples that it seems to him idle to examine the history of the latter. Since the Revolution and the adoption of the Code Napoléon, for instance, the phenomena marking the gradual rise of the English democracy naturally seem to him interesting mainly from a humanitarian point of view, and only indirectly instructive. And as for studying the details of our social system, to take another popular example, whereby American relations between men and women are secured, he necessarily feels that this would be rather curious than profitable to him, because of his conviction that these relations, if they are what our admirers maintain, are owing more to the favor of Heaven than to that human ordering upon which his own society must inevitably and exclusively continue to depend.

In fine, the peculiarity of the French provincial spirit is that, for the most part, its manifestations are national and not individual. Toward other nations abstractly, and toward the people of other nations in the concrete, it is exhibited in very nearly the proportion in which it is aroused by the exclusive contemplation and knowledge of France itself. But its reaction upon the individual in his own environment is scarcely apparent. Where neither France nor the foreigner is directly in question, *unprovincial* is precisely the epithet for the Frenchman's mental attitude and processes. The Frenchman makes so much of his position as a member of a society whose texture is extremely close; he employs his relations to his surroundings in such constant and salutary fashion, that personally he avoids nearly every mark of the provincial spirit. He has little of its narrowness, its self-concentration, its unremittent experimentation, its confusion of relative with absolute values. It is, for example, especially a mark of the provincial spirit to take one's self too seriously. To take one's self too seriously is the distinguishing trait at once of the pedant and the amateur—the person who attaches an excessive

importance to trifles, and the person who attacks lightly matters of great dignity and difficulty; two archetypes, one may say, of the provincialism illustrated by Anglo-Saxons. At home, certainly, however he may appear abroad, the Frenchman takes himself far less seriously than the Englishman or the American is apt to do under sufficient provocation, unrestrained as both are by either the dread or the danger of that ridicule which operates with such salutary universality in France. Beside the pedant and the amateur, the *fat* is conspicuously a cosmopolitan, or, at least, a cockney product. The *badand* himself is a very catholic-minded character; he sinks himself in his surroundings. Note the essential difference, from the point of view of provincialism, between him and the prig—especially that latest and least attractive variety of the species by which at present our own society is infested, and from which France is free—the prig bent on self-improvement. An environment whose cosmopolitanism is a pervasive force, instead of mainly a mere lack of positive nationality, cannot develop a being of whom it is the cardinal characteristic that his constant discipline and effort are exercised uniformly at the expense of others. So perfectly are the amateur and the pedant fused in him that the most trivial conversation is in his eyes an opportunity; he takes notes for self-education on the most sacred and solemn occasions; at dinner-parties he is studying etiquette, at the whist-table he is improving his game, at church he is exercising his memory, in a neighbor's house or a picture gallery, his taste; he has no intimacy too great for him to employ in practising his voice, his gestures, his carriage, his demeanor—his whole environment, in fact, animate and inanimate, friend and foe, he remorselessly sacrifices to his implacable purpose of educating himself, whatever may happen. And that he may advance in virtue as in wisdom he lets slip no opportunity of educating others. No description, indeed, of a society which lacks him can be more vivid and positive to a society which possesses him than the mention of his absence. One infers at once in such a society the ease and free play of the faculties, the large, humorous, and tolerant view of one's self and others, the leisure, the calm, the healthful and effortless vivacity, the confidence in one's own perceptions and in the intelligence of one's neighbors—characteristics which, very likely, have in turn their weak side, but which indicate the urban, the metropolitan, the mundane attitude of a community wherein men rub against and polish each other, and exclude the village or conventual ideal of

laborious effort, careless of the present, forgetful of the past, its ardent gaze fixed on a vague recompense in an indefinite future to the successful contestant in a rigorous competitive examination.

Religion, too, has contributed as largely in France to the absence of the provincial spirit as it has furthered the social instinct by tending to social concert and social expansion. Not only, that is to say, has religion in France exercised the influence peculiar to Catholicism, but Catholicism has there been without a rival. Protestantism exists. The Reformed Church is indeed supported by the State on a perfectly proportionate equality with Catholicism, but the blood of the martyrs has not been its seed, and it does not really count. The leading Paris newspaper is Protestant; many of the leading men are of Huguenot descent and cherish Protestant traditions. But these themselves discuss every question from a Catholic stand-point, and it never occurs to them that society is not homogeneously Catholic. Catherine de Medicis is in this respect as much the creator of modern France as Henry VIII. is of modern England or Philip II. of modern Spain. I am so far from content with her work that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew seems to me the greatest misfortune that has ever befallen France. Compared with it the Prussian invasion of 1870 and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine seem insignificant; when we think of the France of Coligny's time and its potentialities, the France of to-day, even post-revolutionary France, is, in certain directions, a disappointment. But it is not to be denied that to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes are attributable the religious homogeneousness of French society, and, consequently, its composure, its serenity, its absence of the provincial spirit in one of the profoundest, most sacred, and most influential of human concerns.

The humanizing effect of unity in religion is one of those phenomena which have only to be mentioned to be immediately appreciated. The attitude of superstition itself is really far less provincial than the attitude of scepticism. The one is traditional and social in its nature, the other of necessity solitary and personal. Even superstition implies a placid and serene sympathy between its victim and his environment. Sophocles, Virgil, Raphael, Shakespeare, Erasmus, Goethe—how distinct is the urbanity, the felicity of rounded and complete harmony which the mere mention of these names reminds us they illustrate in common! How different it is from the notion called up by the mention of Luther, Calvin, Bunyan,

Knox, Byron, Carlyle! Apollo is one type and Achilles is quite another. To fight it out for one's self in the sphere of religion! To forge one's own *credo* out of materials painfully selected from the workshops of the ages! Not to feel one's self sustained and supported by human sympathy in the supreme human concern! To assume the objector's attitude, to place one's self at the sceptic's view-point, to particularize laboriously and sift evidence with scrupulous care in a matter so positive, so attractive, and so universal—how can this fail to stimulate in one the provincial temper, the provincial spirit? The social instinct recoils in the face of such a prospect. The tendency of unity is to magnify the worship, of diversity to magnify the philosophy, of religion. How many scores of conscientious and piously-disposed young men at the moment when "choice is brief and yet endless" cut themselves off entirely from the former because they cannot make up their minds clearly as to the latter! Every one's experience has acquainted him with the phenomenon of "truly religious souls" debarred from the communion of saints, not to say impelled toward the communion of sinners, by what Renan calls "the narrow judgments of the frivolous man." The kindred phenomenon resulting from the narrow and frivolous judgments of the truly religious soul itself, is scarcely less frequent. In New England, at any rate, where the old Arian heresy *redivivus* has produced such luxuriant intellectual fruit, it is not an infrequent occurrence to find the anxious seat filled with candidates carefully conning the different "confessions," the mind concentrated on the importance of an intelligent and impartial selection, preliminary to the satisfaction of the soul's highest need. "The experience of many opinions gives to the mind great flexibility and fortifies it in those it believes the best," says Joubert. Nothing can be truer and nothing more just than the high praise that has been given to this remark. But it is surely applicable to philosophy rather than to religion, and if applied to religious philosophy it should be read in conjunction with that other and profoundly spiritual saying of Joubert: "It is not hard to know God, provided one will not force one's self to define him"; or this: "Make truth lovely, and do not try to arm her."

The great word of religion is peace, and controversy is, however practical it may be, indisputably provincial. Controversy has become so characteristic of our sectarianism, it is believed in so sincerely, it is, in effect, so necessary as a protection against the insidiousness of superstition, that one distrusts its universal efficacy at his peril. No

one, failing to see how this must be so, can fail to observe that it is in fact so when he contemplates many of the manifestations of the controversial spirit in which our society abounds. A not infrequent spiritual experience, for example, is this: a person of inbred piety, infinitely attracted by the beauty of holiness, comes in contact with the scientific and scrutinizing spirit of the age. The unity of nature, the universal identity of her undertakings, which, as Thoreau says, are "sure and never fail," make a profound impression on him. He is unable to credit or conceive of their overruling to the end that spiritual truth may be attested by miracles. He pays dearly for his inability. It excludes him from fellowship with spirits a thousand times more akin to his own than he can find outside the doors guarded by the flaming sword of an inflexible *credo*. He begins, nevertheless, to adjust himself to his position. Soon he proceeds to vaunt it, out of sheer self-respect. His heart becomes hardened; his intellect freezes; finally he finds a haven in a society for ethical culture, whose cardinal tenet it is that the Sermon on the Mount is too simple for application to the immensely diversified needs of our complex modern society. He may not have lost his own soul, but he has certainly not gained the whole world, nor any considerable part of it. The world stamps him and his society as essentially provincial, and turns with relief to the fellowship of quarters wherein the beautiful and the good stand in no terror of the tyranny of truth. From this variety of provincialism, at least, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes have done much to spare France, both in her religion and her irreligion.

It would, indeed, be very difficult to persuade a Frenchman visiting America of our good faith in charging him with provincialism in any regard. Every contrast with things French which meets his eye must enforce his sense of our rudimentary and undeveloped condition. He could not fail to find our theatres, some of our churches, our conception of his interest in cemeteries and penal institutions, the transparent dresses of our women on undress, and their high-necked "gowns" on dress, occasions, our diversified tastes in the matter of feminine bonnets and masculine beards, our bathing costumes and manners, our lack of police efficiency, our *cuisine*, the attire and conduct of that immense class among us in whom gentility is uneasily nascent, and our categorical and serious defence of these and scores of other peculiarities, exactly to be characterized by the epithet provincial. He would probably be unabashed

even by our "men of general information"—a product in which, perhaps, we may defy competition. He would certainly maintain that in France there are more people who have an academic and critical knowledge of "life" and character, people whose judgments of the innumerable and immensely varied phenomena of life and character, of art and science, are independent without being capricious. "The range within which these judgments are restricted seems limited to you," he would assert, "mainly, perhaps, because yours is extended into the region of triviality. Prices of every sort from pictures to mess pork, railway time-tables, tinkering, horse and dog lore, stitches, sports, the mysteries of plumbing, old furniture, pottery marks, in fact, all that desultory and fragmentary 'information' with which your as yet unsystematized struggle with nature seems to encrust so many among you, is what, on the contrary, we regard as really limited and limiting. And, in general, a crystallized and highly developed community seems provincial to the nomad and the adventurer, whether he be a Bedouin or a Wall Street broker, because it has traditions, local pride, public spirit, and organic relations; because, great or small, it is and stands for something at once definite and complex, and is not merely a part of the amorphous universe where nothing is settled, where there is no code to systematize the general scramble, and where industry and enterprise thrive at a tremendous cost to the *ensemble*, and substitute a startling social *chiaro-oscuro* for the just pictorial values of civilization. Paris is 'provincial' in the same way as your oldest and maturest city is. Like Boston, it seems 'provincial' to the New Yorker and the Chicagoan because it is so completely organic, because it is so distinctly a community instead of being merely a piece broken off the wide, wide world. The desert of Sahara is not 'provincial'; as Balzac said, 'It is nothing and yet everything, for God is there and man is not!' You Americans strike us as unprovincial, I may observe, mainly in this Sahara sense."

At the same time, we may legitimately rejoin, the catholic and cosmopolitan spirit which leads Emerson to find not provincialism but "characteristic nationality" in Madame de Staël's peremptory "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France," is probably rarer in France than in an environment where there is, if not more of God, at any rate less of man.

W. C. BROWNELL.

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS.

IN the social concussions and agitations now taking place, some changes are certain to be made not only in industrial methods but also in political and economic theories. When the facts of life change, the theories must somehow manage to reconstruct themselves accordingly. Filmer's dogma of the divine right of kings was obliged to make way as constitutional government found firmer footing in England. The notion that government has only police functions cannot be accepted as the popular philosophy, when the people, with substantial unanimity, are all the while requiring the Government to assume that other function, so clearly defined in our Constitution as the promotion of the general welfare. Theologians are always averse to innovations in doctrine; but the history of theology proves that such changes are continually taking place. The teachers of social science, also, appear to be somewhat unwilling to harbor new theories; but the social order is quite as changeable as the spiritual order; and the need of the frequent restatement of social laws is tolerably evident.

One of the facts that is coming into clearer light is the close relation of ethics and economics. This is no new discovery. In former times the organic unity of the two departments of knowledge was recognized; the first great English economist was a teacher of moral science, and believed himself to be teaching, in a surreptitious manner, not only morals but religion also, when he was expounding the economic laws. In fact the theological assumptions and inferences of the Smithian economy greatly aided in giving it currency. Doubtless these assumptions and inferences were illegitimate; but the fact remains that the father of English political economy believed that his science was vitally related to the science of conduct. Comte always insisted that economics could not be profitably studied apart from other topics of human concernment; that human welfare was one individual whole, and must be treated synthetically, not analytically. Comte's teaching on this subject has been disputed by many of the later economists. Even John Stuart Mill, who was indebted to Comte for many stimu-

lating suggestions, joins issue here with the great positivist. He says :

“ Notwithstanding the universal consensus of the social phenomena, whereby nothing which takes place in any part of the operation of society is without its show of influence on every other part ; and notwithstanding the paramount ascendancy which the general state of civilization and social progress in any given society must here exercise over all the partial and subordinate phenomena; it is not the less true that different species of social facts are, in the main, dependent immediately and in the first resort on different kinds of causes, and, therefore, not only may with advantage, but must be studied apart, just as in the natural body we study separately the physiology and pathology of each of the principal organs and tissues, though every one is acted on by the state of all the others, and though the peculiar conditions and general health of the organism coöperate with, and often predominate over, the local causes in determining the state of any particular organ.”

If there were separate “ organs ” or “ tissues ” in the human nature specially devoted to the production and the use of wealth, such an illustration would be more pertinent. If man had a money-getting organ, as he has an organ of vision, there might be some excuse for a class of economists who, for the purpose of the science, should isolate his money-getting and money-using faculties from all his other forces and interests, and study them apart. But this does not seem to represent the case. The industrial powers and the economical interests of human beings constitute a great department of human life by no means distinct from the other departments, but so intimately and vitally related to them all that it cannot be usefully studied apart from them. Suppose that some physiologist should undertake to investigate and expound the phenomena of animal locomotion by confining himself to the muscular and osseous systems, and wholly neglecting all the facts of nerve-stimulation ; would his knowledge of the subject be complete ? Suppose that another should set out to explain the circulatory system without any reference to the respiratory system ! The scientific physiologist does not ignore these vital inter-relations of the human economy ; he does not imagine that any interests of “ science ” require him to do so. Now the phenomena of the economic order can be no more adequately discussed apart from the phenomena of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral realms, than animal locomotion can be adequately studied without reference to the neural forces. The production of wealth depends on the physical powers of the laborer ; on his intelligence ; on his temper ; on the social estimation in which he is held ; on the various prospects and incitements set before him ; on a thousand

subtle but powerful influences wholly outside of what is usually defined as the economic motive. Even if the economic man could be scientifically dissected out of the human nature, as an eye may be dissected from the head, it would still be necessary to study the social welfare of man in its completeness, in order that we might rightly understand and wisely treat economical questions. The oculist makes the eye his specialty, but he needs to know the human physiology comprehensively; the condition of the other organs constantly affects the eyes; and morbid conditions of the eyes may affect the whole nervous system. The quack oculist contents himself with studying the eye; the scientific oculist recognizes the need of a liberal medical education. His diagnosis is never complete until he knows all he can learn about the general health of his patient.

The relation between ethics and economics is not less vital than that between medicine and morals. Every sensible clergyman recognizes the fact that many of the moral and spiritual maladies with which he has to deal arise from morbid conditions of the body; and many physicians are aware that not a few of the ills that flesh is heir to have their parentage in minds diseased. All but thorough-going materialists see and confess this reciprocal relation of mental states and bodily conditions. Trouble that is purely ideal or sentimental makes sad inroads upon the human frame; physical habits weaken and efface the mental and moral powers. The germs of crime are in dyspepsia, and many a physical disorder is due to a lie. This does not imply that no distinction is to be made between the medical and the clerical professions, or that the men of each profession must be experts in the department of the other; but it does show that the fact of their close sympathy should be clearly recognized, and that the border-lands should be well explored by students and practitioners of both professions. The clergyman is not called to usurp the doctor's province, nor to meddle with his practice; but if he does not know that many spiritual disturbances have their spring in physical derangements, he is not fit to minister to minds diseased. The doctor may not feel called to preach to his patients; but if he has not discovered that there are many diseases which are not due to physical causes, and which drugs cannot cure, he still lacks wisdom. All modern psychologists study physiology patiently and profoundly; it is not supposed that mental phenomena can be adequately treated without some knowledge of the physical conditions in connection with which

they always appear. Now ethics is the soul of sociology, as economics is its body; and the relation of this body to this soul is as intimate as that of the physical to the spiritual nature of man. Between them a constant series of reciprocal actions is taking place; and what Lotze says of the two parts of man's nature is true of these related provinces of social life: "By a fine-spun tissue of numberless relations are both most admirably fitted to work on each other's states and needs. For each action and reaction passing between them is a fibre of that which forms their mutual bond." *

It is quite as easy to show how ethical causes produce economical effects, and vice-versa, as it is to show the causal relation between the bodily and the mental experiences of men. Do not the vices of the laboring classes affect the productive industries of the nation? Is not the deterioration of the labor-force, through poverty and insufficient nutriment, almost always accompanied by moral degradation? Is not the loss of stamina often suffered by masses of laborers during seasons of industrial depression a tremendous fact of the moral, as well as of the economic realm? Suppose that the deduction of Cairnes be true (I do not assume it), that under a wage-system with unrestricted competition as the regulative principle, the share of the laborer in the product of his labor constantly tends to decrease: if that fact were known to the laborers, would it not tend to produce discontent and discouragement among them, begetting vice and pauperism? And would not this degradation of the laborer react upon production, lessening its amount and depreciating its quality? Even so ethereal a force as courtesy has its economic effects. The employer who always treats his workmen with a genuine politeness, who manifests a sincere interest in their welfare by kindly speech and sympathetic treatment, finds his profit in such friendliness; he is apt to get from them a more loyal and efficient service, and, in the time of industrial conflicts, to find them working on in peace while others round about them are in insurrection against their employers. It is not rare, even in these tempestuous times, to hear workmen speak with affectionate respect of a master as "a white man,"—"a good man to work for." Temper is a great matter in a factory as well as in a cart. Good will inspires good will, and good will is one of the prime constituents of good work.

President Walker has shown,† by a most impressive demonstration, that the sympathy of the community with the laborer tends to

* *Microcosmus*, Book III., Chap. I.

† *The Wages Question*, p. 362.

increase his share in the product of his industry. Sympathy with the laborer is a purely moral force; if it influences the distribution of the product of industry, it has an economic effect. The same writer has also shown that even so impersonal an interest as that of rent is powerfully affected by public opinion; that one strong reason why rents in England, for example, have not risen to the extreme and cruel altitudes that they have reached in Ireland is due to the constant restraint upon the landlords of the moral sentiment of the vicinage. And he quotes from Prof. Thorold Rogers the statement that the English tenant "is virtually protected by the *disreputable publicity* which would be given to a sudden eviction, or a dishonest appropriation of the tenant's improvements."

Most of what I have said bears upon the relation of the moral sentiments and habits of the people to the production of wealth. This is the department of political economy in which ethical causes are least prominent. The last illustration, however, takes us into the field of distribution, and here the attempt to separate morals from economics is extremely difficult. Indeed the economists themselves—even those who most strenuously protest against the fellowship of the two sciences—are often found diligently preaching about what ought and ought not to be done in all this field. The objection to combinations of laborers, as urged by the old-fashioned economists, rested largely on moral grounds. If they tried to show that such combinations could not render the distribution of the product any more equitable, and could only tend to the crippling of production, they also placed much stress upon the effect of such combinations in weakening the laborer's self-reliance, and destroying his individuality. The fact that freedom is the necessary condition of the most efficient production and the most equitable distribution of wealth, could not be separated in their minds from the fact that freedom is also the necessary condition of the development of manhood. Theoretically the two considerations might be kept apart, but practically they have not been, and we shall presently see why they were not and should not be; why the economists were more scientific in their practice than in their theory. On the other hand, the advocates of labor organization also rest their plea largely on moral grounds, contending that freedom is indeed the condition of human welfare, and that the laborer dealing single handed with the rich employer or the great corporation possesses only a nominal freedom; that by the power of concentrated wealth he is reduced to practical

servitude; that it is only in strong combinations of laborers that the freedom of labor is realized. I have no doubt, for one, that there is truth in both contentions. The individualistic régime, with free contract and competition, works well up to a certain point, because it tends to make men independent and self-reliant; nevertheless, individualism, unchecked by the moral forces, inevitably results in those stupendous aggregations of material power which tend to the degradation and enslavement of the laborer. On the other hand, to prevent this degradation and enslavement, and to secure to the working-man a measure of liberty, strong organizations of working-men are necessary; but these very organizations have a tendency to suppress individuality, to substitute mob law for independent judgment, and to protect the shiftless and the unskilful from the natural penalties of their inefficiency. Up to the point at which it ceases to develop the character of the individual, each of these systems is good; beyond that point, it is evil. The need of protecting the individual against the tyranny of the competitive régime, and not less against the tyranny of incipient socialism, is obvious enough to every philanthropist. That this can only be done by the energetic use of moral forces, is also apparent. A community of sober and intelligent workmen will know how to combine for their own protection, and how to protect themselves against the tyranny of their own combinations.

This discussion suggests that the vital point of the labor question is the character of the laborer. The deepest test of every industrial system is its effect upon the manhood of the people who do the work. Does it make them strong, free, hopeful, self-reliant? If so, it is a good system. Does it make them weak, dependent, restless? If so, it is a system that needs mending.

But it will be said that all this is outside the realm of economics; that it belongs to the province of the statesman or the moralist, but not to that of the economist. I have already suggested that, as a matter of fact, the economists have not kept out of this field; that, although sometimes protesting that they had no business in it, they have, nevertheless, made themselves very much at home in it. That their protests are mistaken and their practice rational will appear, when we consider what is the field of political economy, and what is the supreme end which, as a practical study, it must always keep in view. Under the reasonings and investigations of the old economists this postulate seems to lie—that the increase of the national

wealth is desirable. Is this postulate true without qualification? What do we mean by it? How about the element of time? Are we thinking of the present or of the future? Is that present increase of national wealth desirable which shall lay a foundation for national want in the next year or the next century? Must not the economist take into the account the natural good of the generations following, as well as of the present generation?

And there is a deeper question still: Is the increase of the national wealth an intrinsic good? Is it an infallible sign of progress, if the tables of the census show that the people are richer at the end of each succeeding decade? Might not the sum total of the wealth of the nation be greatly increasing, while large sections of the population were sinking into deeper and deeper want and misery? History has some impressive testimony to offer on this point. Rome was growing rich very fast in the day when only about two thousand proprietors owned the world, and the rest of mankind were slaves and paupers. The wise economist wishes to know, therefore, not only that the national wealth is increasing, but also how it is distributed. This question of the general distribution of the national wealth concerns him quite as deeply as the question of its aggregate amount, because he knows that a state of society in which wealth is as unequally distributed as it was in Rome in the days of the New Monarchy cannot long endure. And the conclusion to which every student of economics who looks beneath the surface must speedily come is that which has been so sharply stated by one of the most thoughtful of recent economists:

"The maintenance of life, the maintenance of as noble a life as may be, is the function of wealth; only the miser seeks wealth for the mere satisfaction of possessing it, that is, as an end in itself, for its own sake. *Wealth, whether sought by nations or by individuals, is a mediate end*, and the final end which it is meant to subserve is the maintenance of life; not merely the maintenance of existence, but the maintenance of a life that is undoubtedly worth living."*

The postulate of the old economy is not, then, true without qualification. The increase of the national wealth is not in itself desirable; it is only desirable when it tends to the maintenance of the national life, to the promotion of the national welfare. The increase of the aggregate wealth of the people is a mediate end, and not an ultimate end. The ultimate end is the national well-being. And this certainly admits no separation of the people into contrasted

* *Politics and Economics*, by W. Cunningham, p. 114.

classes—a plutocracy above and a proletariat below; it involves a wide diffusion of property, and knowledge, and power; it implies that the working-classes, in particular, are healthy, and hopeful, and contented. Thinking only of the material well-being of the nation, it is evident, to use the words of Mr. Cunningham, “that a vigorous, industrial population is the true source of wealth.” “Of course,” the same writer goes on, “there are many traits which must be combined, if the population is to have this character in a high degree. Labor of any sort involves toil, and for toil physical health is necessary; the more important kinds of work involve skill, and technical training as well as mental development are both highly requisite; and if the work is to be well done, and the wares produced thoroughly good, there must be much honesty and high character among the workers, so that the goods shall be made to last, and not merely to look well. Health, skill, and moral character are elements which are necessary in the population, if the national life is to be effectively sustained and prolonged.” *

This, then, is the end which the political economist must keep in view. He is studying the laws of the production, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth; and he must never lose sight of the relation which these processes bear to the life of the nation. The one supreme interest with him must be “the continual maintenance of the national stock, by seeking the development of the productive power of the nation, whether in its inhabitants or in its physical resources.” This is really the truth that the new political economy has found, and is bound to emphasize. It refuses to take the miser’s view of material wealth; it insists that the life of a nation, just as the life of a man, does not consist in *the abundance of the things* that it possesses. Thus it becomes in the deepest sense an ethical science. It is not possible to consider this broader question of the maintenance of the nation’s life without constant reference to moral laws and motives.

“We need a new Adam Smith, or another Hume,” says President Walker, “to write the economics of consumption, in which would be found the real dynamics of wealth; to trace to their effects upon production the forces that are set in motion by the uses made of wealth; to show how certain forms of consumption clear the mind, strengthen the hand, and elevate the aims of the individual economic agent, while promoting that social order and mutual confidence which are favorable conditions for the complete development and harmonious action of the industrial system; how other forms of consumption debauch and debase man as an economic

* *Politics and Economics*, by W. Cunningham, p. 115.

agent, and introduce disorder and waste into the complicated mechanism of the productive agencies. Here is the opportunity for some great moral philosopher, confining himself strictly to the economical effects of these causes, denying himself all regard to purely ethical, political, or theological considerations, to write what shall be the most important chapter of political economy, now, alas, almost a blank." *

With the general drift of this passage I heartily agree, but some of the qualifying terms are not quite clear to me. The fact that political economy is waiting to have its most important chapter written by some great moral philosopher, is good proof that ethics and economics are near relations. The truth which this philosopher is to emphasize is that moral causes have economic effects. He is to show the absolute impossibility of separating these two realms. Doctor Walker himself has done some excellent work along this line. To *purely* ethical considerations he will, of course, deny himself all regard, because the very fact that he is to discuss is the blending of ethical with economical considerations. It is a good service to which he is summoned; let him stand not on the order of his coming. When his work shall have been completed, it will be evident that the divorce which some have sought to procure between ethics and economics is the violent and unnatural putting asunder of what God has joined together.

In due time it may appear that the science which makes wealth an ultimate and not a mediate end, like the trade or the industry which takes the same view, is perverted and accursed by that very fact. A dismal science it is, and forever will be. There is no profit to the intellect or the morals of the people in a study which ignores this vital distinction. Political economy ought to be the most liberalizing and the most stimulating of all studies; it ought to awaken the enthusiasm and arouse the generous aspirations of its students, and it will not fail to do so when it makes the nation's life and not the nation's purse the supreme object of its care.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

**Political Economy*, p. 322.

AN EPISODE IN CENTRAL AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE rapid progress of Guatemala during the last twelve years, and its advancement toward a modern standard of civilization, have both been due to the energy and determination of one man, the late José Rufino Barrios. The prevailing opinion of President Barrios is that he was a brutal ruffian; but in estimating his true character the good he accomplished should be considered as well as the evil. Until the history of Central America shall be written years hence, when the mind can reflect calmly and impartially upon the scenes of this decade, when public benefits can be accurately measured with individual errors, and the strides of progress in material development can be justly estimated, his true character will not be understood or appreciated, even by his own countrymen. Like all vigorous and progressive men, like all men of strong character and forcible measures, he had bitter, vindictive enemies. For these there was nothing too harsh to say of him, living or dead, no cruelties too barbarous to accuse him of, no revenge too severe to visit upon him or his memory. But, on the other hand, people who did not cherish a spirit of revenge, who had no political ambition and no schemes to be disconcerted, who are interested in the development of Central America, and are enjoying the benefits of the progress Guatemala has made, regard Barrios as the best friend, the ablest leader, the wisest ruler his country ever had, and sincerely wish his life could have been prolonged and his power extended over the entire continent. They are willing to concede to him not only honorable motives, but the worthy ambition of trying to lift his country to a level with the most advanced nations of the earth. While he did not furnish a government of the people, by the people, it was a government for the people, provided and administered by a man of remarkable ability, independence, ambition, and extraordinary pride. While his iron hand crushed all opposition and held a power that yielded to nothing, he was, nevertheless, generous to the poor, lenient to those who would submit to him, and ready to do anything to improve the condition of his people or promote their welfare.

That a man of President Barrios's ancestry and early associations

should have brought that republic to the condition in which he left it when he died, is very remarkable. Without education himself, he enacted a law requiring the attendance at school of all children between the ages of eight and fourteen years, and rigorously enforced it. People who refused to obey this law were compelled to pay a heavy fine for the privilege. He established a university at Guatemala City and free schools in every city of the republic; he founded hospitals, asylums, and other institutions of charity with his own means, or supported them by appropriations from the public treasury, and compelled physicians to be educated properly before they were allowed to practice. He punished crime so severely that it was almost unknown; he regulated the sale of liquors, so that a drunken man was never seen upon the streets; he enforced the observance of the Sabbath by closing the stores and market-places, which in other Spanish-American republics are always open, and was active for the material as for the moral welfare of the people. During the twelve years he was in power the country made greater progress, and the citizens enjoyed greater prosperity, than during any period of all the three centuries and a half of its previous history.

After the achievement of independence by the Central American colonies the priests ruled the country. Their excesses awakened a spirit of opposition which finally culminated in a revolution. The famous Morazan became dictator, and might have been successful but for a decree he issued abolishing the convents and monasteries, and confiscating the entire property of the Church. This was in 1843. Led by the priests, the people rose in rebellion; but Morazan retained his power until an unknown man, tall, dark, and blood-thirsty, came out of the mountains—an Indian without a name, who could neither read nor write, whose occupation had been that of a swine-herd, like Pizarro, who had graduated into the profession of a bandit, and led a gang of murderous outlaws in the mountains. Urged by a greed for plunder, this remarkable man, Rafael Carera, came from his stronghold and joined the Church party in their war against the Government. His successes as a guerrilla were so great that what had been a small, independent band became the main army of the opposition; and he led a horde of disorganized plunderers toward the capital. The priests called him "the Chosen of God," and attributed to him the divinely inspired mission of restoring the Church to power. The churchmen rushed to his standard, to fight under the command of a savage whose only motive was plunder.

He drove Morazan into Costa Rica, and proclaimed himself dictator. The Church party were amazed at the arrogance of the bandit, but had to submit, and he soon developed into a full-fledged tyrant, ruling over Guatemala for a period of thirty years.

When Carera died there was no man to take his place, and the Church party began to decay. The Liberals gathered force and began a revolution. In their ranks was an obscure young man from the borders of Mexico; from a valley which produced Juarez, the liberator of Mexico, Diaz, the President of that republic, and other famous men. This youth, Rufino Barrios, began to show military skill and force of character, and, when the Church party was overthrown and the Liberal leader was proclaimed President, he became the general of the army. He soon resigned, however, and returned to his coffee plantation on the borders of Mexico. But the revival of the Church party shortly after caused him to return to military life, and on the death of the Liberal President, in 1873, he was chosen his successor.

From that date until 1885 Barrios was the one foremost man in Guatemala. He began his career by adopting the policy Morazan had failed to enforce. He expelled the monks and nuns from the country, confiscated the Church property, robbed the priests of their power, and, like Juarez in Mexico, liberated the people from a servitude under which they had suffered since the original settlement of the colonies. Then he visited the United States and Europe to study the science of government; sent men abroad to be educated at government expense, and upon their return gave them positions under him. He offered the most generous inducements to immigrants, and the country filled up with agricultural settlers, merchants, and mechanics. As the population increased, the country began to grow in prosperity with the development of its natural resources, and there was a "boom" in Guatemala the like of which had not been known there before. Roadways were constructed from the sea-coast to the interior, so that produce could be brought to market; diligence lines were established at government expense; liberal railroad contracts were made, telegraph lines were erected, and modern facilities for trade and travel were introduced. The credit of the country was restored by a careful readjustment of its finances, and encouragement from the Government brought in a large amount of European capital—so that to-day, while the other Central American States are still in the condition they were one hundred years

ago, or have retrograded, Guatemala has stepped to the front, rich, powerful, progressive, and, but for the peculiar appearance of the houses, the language of the people, and the customs they have inherited from their ancestors, little different from the new States of our own great West.

Having overthrown the religion in which the people had been reared, President Barrios recognized the necessity of providing some better substitute. He, therefore, through the British Minister, invited the Established Church of England to send missionaries to Guatemala; but, owing to the disturbed condition of the country, it was not considered advisable to commence work at that time, and the opportunity was neglected. In 1883, however, on a visit to New York, he had conferences with the officers of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which resulted in diverting the Rev. John C. Hill, of Chicago, who was *en route* to China, into this field of labor. Mr. Hill, returning with the President to Guatemala, received a cordial welcome, and shared all the attentions given to his distinguished patron; so that the blushing young parson found himself again and again on public platforms with the President of Guatemala leaning upon his shoulder, and introducing him to the people as his friend. This demonstration had its purpose, and resulted precisely as General Barrios intended it should. He meant that the people should know that he had taken the missionary and the cause he represented under the patronage of the Government, and expected them to show the same respect and honor as he bestowed himself. He went still further. He placed Mr. Hill in one of his own houses, and there the school and chapel were opened. He sent his own children to the new Sunday-school, and induced members of his Cabinet to follow his example. He issued a decree to the collectors of customs to admit free of duty all articles which Mr. Hill desired to import, and in every possible manner showed his interest in the success of the work. The Protestant Mission became fashionable, and was known as the "President's pet." The Catholics looked askance at the rapidity with which the breach was widened in the walls they had been nearly four hundred years in erecting, but they dared not utter even a remonstrance against those favored by the potent force behind the military guard. They saw the monks and nuns expelled, the churches sold at public auction for the benefit of the public treasury—and, with a muttered curse against the power by which all these things were done, submitted

servilely to its will for fear of losing even that which they had so far been able to retain.

General Barrios was always dramatic. He was as dramatic in the simplicity and frugality of his private life as he was in the display he was constantly making for the diversion of the people. In striking contrast with the customs of a country where men's garments and manners are the objects of the most fastidious attention, he was careless in his clothing, brusque in his manner, and frank in his declarations. It is said that the Spanish language was framed to conceal thought, but Barrios used none of its honeyed phrases, and had the candor of an American frontiersman. He readily accepted suggestions, but was naturally secretive. He had no confidants, made his own plans without consulting any one, and when he was ready to announce his purposes used language that could not be misunderstood. In disposition he was sympathetic and affectionate, and when he liked a man he showered favors upon him; when he distrusted he was cold and repelling; and when he hated his vengeance was swift and sure. To be detected in an intrigue against his life, or the stability of the Government, which was the same thing, meant death or exile. The last time his assassination was attempted, he pardoned the men whose hands threw the bomb at him, but those who hired them saved their lives by flight from the country. If caught, they would have been shot without trial. He was the most industrious man in Central America: slept little, ate little, and never indulged in the siesta that is as much a part of the daily life of the people as breakfast and dinner. He did everything with a nervous impetuosity, thought rapidly, and acted instantly. The ambition of his life was to reunite the republics of Central America in a confederacy such as existed a few years after the achievement of their independence. The benefits of such a union are apparent to all who understand the political, geographical, and commercial conditions of the continent, and are acknowledged by the thinking men of the five states, but the consummation of the plan is prevented by the ambition of local leaders. Each is willing to join the union if he can be dictator, but none will permit a union with any other man as chief.

Diplomatic negotiations looking to a consolidation of the five Central American republics extended over a period of several years, but were fruitless because of local jealousies. The leading politicians in the several states feared they would lose their prominence and

power, and distrusted Barrios, although he assured them that he was not ambitious to be dictator. He thought he was the right man to carry out the plan, but proposed to retire as soon as it was consummated, in order to permit the people to frame their constitution and elect their executive, promising that he would not be a candidate. As he told the writer shortly after his *coup-d'état*, he desired to retire from public life and reside in the United States, which he considered the paradise of nations. He had already purchased a home and invested money in New York, and was educating his children with a view to residence there.

Sending emissaries into the several states to study public sentiment, he became assured that the time was ripe for the consummation of his plans. He believed that the masses of the people were ready to join in a reunion of the republics, and had the assurance of Zaldivar, the President of San Salvador, and Bogran, the President of Honduras, that they would consent to his temporary dictatorship. He determined upon a *coup-d'état*. Moral suasion had failed, so he decided to try force, with the coöperation of San Salvador and Honduras, which, with Guatemala, represented five-sixths of the population of Central America. He believed he could persuade Nicaragua and Costa Rica to accept a manifest destiny, and join the union.

On the evening of Sunday, February 28, 1885, the aristocracy of Guatemala were gathered as usual at the National Theatre, to witness the performance of *Boccaccio* by a French opera company. In the midst of the play one of the most exciting situations was interrupted by the appearance of a uniformed officer upon the stage, who motioned the performers back from the foot-lights and read Barrios's proclamation declaring himself dictator and supreme commander of all Central America, and calling upon the citizens of the five republics to acknowledge his authority and take the oath of allegiance. The people are accustomed to earthquakes, but no terrestrial commotion ever created so much excitement as the eruption of this political volcano. The actors fled in surprise to their dressing-rooms, while the audience organized into an impromptu mass-meeting to ratify the audacity of their President.

Few eyes were closed that night in Guatemala. Although every one knew that Barrios had long aspired to restore the old union of the republics, no one seemed to be prepared for the *coup-d'état*, and the announcement fell with a force that made the whole country tremble. The next morning, as if by magic, the city seemed

filled with soldiers. Whence they came, or how they had arrived so suddenly, the people did not seem to comprehend; and when the doors of great warehouses opened to disclose large supplies of ammunition and arms, the public eye was distended with amazement. All these preparations had been made so silently and secretly that the surprise was complete. But for three or four years Barrios had been preparing for this day, and his plans had been laid with a success that challenged even his own admiration. He had ordered all the soldiers in the republic to be at Guatemala City on March 1; but the commands had been given secretly, and the captain of one company was not aware that another was expected. It was not done by the wand of a magician, as the superstitious people are given to believing, but was the result of a long and a carefully studied plan by one who was born a dictator, and knew how to perform the part.

But the commotion was even greater in the other republics, over which Barrios had assumed uninvited control. The night on which the official announcement was made, telegrams were sent to the Presidents of Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, calling upon them to acknowledge the temporary supremacy of Dictator Barrios, and to sign Articles of Confederation of the Central American Union. Messengers had been sent in advance bearing official copies of the proclamation in which the reasons for the step were set forth, but with directions not to deliver them until notified by telegraph. The President of Honduras welcomed the dictatorship, having been in close conference with Barrios on the subject previous to the announcement. The President of San Salvador, Doctor Zaldivar, who was also aware of the intentions of Barrios and was expected to fall in with the plan as readily as President Bogran, created some surprise by asking time to consider. As far as he was personally concerned, he said, there was nothing that would please him more than to comply with the wishes of the Dictator, but he must consult the people. He promised to call Congress together at once, that after due consideration it might take such action as it thought proper. Nicaragua boldly and emphatically refused to recognize the authority of Barrios, and rejected the plan of the union. Costa Rica replied in the same manner, her president telegraphing Barrios that she wanted no union with the other Central American states, was satisfied with her own independence, and recognized no dictator; that her people would defend

their soil and their liberty, and would appeal to the civilized world for protection against any unwarranted attack.

The policy of Nicaragua was governed by the influence of a firm of British merchants in Leon, with which President Cardenas had a pecuniary interest, and by whom his official acts were controlled. The policy of Costa Rica was governed by a conservative sentiment that has always prevailed in that country, while the influence of Mexico was felt throughout the entire group of nations. As soon as the proclamation of Barrios was announced at the capital of the latter republic, President Diaz ordered an army into the field, and telegraphed offers of assistance to Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Costa Rica, with threats of violence to Honduras if she yielded submission. Mexico had always been jealous of Guatemala. The boundary line between the two nations was unsettled, and a rich tract of country in dispute. Feeling a natural distrust of the power below her, strengthened by alliance with the other states, Mexico was prepared to resist the plans of Barrios to the last degree, and sent him a declaration of war.

In the mean time, Barrios had appealed for the approval of the United States and the nations of Europe. During the brief administration of President Garfield he had visited Washington, and there received assurance of encouragement from Mr. Blaine in his plan to reorganize the Central American Confederacy. These personal interviews were followed by an extended correspondence, and no one was so fully informed of Barrios's plans as Mr. Henry C. Hall, the United States Minister at Guatemala. Unfortunately the cable to Europe and the United States was under the control of San Salvador, landing at La Libertad, the principal port of that republic. Here was the greatest obstacle in the way of Barrios's success. All his despatches to foreign governments were sent overland to La Libertad for further transmission by cable, but none of them reached their destination. The commandant of the port, under orders from Zaldivar, seized the office and suppressed the messages. Barrios sought to inform the foreign powers fully of his plans and the motives which prompted them, repeating to each the assurance that he was not inspired by personal ambition and would accept only a temporary dictatorship. As soon as a constitutional convention of delegates from the several republics could assemble he would retire, he declared, and permit the choice of a president of the consolidated republics by a popular election, he

himself under no circumstances to be a candidate. But these declarations were never sent. In place of them Zaldivar transmitted a series of despatches misrepresenting the situation, and appealing for protection against Guatemalan tyranny.

The replies of foreign nations and the comments of the press, based upon the falsehoods of Zaldivar, had a very depressing effect upon the country. They were more or less doctored before publication, and bogus bulletins were posted for the purpose of deceiving the people. The inhabitants of San Salvador were led to believe that naval fleets were on their way from the United States and Europe to prevent the consolidation of the republics by force, that an army was coming overland from Mexico to attack Guatemala on the north, and that several transports loaded with troops had left New Orleans for the east coast of Nicaragua and Honduras. The United States Coast-Survey ship, *Ranger*, carrying four small guns, happening to enter at La Union, Nicaragua, engaged in its regular duties, was magnified into a fleet of hundreds of thousands of tons; so that the people of San Salvador and Nicaragua, convinced that submission to Barrios would require them to engage the combined forces of Europe and the United States, rose in resistance and supported Zaldivar in his treachery.

The effect in Guatemala was similar, although not so pronounced. There was a reversion of feeling against the Government. The moneyed men, who in their original enthusiasm had tendered their funds to the President, withdrew their promises; the common people grew nervous and lost confidence in their hero; while the Diplomatic Corps were in a state of panic because they received no instructions from home. The German and French Ministers, like the Minister from the United States, were favorable to Barrios's plans; the Spanish Minister was outspoken in opposition; the English and Italian Ministers non-committal; but none of them knew what to say or how to act in the absence of instructions. They telegraphed to their home governments repeatedly, but could obtain no replies, and suspected that the trouble might be in San Salvador. Mr. Hall, the American Minister, transmitted a full description of the situation every evening and begged for instructions, but did not receive a word beyond the advices previously sent by mail. These informed him that the Government's policy in relation to the plan to reunite the republics was one of non-interference, and advised him that the spirit of the century was contrary to the use of force to

accomplish such an end. Acting upon this information, Mr. Hall had frequent and cordial conferences with the President, and received from him a promise that he would not invade either of the neighboring republics, unless forced to do so. If Guatemala was invaded he would retaliate, but otherwise would not cross the border. In the mean time the forces of Guatemala, 40,000 strong, were massed at the capital, the streets were full of marching soldiers, and the air was filled with martial music, while Zaldivar was raising an army by conscription in San Salvador, and money by forced loans. His Government daily announced the arrival of so many "volunteers" at the capital, but the volunteering was a transparent myth. There was a current anecdote of a recruiting officer who wrote to the Secretary of War:

"I send you forty more volunteers. Please return me the ropes with which their hands and legs are tied, as I shall need them to bind the quota from the next town."

In the city of San Salvador many of the merchants closed their stores, and concealed themselves to avoid the payment of forced loans. The Government called a *Junta*, or meeting, of the wealthy residents, each one being personally notified by an officer that his attendance was required, at which the Secretary of War announced that a million dollars for the equipment of troops must be instantly raised. The Government, he said, was assured of the aid of foreign powers to defeat the plans of Barrios, but until the forces of Europe and the United States could reach the coast the republic must protect itself. Each merchant and *estancero* (planter) was assessed a certain amount to make the total required, and was ordered to pay it into the treasury within twenty-four hours. Some responded promptly, others procrastinated, and a few flatly refused. The latter were thrust into jail, and the confiscation of their property threatened unless they paid. In one or two cases the threat was executed; but on the day after the meeting the *Official Gazette* announced, with cold sarcasm, that the patriotic citizens of San Salvador had voluntarily come to the assistance of the Government with their arms and means, and had tendered financial aid to the amount of \$1,000,000, the acceptance of which the President was now considering.

Barrios, knowing that the army of Zaldivar would invade Guatemala, commenced an offensive campaign. In order to occupy the attention of the people, he sent a detachment of troops to the frontier, and decided to accompany them. The evening before he started

there was what is called "a grand *funcion*" at the National Theatre. All of the military bands assembled at the capital—a dozen or more—were consolidated for the occasion, and between the acts performed a march composed by a local musician in honor of the Union of Central America, and dedicated to General Barrios. A large screen of sheeting was elaborately painted with the inscription, "All hail to the Union of the Republic! Long live the Dictator and the Generalissimo, J. Rufino Barrios!" This was attached to heavy rollers, to be dropped in front of the stage instead of the regular curtain at the end of the second act of the play, for the purpose of creating a sensation; and a sensation it did create—an unexpected and frightful one. As the orchestra commenced to play the new march the curtain was slowly lowered, and the audience greeted it with tremendous applause. But through the blunder of the stage carpenter the weights were too heavy for the cotton sheeting; the banner split, and the heavy rollers at the bottom fell over into the orchestra, severely wounding several of the musicians. As fate would have it, the rent was directly through the name of Barrios. The people, naturally superstitious, were horrified, and stood aghast at this omen of disaster. The cheering ceased instantly, and a dead silence prevailed, broken only by the noise of the musicians under the wreck struggling to recover their feet. A few of the more courageous friends of the President attempted to revive the applause, but met with a miserable failure. Strong men shuddered, women fainted, and Madame Barrios left the theatre, unable to control her emotion. The play was suspended; the audience departed to discuss the omen, and everybody agreed that Barrios's *coup-d'état* would fail.

The President left the city at the head of his army for the frontier of San Salvador, his wife accompanying him a few miles on the way. A few days later a small detachment of the Guatemalan army, commanded by a son of Barrios, started out on a scouting expedition, and were attacked by an overwhelming force of Salvadorians. The young captain was killed by the first volley, and his company stampeded. Leaving his body on the field, they retreated in confusion to headquarters. When Barrios heard of the disaster he leaped upon his horse, called upon his cavalry to follow him, and started in pursuit of the men who had killed his son. The Salvadorians, expecting to be pursued, lay in ambush, and the Dictator, while galloping down the road at the head of a squadron of cavalry, was

picked off by a sharpshooter and died instantly. His men took his body and that of his son, which was found by the road-side, and carried them back to camp. A courier was despatched to the nearest telegraph station with a message to the capital conveying the sad news. It was not unexpected. Since the omen at the theatre no one had expected the Dictator would return alive. All but himself had lost confidence, and it transpired that even he went to the front with a presentiment of disaster, for among his papers was found this remarkable will, written a few moments before his departure :

"THE WILL OF BARRIOS.

"I am in full campaign, and make my declaration as a soldier.

"My legitimate wife is Donna Francisca Apaucio vel Vecusidarie de Quezaltenango.

"During our marriage we have had seven children, as follows : Elaine, Luz, José, Maria, Carlos, Rufino, and Francisca.

"Donna Francisca is the sole owner of all my properties and interest whatsoever. She will know how much to give our children when they arrive at maturity, and I have full confidence in her.

"She may give to my nephew, Luciano Barrios, in two or three instalments, \$25,000, for the kindness which this nephew has rendered to me, and which I doubt not he will continue to render to my wife, Donna Francisca.

"She will continue to provide for the education of Antonio Barrios, who is now in the United States of America.

"She is empowered to demand and collect all debts due to me in this country and abroad. The overseers and administrators of my properties, wherever they may be, shall account only to Donna Francisca, or the person she may name.

"It is five o'clock in the morning. At this moment I start forth to Jutiapa, where the army is.

"J. RUFINO BARRIOS.

"MONDAY, *March 23*, 1885."

The attempt to reunite the republic ended with the death of the Dictator, and the whole country was thrown into confusion. In Guatemala City anarchy prevailed. The enemies of Barrios did not fear a dead lion, and kicked his body. They came out in force, stoned his house, and his beautiful wife was forced to seek the protection of the United States Minister. The latter's secretary escorted her to San José, where she took a steamer for San Francisco, and she has since resided in New York.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

PASTORAL ELEGIES.

THE chord of pastoral elegy, first struck by Bion in his *Lament for Adonis*, is one which through varying expansion and modification has kept its resonance down to the present day. The *Lament for Bion* by Moschus, the *Lycidas* of Milton, the *Adonais* of Shelley, the *Thyrsis* of Arnold, the *Ave atque Vale* of Swinburne, these all have their origin, more or less directly, in that brief and simple idyl. My purpose here is to seek out the relations existing between these poems, and to endeavor to indicate the development of this species of verse. Neither the purely subjective *In Memoriam*, nor the impersonal revery of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* falls within my scope, as neither adopts any part of the conventional framework upon which the pastoral elegy relies.

The form taught by Bion has shown itself adaptable and expansive. For the expression of a grief which is personal, but not too passionately so, and which is permitted to utter itself in panegyric, it has proved exactly fitted. A rapid inter-transition between subjective and objective treatment, a breadth of appeal, a reliance upon general sympathy, these are characteristics which endow this species of verse with its wonderful flexibility and freshness. The lines of its structure, moreover, admit of an almost indefinite degree of decoration, without an appearance of over-abundant and extrinsic detail, or departure from the unity of the design.

In the *Lament for Adonis* the design is marked by extreme simplicity. The singer vibrates between musical reiterations of his own sorrow and reiterations of the sorrow of Aphrodite. Her grief, together with the beauty and the fate of Adonis, is dwelt upon with a wealth of emotional description, and reverted to again and again, while in the intervals are heard lamentations from the rivers and the springs; from the hounds of the slain hunter, and the nymphs of his forest glades; from the mountains, the oak-trees, the flowers that redden for anguish; from the Loves who clip their locks, the Muses, the Graces, and Hymenæus with benignant torch extinguished. The most passionate passage in the poem comes from the mouth of Aphrodite herself; and even this, dramatic as it is in expression,

is held strictly within the bounds of self-conscious and melodious utterance. Throbbing irregularly through the verse, as a peal of bells borne in between the pauses of the wind, now complete, now fragmentary and vanishing, come the notes of the refrain,

“Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament.”

When we turn to the poem of Moschus, we see what an expansion has been wrought in the slender pastoral, and not with loss but with gain in unity and artistic effect. The advance is toward a more definite purpose in the use of reiteration, a more orderly evolution, a wider vision, a more vivid and human interest, and a substitution of the particular for the general. Here, in place of undistinguished springs and rivers, we find the “Dorian water,” the fountain Arethusa, and Meles, “most melodious of streams.” It is not the flowers in general that redden in their anguish, but each manifests its pain in its own fashion: the roses and the wind-flowers blush to a deeper crimson; the hyacinth breathes more poignantly the *ai ai* upon its petals, and the trees throw down their young fruit. It is no longer to the unnamed array of nymphs that appeal is made, but with far more potent spell to Galatea herself, to the Nymphs Bistonian, to the damsels of Æagria. The heifers reject their pasture, the ewes withhold their milk, and the honey has dried up for sorrow in the wax. Apollo himself is added to the mourners, with the Satyrs and the Fauns. The illustrious among cities bring their tribute, Ascræ lamenting more than for her Hesiod, Mitylene than for her Sappho; and Syracuse grieves through the lips of her Theocritus. The night-ingales of Sicily join their song, and the Strymonian swans, and the bird of Memnon, the halycon, “the swallow on the long ranges of the hills,” and in the sea the music-loving dolphins. Finally the poet, recalling the descent of Orpheus to Hades, and how his song there sped him, laments that he himself cannot travel the same path on like errand, and dreams that Persephone were already half won to grant his suit, seeing that she, too, is Sicilian, and skilled in the Dorian song. All this is development along the same lines as those laid down in the *Lament for Adonis*. The method is still almost wholly emotional and pictorial, but two or three new elements begin to hint their advent. The strain of philosophical meditation, later to assume a preponderating influence in this species of verse, here begins in a passage of exquisite loveliness, which is expanded from a single phrase in the *Lament for Adonis*. In the latter poem Cypris cries out

to Persephone, "All lovely things drift down to thee." Observe what this becomes in the hands of Moschus : *

"Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year, but we men, we the great and mighty and wise, when once we have died, in the hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence ; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep."

A new note, too, is that touched in the references to Homer, wherein a swift comparison is instituted between the epic and the idyl, and their respective sources of inspiration ; and here is the first appearance of the autobiographic tendency, which in some later poems of the class becomes a prominent feature. In the matter of direct verbal borrowing Moschus seems to owe but little to his master, his indebtedness in this respect being as nothing in comparison with that of Milton and Shelley. The refrain ("Begin, Ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge"), as used by Moschus, has not quite the same functions as those allotted it by Bion. It is used with greater frequency and regularity, as a sort of solemnly sweet response marking off stanzaic divisions, and in its substance is not so interwoven with the body of the song.

In *Lycidas* the same lines are pursued through the greater portion of the poem. The personal note is intensified, which follows from the fact that the lament is for a friend no less than for a fellow-singer. The conventional disguise of the art of song under the homely shepherd's trade is more insisted upon ; it becomes now the basis of every detail, and the parallel is carried out to its limits. A higher degree of complexity is attained, but not without a loss in congruity and in clearness. The verse is not less responsive to the touch of external nature, but it has acquired a new susceptibility to the influences of learning, of morals, and of the tumultuous questions of the day. It cannot refrain from polemics, it allegorizes on the smallest excuse, and it indulges in an almost pedantic amount of abstruse and remote allusion. It is scholastic poetry ; but informed, nevertheless, with such imaginative vigor, filled with such sympathy for nature, attuned to such sonorous harmonies, and modulated to cadences so subtle, as to surpass in all but simplicity the distinctive excellences of its models. The treatment is still frankly objective, transparently free from introspection, the atmosphere and coloring

* The extracts from Bion and Moschus are generally, as in this case, given in the words of Mr. Andrew Lang's admirable translation.

of a noonday vividness, the descriptions drawn at first-hand from that affluent landscape which the poet's early manhood knew at Horton. As in its predecessors, the objects of familiar nature are appealed to, the "Dorian water" and other classic streams, the dolphins, the Nymphs, the Muses, and Apollo himself; but, by a strange anomaly, St. Peter, too, comes amid the pagan train, and pronounces a scathing diatribe against the opponents of Milton's theological school of thought. This is a lesson learned of Dante, perhaps. And it is quite in keeping with later mediæval methods that the passage of most exalted spirituality which the poem affords should be placed on the lips of Apollo. An element which here makes its first appearance in the pastoral elegy is discovered in the lofty rejoicing of the conclusion. The note of hope was wanting in the pagan elegies, so their sorrow deepens to the end. But *Lycidas* is the expression of a confident immortality, and hence the temporal grief which it bewails passes at length into a solemn gladness of consolation.

In regard to style Milton has not conformed closely to his originals. The departure is from a direct to an indirect utterance, the singer being, ostensibly, not the poet himself, but the "uncouth swain" depicted in that matchless bit of purest Greek objectivity which, in terminating the poem, appears to throw it out into clear relief. The refrain has dwindled to nothing more than the unobtrusive repetition of a few phrases. And for the fluent, direct, pellucid Sicilian hexameters we have the measured and delaying pace of the Iambic pentameter. The measure is one of high and stately loveliness, but bearing little resemblance to the line of Bion and Moschus.

When we come to the *Adonais*, we find ourselves in another atmosphere. Hitherto our path has lain along the valleys and the gentle hill-slopes, where nature is all fertility and peace, where the winds are soft, the waters slow-winding, the meadows thick with flowers, and the sunshine heavy with fragrance. We have been in the region of the pipe, the safe flocks, the "azure pillars of the hearth." However much the strain may have been laden with allegory and with symbol, yet the joys recalled, the griefs lamented, the hopes and desires rehearsed, have all been definite, not only measurable but measured and stated. It is with material conceptions that the singer has been occupied. But Shelley hurries us out upon the heights, where the air is keen and stimulating, and the horizon so vast that the gaze acquires a wide-eyed eagerness; where the more minute details of life are lost as the shifting pageantry of night and

day is unrolled in dazzling nearness. The coloring is transparent, of a celestial purity, and ordered in strangely vivid contrasts, and, instead of a pastoral stillness, we have the unrest of winds, the aspiration of flame.

The many points of resemblance between the *Adonais* and its models, though obvious enough to force themselves upon the most casual attention, are yet far more superficial than those existing between the models themselves. So extraneous indeed is the likeness, that I am tempted to illustrate it by the comparison of a seed of grain which is easily recognizable after its germination because it carries with it, upon its expanding seed-leaf, the remnants of its husk. To identify it is a simple matter, but its transformation is none the less complete. In *Adonais* we find verbal borrowings so ingenuous and so abundant that the censor of literary morals has not breath enough to cry "*stop thief.*" In truth, to change the figure, Shelley has not scrupled to appropriate the gold of his predecessors as a setting for his diamonds. In place of the Paphian goddess we now find Urania, the heavenly muse; instead of the Loves and Nymphs, the Desires, Adorations, and Dreams of the dead poet; and for the shepherds, under thin disguise, come the great contemporary singers, Byron, Moore, Hunt, Shelley himself. After the fashion of the Loves in Bion, a Dream seeks to break her bow and shafts, while another clips her locks; as in Moschus, Echo feeds on the dead singer's music, and the trees cast down their expanding buds; and one of Shelley's Ministers of Thought is heard to cry, with voice not all unlike that of the shepherd in *Lycidas*, "Our love, our hope, our sorrow is not dead." These parallels, and others like them, are sufficiently emphatic, but their little importance is to be estimated from the fact that they might all be obliterated without destroying the unity of the poem, without even making serious inroad upon its highest and most distinctive beauties. The material conceptions of his predecessors Shelley has adopted, but he has made them subservient to an intensely spiritualized emotion and aspiration. The very imagery of the poem is to a great extent psychological in its origin, yet as vivid as if derived from the most familiar of physical phenomena.

The height of attainment in the *Adonais* is not reached until the poet's passion of thought has carried him clear of his models. So long as his song was of loss and sorrow he was, perhaps, neither greater nor less than they, only more metaphysical, more fierce in

invective, less serenely and temperately beautiful. But when he comes to speak of consolation, the theme, even in *Lycidas*, of only one brief passage, he straightway attains his full measure of inspiration. The whiteness to which this thought has kindled his imagination transfuses nearly every line of the concluding seventeen stanzas. This consolation is based upon a sort of spiritualized pantheism, vivified by a breath of the essence of Christian philosophy, and finds its fullest expression in stanzas xlii. and xlii :

"He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the voice of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

"He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
All new successions to the forms they wear ;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light."

The unsatisfying element in this faith is compensated for by the creed of personal immortality, of inextinguishable identity, expressed in stanzas xlii., xlii., and xlii. :

"The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil."

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"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent,
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved."

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"And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality."

Then follows an inspired digression describing the loveliness of that last resting-place of the mortal vesture of Adonais—a loveliness suggesting the dead poet's own utterance: "I have been half in love with easeful Death." And the poem concludes with a majesty which is thus admirably analyzed by Mr. Symonds:

"Yet again the thought of Death as the deliverer, the revealer, the mystagogue, through whom the soul of man is reunited to the spirit of the universe, returns; and on this solemn note the poem closes. The symphony of exaltation which had greeted the passage of Adonais into the eternal world is here subdued to a grave key, as befits the mood of one whom mystery and mourning still oppress on earth. Yet even in the somewhat less than jubilant conclusion we feel that highest of all Shelley's qualities, the liberation of incalculable energies, the emancipation and expansion of a force within the soul, victorious over circumstance, exhilarated and elevated by contact with such hopes as make a feebler spirit tremble."

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

The *Thyrsis* of Mr. Arnold, in temper one of the most modern of poems, maintains, nevertheless, a closer relationship than does the *Adonais* to the work of the Sicilian elegists. With a far less degree of external resemblance, it makes at the same time a less marked spiritual departure from the field and scope of its models. The conventional metonymy of shepherd and pipe is still adhered to consistently; the names of Corydon and Daphnis still figure. But the heterogeneous train of mourners is gone; the solitary singer makes no call upon Nymphs or Loves, Dreams or Desires, Deities or the phenomena of Nature to assist his sorrow. The use of iteration still remains, much modified; but the refrain has vanished utterly; and, save for stanzas ix. and x., which read almost like an adorned and expanded paraphrase of the conclusion of the epitaph on Bion, there is scarcely an instance of adaptation or verbal borrowing. So much for external likeness and contrast. But a profound internal resemblance makes itself felt, I think, in a sense of something approaching finality in the mourner's loss. There is, indeed, in *Thyrsis* a search made for consolation, but the result of the search is inadequate and slight. This consolation excites no such melodious

fervor as does that found by Milton and by Shelley. Indeed, it seems scarcely to win the thorough confidence of even Mr. Arnold himself :

“Let in thy voice a whisper often come
To chase fatigue and fear :
Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on ! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof ? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.”

The proof is scarcely such as to carry conviction, and the faith it upholds is somewhat thin and pale after the creeds of *Lycidas* and the *Adonais*. Nevertheless, though cold, it is a high and severe philosophy which informs the *Thyrsis* :

“A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honor, and a flattering crew ;
’Tis not in the world’s market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollowed, he must house alone ;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.”

This goes beyond any motive or aspiration expressed by the Sicilian singers. But the philosophy lightly suggested in stanza viii. is not far from identical with that of the passage already quoted from Moschus ; and the elysium claimed for *Thyrsis* (“within a folding of the Apennine,” to hearken “the immortal chants of old”) is not fundamentally different from that to which *Adonis* and *Bion* were snatched reluctant away.

I have spoken of the modern temper of the *Thyrsis*. This is to be found, I think, in its underlying scepticism, and in a profound consciousness of the weariness and the meagre rewards of struggle. The heroic and stimulating element in the poem consists in the lofty courage with which this depressing consciousness is held at bay, that it exert not its demoralizing influence on life and conduct. Another peculiarly modern quality is that which Mr. Hutton describes as a “craving after a reconciliation between the intellect of man and the magic of nature.” The keen and ever-present perception of this *magic of nature* is the origin of that which constitutes perhaps the crowning excellence of the work, its faithful and yet not slavish realism, its minute yet inspired depictions. This is the

sort of realism, interpretive, selective, imaginative, which forms the basis of all the most enduring and satisfying verse. In its most selective phase it pervades stanza vii., which furnishes an interesting parallel to the exquisite flower-passage in *Lycidas*.

A minor difference between the *Thyrsis* and its predecessors, yet a difference reaching far in its effects, is to be found in the quality of its color. This has little of the flooding sunlight and summer luxuriance to which Moschus and Milton introduced us; it has none of the iridescent and auroral splendors which steep the verse of Shelley. It is light, cool, and pure; most temperate in the use of strong tints, and matchless for its tenderness and its exquisite delicacy of gradation. This coloring contributes appreciably to what I take to be the central impression which the *Thyrsis* aims to convey—the impression of a serious and lofty calm, the result, not of joy attained, but of clear-sighted and unsanguine endurance.

Arriving at Mr. Swinburne's *Ave atque Vale*, we seem to have rounded a cycle. While structural resemblances have all but vanished, in substance of consolation we stand once more where Bion stood, and Moschus. In motive there is a vast descent from the *Thyrsis* to this poem. No longer is there any high endurance to spiritualize the hopelessness of the mourner, and hold him above the reach of despair. Nothing but the negative prospect of a sort of perpetual coma, or, at most, the sensuous solace of a palely luxurious peace.

"It is enough; the end and the beginning
Are one thing to thee, who art past the end.
O hand unclasped of unbeholden friend!
For thee no fruit to pluck, no palms for winning,
No triumph and no labor and no lust,
Only dead yew-leaves and a little dust.
O quiet eyes wherein the light saith nought,
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night
With obscure finger silences your sight,
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks thought,
Sleep, and have sleep for light."

But while motive lessened and conception lowered, execution was rising to an almost unsurpassable height. With the exception of the *Lament for Bion*, no one of the poems we have been considering can equal this in perfection of structure. In unity of effect, in strong continuity of impulse, it seems to me unexcelled. Never varying from its majestic restraint, it achieves such matchless verbal music as that of stanza ii., such serious breadth of imagination as is

exemplified in stanza vi., and such haunting cadences of regret as these lines from stanza ix. express :

“Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,
 Dreams pursue death as winds a flying fire,
 Our dreams pursue our dead, and do not find.
 Still, and more swift than they, the thin flame flies,
 The low light fails us in elusive skies,
 Still the foiled earnest ear is deaf, and blind
 Are still the eluded eyes.”

Of what may be called the machinery of mourning, with which the Sicilians set out so well equipped, we find here little remaining. It has nearly all seemed superfluous to the later elegist. A remnant appears in stanza xi., and still

“bending us-ward with memorial urns
 The most high Muses that fulfil all ages
 Weep.”

Still Apollo is present, and

“Compassionate, with sad and sacred heart,
 Mourns thee of many his children the last dead.”

And Aphrodite keeps place among the mourners ; but she is no longer either the spiritual Venus Urania, or the gladly fair and sanely passionate Cytherea of the Greeks. She has become that bastard conception of the Middle Ages, the Venus of the hollow hill, “a ghost, a bitter and luxurious god.”

To conclude with a brief recapitulation : it would appear that the pastoral elegy, originated by Bion, reached its complete structural development in the hands of Moschus ; and that, in its inner meaning, the work of these two poets was adequate to the spiritual stature of their day. The *Lycidas* was an inspired adaptation of like materials to the needs of a more complex period. In the *Adonais* we find the structure undergoing a violent expansion, and a new and vast departure made in the sphere of conception and motive. In hopefulness, in consolation, in exalted thought, in uplifting emotion, Shelley's poem occupies the pinnacle of achievement for this species of verse. In the *Thyrsis* we see structural conformity diminishing, but at the same time a reapproach to the religious attitude of the Greek originals. The elements of spirituality and hope have declined, but to support us till the coming of “the morning-less and unawakening sleep,” some inward consolation yet remains, in a spirit akin to that of the best wisdom of the Greek philosophies.

In this poem we discover, too, if not the complete contemporary adequacy of the work of Bion and Moschus, nevertheless a most sympathetic expression of the intellectual tendencies of the period.

Finally, in the *Ave atque Vale*, with a structural resemblance reduced to its lowest terms, we find a remarkable return to the spirit of the laments for Adonis and Bion. To the sorrow of this elegy there is no mitigation suggested. The goal it points to is but a form of annihilation, or such gray pretence of immortality as that of the ghosts in the abode of Hades. Nevertheless, though without spiritual sincerity or a stimulating faith, the poem is effectually redeemed from hollowness, and endowed, I believe, with a perpetual interest, by the sincerity of its lyric impulse, its passion for beauty, its imagination, and its flawless art.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FISHIN' JIMMY.

IT was on the margin of Pond Brook, just back of Uncle Eben's, that I first saw Fishin' Jimmy. It was early June, and we were again at Franconia, that peaceful little village among the northern hills.

The boys, as usual, were tempting the trout with false fly or real worm, and I was roaming along the bank, seeking spring flowers, and hunting early butterflies and moths. Suddenly there was a little plash in the water at the spot where Ralph was fishing, the slender tip of his rod bent, I heard a voice cry out, "Strike him, sonny, strike him!" and an old man came quickly but noiselessly through the bushes just as Ralph's line flew up into space, with, alas, no shining, spotted trout upon the hook. The new-comer was a spare, wiry man of middle height, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, a thin brown face, and scanty gray hair. He carried a fishing-rod, and had some small trout strung on a forked stick in one hand. A simple, homely figure, yet he stands out in memory just as I saw him then, no more to be forgotten than the granite hills, the rushing streams, the cascades of that north country I love so well.

We fell into talk at once, Ralph and Waldo rushing eagerly into questions about the fish, the bait, the best spots in the stream, advancing their own small theories, and asking advice from their new friend. For friend he seemed even in that first hour, as he began simply, but so wisely, to teach my boys the art he loved. They are older now, and are no mean anglers, I believe, but they look back gratefully to those brookside lessons, and acknowledge gladly their obligations to Fishin' Jimmy. But it is not of these practical teachings I would now speak; rather of the lessons of simple faith, of unwearied patience, of self-denial and cheerful endurance which the old man himself seemed to have learned, strangely enough, from the very sport so often called cruel and murderous. Incomprehensible as it may seem, to his simple intellect the fisherman's art was a whole system of morality, a guide for every-day life, an education, a gospel. It was all any poor mortal man, woman, or child needed in this world to make him or her happy, useful, good.

At first we scarcely realized this, and wondered greatly at certain things he said, and the tone in which he said them. I remember at that first meeting I asked him, rather carelessly, "Do you like fishing?" He did not reply at first; then he looked at me with those odd, limpid, green-gray eyes of his which always seemed to reflect the clear waters of mountain streams, and said very quietly: "You wouldn't ask me if I liked my mother—or my wife." And he always spoke of his pursuit as one speaks of something very dear, very sacred. Part of his story I learned from others, but most of it from himself, bit by bit, as we wandered together day by day in that lovely hill-country. As I tell it over again I seem to hear the rush of mountain streams, the "sound of a going in the tops of the trees," the sweet, pensive strain of white-throat sparrow, and the splash of leaping trout; to see the crystal-clear waters pouring over granite rock, the wonderful purple light upon the mountains, the flash and glint of darting fish, the tender green of early summer in the north country.

Fishin' Jimmy's real name was James Whitcher. He was born in the Franconia Valley, and his whole life had been passed there. He had always fished; he could not remember when or how he learned the art. From the days when, a tiny, bare-legged urchin in ragged frock, he had dropped his piece of string with its bent pin at the end into the narrow, shallow brooklet behind his father's house, through early boyhood's season of roaming along Gale River, wading Black Brook, rowing a leaky boat on Streeter's or Mink Pond, through youth, through manhood, on and on into old age, his life had apparently been one long day's fishing—an angler's holiday. Had it been only that? He had not cared for books, or school, and all efforts to tie him down to study were unavailing. But he knew well the books of running brooks. No dry botanical text-book or manual could have taught him all he now knew of plants and flowers and trees.

He did not call the yellow spatterdock *Nuphar advena*, but he knew its large leaves of rich green, where the black bass or pickerel sheltered themselves from the summer sun, and its yellow balls on stout stems, around which his line so often twined and twisted, or in which the hook caught, not to be jerked out till the long, green, juicy stalk itself, topped with globe of greenish gold, came up from its wet bed. He knew the sedges along the bank with their nodding tassels and stiff lance-like leaves, the feathery grasses, the velvet

moss upon the wet stones, the sea-green lichen on boulder or tree-trunk. There, in that corner of Echo Lake, grew the thickest patch of pipewort, with its small, round, grayish-white, mushroom-shaped tops on long, slender stems. If he had styled it *Eriocaulon septangulare*, would it have shown a closer knowledge of its habits than did his careful avoidance of its vicinity, his keeping line and flies at a safe distance, as he muttered to himself, "Them pesky butt'ns agin!" He knew by sight the bur-reed of mountain ponds, with its round, prickly balls strung like big beads on the stiff, erect stalks; the little water-lobelia, with tiny purple blossoms, springing from the waters of lake and pond. He knew, too, all the strange, beautiful under-water growth: bladderwort in long, feathery garlands, pellucid water-weed, quillwort in stiff little bunches with sharp-pointed leaves of olive-green, all so seldom seen save by the angler whose hooks draw up from time to time the wet, lovely tangle. I remember the amusement with which a certain well-known botanist, who had journeyed to the mountains in search of a little plant, found many years ago near Echo Lake, but not since seen, heard me propose to consult Fishin' Jimmy on the subject. But I was wiser than he knew. Jimmy looked at the specimen brought as an aid to identification. It was dry and flattened, and as unlike a living, growing plant as are generally the specimens from an herbarium. But it showed the awl-shaped leaves, and thread-like stalk with its tiny round seed-vessels, like those of our common shepherd's-purse, and Jimmy knew it at once. "There's a dreffle lot o' that peppergrass out in deep water there, jest where I ketched the big pick'ril," he said quietly. "I seen it nigh a foot high, an' it's jucier an' livin'er than them dead sticks in your book." At our request he accompanied the unbelieving botanist and myself to the spot, and there, looking down through the sunlit water, we saw great patches of that rare and long-lost plant of the *cruciferae* known to science as *Subularia aquatica*. For forty years it had hidden itself away, growing and blossoming and casting abroad its tiny seeds, in its watery home, unseen, or at least unnoticed, by living soul except by the keen, soft, limpid eyes of Fishin' Jimmy. And he knew the trees and shrubs so well; the alder and birch from which as a boy he cut his simple, pliant pole; the shad-blow and iron-wood (he called them, respectively, sugarplum and hard-hack) which he used for the more ambitious rods of maturer years; the mooseberry, wayfaring-tree, hobble-bush, or triptoe—it has all these names—with stout, trailing branches

over which he stumbled as he hurried through the woods and underbrush in the darkening twilight.

He had never heard of entomology. Guénée, Hübner, and Fabricius were unknown names, but he could have told these worthies many new things. Did they know just at what hour the trout ceased leaping at dark fly or moth, and could see only in the dim light the ghostly white miller? Did they know the comparative merits, as a tempting bait, of grasshopper, cricket, spider, or wasp; and could they, with bits of wool, tinsel, and feather, copy the real dipterous, hymenopterous, or orthopterous insect? And the birds: he knew them as do few ornithologists, by sight, by sound, by little ways and tricks of their own, known only to themselves and him. The white-throat sparrow with its sweet, far-reaching chant, the hermit-thrush with its chime of bells, in the calm summer twilight, the vesper-sparrow that ran before him as he crossed the meadow, or sang for hours, as he fished the stream, its unvarying, but scarcely monotonous little strain; the cedar-bird with its smooth brown coat of Quaker simplicity, and speech as brief and simple as Quaker yea or nay; the winter-wren sending out his strange, lovely, liquid warble from the high, rocky side of Cannon Mountain; the bluebird of that early spring, so welcome to the winter-weary dwellers in that land of ice and snow, as he

"from the bluer deeps
Lets fall a quick prophetic strain,"

of summer, of streams freed and flowing again, of waking, darting, eager fish; all these were friends, familiar, tried, and true to Fishin' Jimmy. The cluck and coo of the cuckoo, the bubbling song of bobolink in buff and black, the watery trill of the stream-loving swamp-sparrow, the whispered whistle of the stealthy, darkness-haunting whippoorwill, the gurgle and gargle of the cow-bunting, he knew each and all, better than did Audubon, Nuttall, or Wilson. But he never dreamed that even the tiniest of his little favorites bore in the scientific world, far away from that quiet mountain nest, such names as *Troglodytus hiemalis* or *Melospiza palustris*. He could tell you, too, of strange, shy creatures rarely seen except by the early-rising, late-fishing angler, in quiet, lonesome places: the otter, muskrat, and mink of ponds and lakes—rival fishers, who bore off prey sometimes from under his very eyes—field-mice in meadow and pasture, blind, burrowing moles, prickly hedgehogs, brown hares, and social, curious squirrels.

Sometimes he saw deer, in the early morning or in the dusk of the evening, as they came to drink at the lake shore, and looked at him with big, soft eyes not unlike his own. Sometimes a shaggy bear trotted across his path and hid himself in the forest, or a sharp-eared fox ran barking through the bushes. He loved to tell of these things to us who cared to listen, and I still seem to hear his voice saying in hushed tones, after a story of woodland sight or sound: "Nobody don't see 'em but fishermen. Nobody don't hear 'em but fishermen."

But it was of another kind of knowledge he oftenest spoke, and of which I shall try to tell you, in his own words as nearly as possible.

First let me say that if there should seem to be the faintest tinge of irreverence in aught I write, I tell my story badly. There was no irreverence in Fishin' Jimmy. He possessed a deep and profound veneration for all things spiritual and heavenly; but it was the veneration of a little child, mingled as is that child's with perfect confidence and utter frankness. And he used the dialect of the country in which he lived.

"As I was tellin' ye," he said, "I allers loved fishin' an' knowed 'twas the best thing in the hull airth; I knowed it larnt ye more about creeters an' yarbs an' stuns an' water than books could tell ye; I knowed it made folks patienter an' common-senser an' weather-wiser, an' cuter gen'ally; gin 'em more fac'ity than all the school larnin' in creation. I knowed it was more fillin' than vittles, more rousin' than whiskey, more soothin' than lodlum; I knowed it cooled ye off when ye was het, an' het ye when ye was cold; I knowed all that, o' course—any fool knows it. But—will ye bleve it?—I was more'n twenty-one year old, a man growed, 'fore I foun' out why 'twas that away. Father an' mother was Christian folks, good out-an'-out Calv'nist Baptists from over east'n way. They fetched me up right, made me go to meetin' an' read a chapter every Sunday, an' say a hymn Sat'day night a'ter washin'; an' I useter say my prayers mos' nights. I wa'n't a bad boy as boys go. But nobody thought o' tellin' me the one thing, jest the one single thing that'd ha' made all the diffunce. I knowed about God, an' how he made me an' made the airth, an' everything, an' once I got thinkin' about that, an' I asked my father if God made the fishes. He said 'course he did, the sea an' all that in 'em is; but somehow that didn't seem to mean nothin' much to me, an' I lost my int'rist agin. An' I read the

Scripter account o' Jonah an' the big fish, an' all that in Job about pullin' out levi'thing with a hook an' stickin' fish spears in his head, an' some parts in them queer books nigh the end o' the ole Testament about fish ponds an' fish gates an' fish pools, an' how the fishers shall l'ment—everything I could pick out about fishin' an' sech; but it didn't come home to me; 'twan't my kind o' fishin' an' I didn't seem ter sense it.

"But one day—it's more'n forty year ago now, but I rec'lect it same's 'twas yest'day, an' I shall rec'lect it forty thousand year from now if I'm 'round, an' I guess I shall be, I heerd—suthin'—diffunt. I was down in the village one Sunday; it wa'n't very good fishin'—the streams was too full; an' I thought I'd jest look into the meetin'-house's I went by. 'Twas the ole union meetin'-house, ye know, an' they hadn't got no reg'lar s'pply, an' ye never knowed what kind ye'd hear, so 'twas kind o' excitin'.

"'Twas late, most 'leven o'clock, an' the sarm'n had begun. There was a strange man a-preachin', some one from over to the hotel. I never heerd his name, I never seed him from that day to this; but I knowed his face. Queer enough I'd seed him a-fishin'. I never knowed he was a min'ster, he didn't look like one. He went about like a real fisherman, with ole clo'es, an' an ole hat with hooks stuck in it, an' big rubber boots, an' he fished, reely fished, I mean—ketched 'em. I guess 'twas that made me liss'n a leetle sharper 'n us'al, for I never seed a fishin' min'ster afore. Elder Jacks'n, he said 'twas a sin'f'l waste o' time, an' ole Parson Loomis he'd an idee it was cruel an' onmarciful; so I thought I'd jest see what this man 'd preach about, an' I settled down to liss'n to the sarm'n.

"But there wa'n't no sarm'n, not what I'd been raised to think was the on'y true kind. There wa'n't no heads, no fustlys nor sec'ndlys, nor fin'ly bruthrins, but the fust thing I knowed I was hearin' a story, an' 'twas a fishin' story. 'Twas about Some One—I hadn't the least idee then who 'twas, an' how much it all meant—Some One that was dreffle fond o' fishin' and fishermen, Some One that sot everythin' by the water, an' useter go along by the lakes an' ponds, an' sail on 'em, an' talk with the men that was fishin'. An' how the fishermen all liked him, an' asked his 'dvice, an' done jest 's he telled 'em about the likeliest places to fish; an' how they allers ketched more fer mindin' him; an' how when he was a-preachin' he wouldn't go into a big meetin'-house an' talk to rich folks all slicked up, but he'd jest go out in a fishin' boat an' ask the men to shove out a mite,

an' he'd talk to the folks on shore, the fishin' folks, an' their wives, an' the boys an' gals playin' on the shore. An' then, best o' everythin', he telled how when he was a-choosin' the men to go about with him an' help him, an' larn his ways so's to come a'ter him, he fust o' all picked out the men he'd seen every day fishin'; an' mebbe fished with hisself, for he knowed 'em, an' knowed he could trust 'em.

"An' then he telled us about the day when this preacher come along by the lake—a dreffle sightly place, this min'ster said; he'd seed it hisself when he was trav'lin' in them countries—an' come acrost two men he knowed well; they was brothers, an' they was a-fishin'. An' he jest asked 'em in his pleasant-spoken, frien'ly way—there wa'n't never sech a drawin', takin', lovin' way with any one afore as this man had, the min'ster said—he jest asked 'em to come along with him; an' they lay down their poles an' their lines an' everythin', an' jined him. An' then he come along a spell further, an' he see two boys out with their ole father, an' they was settin' in a boat an' fixin' up their tackle, an' he asked 'em if they'd jine him too, an' they jest dropped all their things, an' left the ole man with the boat an' the fish an' the bait, an' follered the preacher. I don't tell it very good. I've read it an' read it sence that; but I want to make ye see how it sounded to me, how I took it, as the min'ster telled it that summer day in Francony meetin'. Ye see I'd no idee who the story was about, the man put it so plain, in common kind o' talk, without any come-to-passes an' whuffers an' thuffers, an' I never conceited 'twas a Bible narr'tive.

"An' so fust thing I knowed I says to myself, 'That's the kind o' teacher I want. If I could come acrost a man like that, I'd jest foller him too, through thick an' thin.' Well, I can't put the rest on it into talk very good; 'taint jest the kind o' thing to speak on 'fore folks, even sech good friends as you. I aint the sort to go back on my word—fishermen aint, ye know—an' what I'd said to myself 'fore I knowed who I was bindin' myself to, I stuck to a'terwards when I knowed all about him. For 'taint for me to tell ye, who've got so much more larnin' than me, that there was a dreffle lot more to that story than the fishin' part. That lovin', givin' up, suff'rin', dyin' part, ye know it all yerself, an' I can't kinder say much on it, 'cept when I'm jest all by myself, or—'long o' him.

"That a'ternoon I took my ole Bible that I hadn't read much sence I growed up, an' I went out into the woods 'long the river, an'

'stid o' fishin' I jest sot down an' read that hull story. Now ye know it yerself by heart, an' ye've knowed it all yer born days, so ye can't begin to tell how new an' 'stonishin' 'twas to me, an' how findin' so much fishin' in it kinder helped me unnerstan' an' bleeve it every mite, an' take it right hum to me to foller an' live up to 's long 's I live an' breathe. Did j'ever think on it, reely? I tell ye, his r'liging's a fishin' r'liging all through. His friends was fishin' folks; his pulpit was a fishin' boat, or the shore o' the lake; he loved the ponds an' streams; an' when his d'sciples went out fishin', if he didn't go hisself with 'em, he'd go a'ter 'em, walkin' on the water, to cheer 'em up an' comfort 'em.

"An' he was allers 'round the water; for the story'll say, 'he come to the sea-shore,' or 'he begun to teach by the sea-side,' or agin, 'he entered into a boat,' an' 'he was in the stern o' the boat, asleep.'

"An' he used fish in his mir'cles. He fed that crowd o' folks on fish when they was hungry, bought 'em from a little chap on the shore. I've oft'n thought how dreffle tickled that boy must 'a' been to have him take them fish. Mebbe they wa'n't nothin' but shiners, but the fust the little feller'd ever ketched, an' boys sot a heap on their fust ketch. He was dreffle good to child'en, ye know. An' who'd he come to a'ter he'd died an' ris agin? Why, he come down to the shore 'fore daylight, an' looked off over the pond to where his ole frien's was a-fishin'. Ye see they'd gone out jest to quiet their minds an' keep up their sperrits; ther's nothin' like fishin' for that, ye know, an' they'd been in a heap o' trubble. When they was settin' up the night afore, worryin' an' wond'rin' an' s'misin' what was goin' ter become on 'em without their master, Peter'd got kinder desprited, an' he up an' says in his quick way, says he, 'Anyway, I'm goin' a-fishin'.' An' they all see the sense on it—any fisherman would—an' they says, says they, 'We'll go 'long too.' But they didn't ketch anythin'. I suppose they couldn't fix their minds on it, an' everythin' went wrong like. But when mornin' come creepin' up over the mountings, fust thin' they knowed they see him on the bank, an' he called out to 'em to know if they'd ketched anythin'. The water jest run down my cheeks when I heerd the min'ster tell that, an' it kinder makes my eyes wet every time I think on't. For 't seems 's if it might 'a' been me in that boat, who heern that v'ice I loved so dreffle well, speak up agin so nat'ral from the bank there. An' he eat some o' their fish! O' course he done it to sot their

minds easy, to show 'em he wa'n't quite a sperrit yit, but jest their own ole frien' who'd been out in the boat with 'em so many, many times. But seems to me, jest the fac' he done it kinder makes fish an' fishin' diffunt from any other thing in the hull airth. I tell ye them four books that gin his story is chock full o' things that go right to the heart o' fishermen. Nets, an' hooks, an' boats, an' the shores, an' the sea, an' the mountings, Peter's fishin'-coat, lilies, an' sparrers, an' grass o' the fields, an' all about the evenin' sky bein' red or lowerin', an' fair or foul weather.

"It's an out-doors, woodsy, country story, 'sides bein' the heav'n-liest one that was ever telled. I read the hull Bible, as a duty ye know. I read the epis'les, but somehow they don't come home to me. Paul was a great man, a dreffle smart scholar, but he was raised in the city, I guess, an' when I go from the gospils into Paul's writin's it's like goin' from the woods an' hills an' streams o' Francony into the streets of a big city like Concord or Manch'ster."

The old man did not say much of his after life and the fruits of this strange conversion, but his neighbors told us a great deal. They spoke of his unselfishness, his charity, his kindly deeds; told of his visiting the poor and unhappy, nursing the sick. They said the little children loved him, and every one in the village and for miles around trusted and leaned upon Fishin' Jimmy. He taught the boys to fish, sometimes the girls too; and while learning to cast and strike, to whip the stream, they drank in knowledge of higher things, and came to know and love Jimmy's "fishin' r'liging." I remember they told me of a little French Canadian girl, a poor, wretched waif, whose mother, an unknown tramp, had fallen dead in the road near the village. The child, an untamed little heathen, was found clinging to her mother's body in an agony of grief and rage, and fought like a tiger when they tried to take her away. A boy in the little group attracted to the spot ran away, with a child's faith in his old friend, to summon Fishin' Jimmy. He came quickly, lifted the little savage tenderly, and carried her away.

No one witnessed the taming process, but in a day or two the pair were seen together on the margin of Black Brook, each with a fish pole. Her dark face was bright with interest and excitement as she took her first lesson in the art of angling. She jabbered and chattered in her odd patois, he answered in broadest New England dialect, but the two quite understood each other, and though Jimmy said afterward that it was "dreffle to hear her call the fish pois'n',"

they were soon great friends and comrades. For weeks he kept and cared for the child, and when she left him for a good home in Bethlehem, one would scarcely have recognized in the gentle, affectionate girl the wild creature of the past. Though often questioned as to the means used to effect this change, Jimmy's explanation seemed rather vague and unsatisfactory. "'Twas fishin' done it," he said; "on'y fishin'; it allers works. The Christian r'liging itself had to begin with fishin', ye know."

But one thing troubled Fishin' Jimmy. He wanted to be a "fisher of men." That was what the Great Teacher had promised he would make the fishermen who left their boats to follow him. What strange, literal meaning he attached to the terms, we could not tell. In vain we—especially the boys, whose young hearts had gone out in warm affection to the old man—tried to show him that he was, by his efforts to do good and make others better and happier, fulfilling the Lord's directions. He could not understand it so. "I allers try to think," he said, "that 'twas me in that boat when he come along. I make b'l'ëve that it was out on Streeter's Pond, an' I was settin' in the boat, fixin' my lan'in' net, when I see him on the shore. I think mebbe I'm that James—for that's my given name, ye know, though they allers call me Jimmy—an' then I hear him callin' me 'James, James.' I can hear him jest's plain sometimes, when the wind's blowin' in the trees, an' I jest ache to up an' foller him. But says he, 'I'll make ye a fisher o' men,' an' he aint done it. I'm waitin'; mebbe he'll larn me some day."

He was fond of all living creatures, merciful to all. But his love for our dog Dash became a passion, for Dash was an angler. Who that ever saw him sitting in the boat beside his master, watching with eager eye, and whole body trembling with excitement, the line as it was cast, the flies as they touched the surface—who can forget old Dash? His fierce excitement at rise of trout, the efforts at self-restraint, the disappointment if the prey escaped, the wild exultation if it was captured, how plainly—he who runs might read—were shown these emotions in eye, in ear, in tail, in whole quivering body! What wonder that it all went straight to the fisher's heart of Jimmy! "I never knowed afore they could be Christians," he said, looking, with tears in his soft, keen eyes, at the every-day scene, and with no faintest thought of irreverence. "I never knowed it, but I'd give a stiffikit o' membership in the orthodoxest church goin' to that dog there."

It is almost needless to say that as years went on Jimmy came to know many "fishin' min'sters," for there are many of that ilk who love our mountain country, and seek it yearly. All these knew and loved the old man. And there were others who had wandered by that sea of Galilee, and fished in the waters of the Holy Land, and with them Fishin' Jimmy dearly loved to talk. But his wonder was never-ending that in the scheme of evangelizing the world more use was not made of the "fishin' side" of the story. "Haint they ever tried it on them poor heathen?" he would ask earnestly of some clerical angler casting a fly upon the clear water of pond or brook. "I should think 'twould 'a' ben the fust thing they'd done. Fishin' fust, an' r'liging's sure to foller. An' it's so easy; fur heath'n mostly r'sides on islands, don't they? So ther's plenty o' water, an' o' course ther's fishin'; an' oncet gin 'em poles an' git 'em to work, an' they're out o' mischief fur that day. They'd like it better'n cannib'ling, or cuttin' out idles, or scratchin' picters all over theirselves, an' bimeby—not too suddent, ye know, to scare 'em—ye could begin on that story, an' they couldn't stan' that, not a heath'n on 'em. Won't ye speak to the 'Merican Board about it, an' sen' out a few fishin' mishneries, with polès an' lines an' tackle gen'ally? I've tried it on dreffle bad folks, an' it allers done 'em good. But"—so almost all his simple talk ended—"I wish I could begin to be a fisher o' men. I'm gettin' on now, I'm nigh seventy, an' I aint got much time, ye see."

One afternoon in July there came over Franconia Notch one of those strangely sudden tempests which sometimes visit that mountain country. It had been warm that day, unusually warm for that refreshingly cool spot; but suddenly the sky grew dark and darker, almost to blackness, there was roll of thunder and flash of lightning, and then poured down the rain—rain at first, but soon hail in large frozen bullets, which fiercely pelted any who ventured out-doors, rattled against the windows of the Profile House with sharp cracks like sounds of musketry, and lay upon the piazza in heaps like snow. And in the midst of the wild storm it was remembered that two boys, guests at our hotel, had gone up Mount Lafayette alone that day. They were young boys, unused to mountain climbing, and their friends were anxious. It was found that Dash had followed them; and just as some one was to be sent in search of them, a boy from the stables brought the information that Fishin' Jimmy had started up the mountain after them as the storm broke.

"Said if he couldn't be a fisher o' men, mebbe he knowed 'nuff to ketch boys," went on our informant, seeing nothing more in the speech, full of pathetic meaning to us who knew him, than the idle talk of one whom many considered "lackin'." Jimmy was old now, and had of late grown very feeble, and we did not like to think of him out in that wild storm. And now suddenly the lost boys themselves appeared through the opening in the woods opposite the house, and ran in through the hail, now falling more quietly. They were wet, but no worse apparently for their adventure, though full of contrition and distress at having lost sight of the dog. He had rushed off into the woods some hours before, after a rabbit or hedgehog, and had never returned. Nor had they seen Fishin' Jimmy.

As hours went by and the old man did not return, a search party was sent out, and guides familiar with all the mountain paths went up Lafayette to seek for him. It was nearly night when they at last found him, and the grand old mountains had put on those robes of royal purple which they sometimes assume at eventide. At the foot of a mass of rock, which looked like amethyst or wine-red agate in that marvellous evening light, the old man was lying, and Dash was with him. From the few faint words Jimmy could then gasp out, the truth was gathered. He had missed the boys, leaving the path by which they had returned, and while stumbling along in search of them, feeble and weary, he had heard far below a sound of distress. Looking down over a steep, rocky ledge, he had seen his friend and fishing comrade, old Dash, in sore trouble. Poor Dash! He never dreamed of harming his old friend, for he had a kind heart. But he was a sad coward in some matters, and a very baby when frightened and away from master and friends. So I fear he may have assumed the rôle of wounded sufferer when in reality he was but scared and lonesome. He never owned this afterward, and you may be sure we never let him know by word or look the evil he had done. Jimmy saw him holding up one paw helplessly and looking at him with wistful, imploring brown eyes; heard his pitiful, whimpering cry for aid, and never doubted his great distress and peril. Was Dash not a fisherman? And fishermen, in Fishin' Jimmy's category, were always true and trusty. So the old man without a second's hesitation started down the steep, smooth decline to the rescue of his friend.

We do not know just how or where in that terrible descent he fell. To us who afterward saw the spot, and thought of the weak old

man, chilled by the storm, exhausted by his exertions, and yet clambering down that precipitous cliff, made more slippery and treacherous by the sleet and hail still falling, it seemed impossible that he could have kept a foothold for an instant. Nor am I sure that he expected to save himself, and Dash too. But he tried. He was sadly hurt. I will not tell you of that.

Looking out from the hotel windows through the gathering darkness, we who loved him—it was not a small group—saw a sorrowful sight. Flickering lights thrown by the lanterns of the guides came through the woods. Across the road, slowly, carefully, came strong men, bearing on a rough, hastily made litter of boughs the dear old man. All that could have been done for the most distinguished guest, for the dearest, best-beloved friend, was done for the gentle fisherman. We, his friends, and proud to style ourselves thus, were of different, widely separated lands, greatly varying creeds. Some were nearly as old as the dying man, some in the prime of manhood. There were youths, and maidens, and little children. But through the night we watched together. The old Roman bishop, whose calm, benign face we all know and love; the Churchman, ascetic in faith, but with the kindest, most indulgent heart when one finds it; the gentle old Quakeress with placid, unwrinkled brow and silvery hair; Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist—we were all one that night. The old angler did not suffer—we were so glad of that! But he did not appear to know us, and his talk seemed strange. It rambled on quietly, softly, like one of his own mountain brooks, babbling of green fields, of sunny summer days, of his favorite sport, and ah, of other things. But he was not speaking to us. A sudden, awed hush and thrill came over us as, bending to catch the low words, we all at once understood what only the bishop put into words as he said, half to himself, in a sudden, quickly broken whisper, “God bless the man, he’s talking to his Master!”

“Yes, sir, that’s so,” went on the quiet voice; “’twas on’y a dog sure ’nough; ’twa’n’t even a boy, as ye say, an’ ye ask me to be a fisher o’ men. But I haint had no chance for that, somehow; mebbe I wa’n’t fit for’t. I’m on’y jest a poor old fisherman, Fishin’ Jimmy, ye know, sir. Ye useter call me James—no one else ever done it. On’y a dog? But he wa’n’t jest a common dog, sir; he was a fishin’ dog. I never seed a man love fishin’ mor’n Dash.” The dog was in the room, and heard his name. Stealing to the bedside, he put a cold nose into the cold hand of his old friend, and no one had the heart

to take him away. The touch turned the current of the old man's talk for a moment, and he was fishing again with his dog friend. "See 'em break, Dashy! See 'em break! Lots on 'em to-day, aint they? Keep still, there's a good dog, while I put on a diffunt fly. Don't ye see they're jumpin' at them gnats? Aint the water jest 'live with 'em? Aint it shinin' an' clear an'——" The voice faltered an instant, then went on: "Yes, sir, I'm comin'—I'm glad, dreffle glad to come. Don't mind 'bout my leavin' my fishin'; do ye think I care 'bout that? I'll jest lay down my pole ahin' the alders here, an' put my lan'in' net on the stuns, with my flies, an' tackle—the boys 'll like 'em, ye know—an' I'll be right along.

"I mos' knowed ye was on'y a-tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. 'Twas a—fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers dreffle good to fishermen—dreffle good to—everybody;—died—for—'em; didn't ye?——

"Please wait—on—the—bank there, a minnit; I'm comin' 'crost. Water's pretty—cold this—spring—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can—do it—don't ye mind—'bout—me, sir. I'll—get—acrost." Once more the voice ceased, and we thought we should not hear it again this side that stream.

But suddenly a strange light came over the thin face, the soft gray eyes opened wide, and he cried out with a strong voice we had so often heard come ringing out to us across the mountain streams, above the sound of their rushing: "Here I be, sir! It's Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, from Francony way; him ye useter call James when ye come 'long the shore o' the pond an' I was a-fishin'. I heern ye agin, jest now—an' I—straightway—f'sook—my—nets—an'—folded——"

Had the voice ceased utterly? No, we could catch faint, low murmurs, and the lips still moved. But the words were not for us; and we did not know when he reached the other bank.

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

SHIP-CANALS AT THE AMERICAN ISTHMUS.

EVEN in these days of large enterprises we do not find a parallel of the condition of affairs at the American isthmus. Two colossal undertakings having the same end in view are being pushed forward at the same time, and this when the costs are matter of conjecture, the difficulties to be encountered are to a great extent unknown, and the returns to be expected cannot be predicted. The statement that a ship-canal across the isthmus would be a benefit to the commerce of all nations has not been disputed. That a canal of reasonable cost would be a financial success, earning enough to pay the expenses of operation and maintenance and a dividend to the stockholders, seems quite certain. The beginning of active operations by the promoters of the Nicaragua Interoceanic Canal, at a time when the Panama Company is well nigh crushed under its financial burden, may be wondered at, but reason for their action is found in the condition of affairs at Panama.

In 1877-78 Lieutenant Wyse, acting for the *Société Civile Internationale du Canal Interocéanique*, secured from the Government of the United States of Colombia a concession for a ship-canal across the American isthmus between certain limits. Within these limits the only feasible route is the one nearly coincident with that adopted by Stephens and Baldwin in 1849 for the Panama Railway. Wyse and his companions made a partial survey of this route, hastened to Paris, and succeeded in inducing M. de Lesseps to father their scheme. The International Scientific Congress was convened, and it, by proper manipulation, was made to declare a sea-level canal at Panama the most practicable way of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The estimate of the cost was given as \$86,000,000, and the work was to be finished in 1888. The concession that Wyse had secured and the results of his surveys were transferred to a new company for a consideration of \$2,000,000, and M. de Lesseps began his well-known juggling operations with the surveys and estimates, including the formation of the International Technical Commission of 1880, and its report.

The Panama Canal Company was definitely organized in March, 1881, and work at the isthmus was begun during the fall months of that year. Of the character of this work it may be said that the expenses of administration are excessive, that contracts are made loosely, and contractors allowed to do very much as they please, that large and difficult portions of the work are

undertaken without adequate forethought, and that no plans have been made for some of the most important features of the undertaking. The face value of the stock thus far issued is more than three times the amount of the original, and only about one-fourth of the work has been done. The methods of administration and procedure give strong ground for the feeling that the enterprise will collapse and the money contributed be a total loss.

The enterprise at Nicaragua is not so far advanced, but the probabilities of success are much greater. Ever since the Spaniards made surveys of the country in the sixteenth century, the neighborhood of Lake Nicaragua has been looked upon as a possible location for an interoceanic canal, and the general opinion of competent judges is that this route is the most feasible. During the past forty years many surveys have been made by engineers, and at last a company has been organized, and a large party sent to make a detailed location of the work and to prepare the line for the actual operations of construction. The estimated cost is \$65,000,000, including twenty-five per cent. for surveys, hospitals, and contingencies; and it is expected that the canal will be ready to receive traffic in 1892. Whether the estimate of the cost and the time allowed for construction will be sufficient for the purpose cannot be foretold, but in making the calculations Engineer Menocal has been able to use the figures from many surveys previous to his own, and has had the experience at Panama as a guide in the determination of the actual cost of work. In what has thus far been accomplished there is evident an honest effort to do the work on sound engineering principles and in accordance with rational financial methods.

In the matter of situation the Nicaragua project is more fortunate than the more southern one. At Panama the average annual rainfall is 120 inches, most of it falling during the rainy season. The plans for controlling this large amount of surface water are not yet completed, and if matured and carried out successfully, will add seriously to the cost of the undertaking. At Nicaragua, while the rainfall is large, the broad lake acts as a storage reservoir to moderate the effects of the excessive rains, and the narrowness of the valley of the San Juan and the large body of water in the river combine to reduce to a minimum the effects of freshets. Nicaragua is, undoubtedly, less unhealthful than Panama, but at both places strict sanitary supervision is required. The question of the lengths of the lines of communication by the two canals involves the consideration of the length of time occupied by sailing vessels, as well as the number of miles traversed. In this regard the Nicaragua canal has an undoubted advantage over its rival. Not only does its more northerly situation decrease the distance between ports on the Atlantic and ports on the Pacific coasts of the United States by 700 or 800 miles, but its position outside of the belt of calms on the Atlantic side and north of the doldrums on the Pacific, causes a saving to sailing vessels of more than a week on each side of the isthmus. This saving will much more than counterbalance the extra time required for the passage through the longer canal at Nicaragua; and the

greater certainty in estimating the length of time required for a voyage will be a decided advantage.

The control of an interoceanic ship-canal across the American isthmus is a matter of great importance to the Government and people of the United States. When constructed it will undoubtedly be the route for a large commerce between the Atlantic and the Pacific States, and, if the expectations of the promoters of the canal schemes are realized, the larger part of this traffic will belong to residents of the United States and be carried by their vessels. In times of peace, as well as in the event of war, it would afford the natural route for transport in naval and military operations. These considerations make it desirable that our Government should procure for our commerce a reduction of charges, and should secure a position to control the canal in time of war. Neither of these has been done. In the concession to the Panama Company the Colombian Government guarantees the neutrality of the canal and makes provision for its own commerce, ignoring the treaty of 1846-48, which provided for the equality of the citizens of the two countries. For the Nicaragua line the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 still hold, notwithstanding the many discussions. By it England and the United States are put on an equal footing, and would probably unite to guarantee the neutrality of the canal. This position of the United States is the result of our diplomatic methods, which, in matters connected with the canal question, have been inferior to those of England and France, besides being hampered and modified by party questions and local interests.

AMERICA'S SHARE IN A FRENCH CELEBRATION.

AMONG recent publications in France, none is of greater value to the student of American history than the *Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique*, by Henry Doniol, Director of the National Printing Bureau at Paris. This work, composed from diplomatic correspondence and other documents in the French archives relating to the rebellion of the English colonies in America and the establishment of American freedom, is intended as a typographical monument for the centenary of the French Revolution, in 1889. Two large quarto volumes, executed in magnificent style as respects paper and printing, have already appeared, and three more are to follow. Thanks to M. Doniol, who has performed his task with great fidelity and conscientiousness, we have fresh information on this important historical episode.

There are two sides to the history of American independence, the American and the French. The people of the United States know something of the former, and a very little of the latter; while the French know scarcely anything of either, their ignorance being due, probably, to the overwhelming interest of the Revolution of '89, which came so soon after the establishment of American independence. It is true that French history records the influ-

ence on the French mind of the American struggle for liberty. Mirabeau, the Girondists, and the Jacobin demagogues often alluded to it in their political speeches ; while various monographs on the subject, with biographies of the great actors in the Revolution, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and others, as well as travels in the country at the time, like those of Chastellux, have since been published : but nowhere, so far, can any serious, exhaustive study of the Revolution be found in French, according to the voluminous details of it existing in the French archives. In America a knowledge of the Revolutionary War is, of course, more extensive than in France, but it is about as one-sided, since most American historians, to say nothing of their prejudices, favoritism, and, we may add, idealism, have relied too exclusively on local documents. Even when this has not been the case, the use of foreign material has sometimes rendered the stream of national history more turbid than it was before. M. Doniol's work serves to clarify this stream and to remove many obscurities.

A few indications of the nature of this purification of our history show in what sense M. Doniol's work is valuable. For example, one popular notion prevalent amongst us, is that the help which the French gave us in the Revolution was wholly due to Lafayette. This is not exact. Without in any way derogating from the great value of Lafayette's influence and example, M. Doniol furnishes documents which prove that the idea of assisting the American insurgents originated with the Count de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI., and the pilot of the whole affair, as far as France was concerned, to the end. France came out of the Seven Years' War, in 1763, humiliated by England, with her navy destroyed, and subject to the galling right which the English then exercised, of overhauling and examining the vessels of other nations on the high seas. As early as 1774, on the beginning of the agitation against the mother country in the American colonies, Vergennes, seeing that it was to be serious, proposed to Louis XVI. to take advantage of it and cripple England, even at the risk of a conflict with her should events render war necessary. By so doing France would recover its lost prestige in Europe, and the arbitrary exercise of power by England on the seas would be curtailed. Vergennes's first object, accordingly, was to secure the coöperation of Spain, whose possessions in America were involved in the risk. The negotiations for this purpose with the Spanish Government were long and substantially fruitless, but it is essential to understand them, because only through them can many of the obstacles in the way of parties interested in the American cause in France be explained. M. Doniol quotes largely from the diplomatic correspondence between the French and Spanish governments, and cites the memorials of Vergennes, all of which leave no doubt on the mind that the help which France furnished during our Revolution was primarily due to the efforts of the latter.

The next point on which M. Doniol throws fresh light is in relation to Beaumarchais. It appears that the versatile author of the *Marriage of*

Figaro was a capable and useful instrument in the hands of the Count de Vergennes, and much more influential than is generally supposed. He was a very early, warm, and intelligent advocate of American interests, and exceedingly able in the management of everything intrusted to him. His services in England and elsewhere, as a secret diplomatic agent, the arguments and facts he furnishes to his patron in support of particular undertakings, the political advice he gives in his correspondence, the measures he recommends, his negotiations and devices in behalf of the Americans, all show that this curious character was remarkably clever. He was sagacious, energetic, and practical. He seems, as we would say, to have been well posted on American affairs and to have readily understood what was most needed there. Finding that the insurgents required military engineers, he urged Vergennes to send them, declaring that the Americans had plenty of pluck but lacked science. The alliance finally concluded between France and the American Congress was literally carried out according to a protocol prepared and recommended by Beaumarchais months before the treaty was signed. Vergennes's policy, pending the Spanish negotiations, was to aid the Americans secretly, at the same time maintaining peaceful relations with England as long as possible. In this secret service Beaumarchais was at once the "Government" and the scapegoat; he was to act on his own responsibility, and suffer if caught. When the English, through their spies, learned that he was despatching vessels and munitions of war to the rebels, in violation of treaties and of international law, they obliged Vergennes to stop these proceedings and to discountenance him. The effect was to make him the butt of attack by French officers enlisted in the American cause, and especially of the American Commissioners, in whose interests he was really acting. Silas Deane was particularly indignant. Denounced as a private speculator by these parties and yet obliged to mask the intentions of the Government, compelled to keep a diplomatic secret and at the same time disabuse the mind of his patron of charges made against him by his enemies and due to apparent indiscretions, he needed no less of patience than of skill and courage. It is probably due to the machinations of Du Coudray, an ambitious engineer, that Franklin was prejudiced against him.

This secret policy of Vergennes, again, accounts for the apparent attempt of the French Government to prevent Lafayette's departure for America, a show of opposition merely intended to throw dust in the eyes of the English Ministry. The Marquis de Noailles, one of Lafayette's relatives, was then French Minister at the Court of St. James, and to allow Lafayette to embark for America would not only have compromised him, but probably contributed to an immediate declaration of war.

Another interesting particular which M. Doniol brings out is the constant fear of Vergennes and the French Ministry that England might offer such terms of peace to the colonies as to lead them to lay down their arms and form an alliance against France. This fear did not subside until the Revolution was almost over, and then, under the sagacious reports

and management of Gérard de Rayneval, the French Minister sent to the United States after the open rupture with England.

Our limited space forbids extended illustrations of the value of M. Doniol's work. Many interesting facts are given in relation to Lafayette, De Kalb, Silas Deane, Arthur Lee, and even Franklin, which have not formerly appeared in print. M. Doniol clearly shows that Frederick II. of Prussia was in no respect a special friend or advocate of the American colonies; but that the object of this monarch in all his allusions to America was simply the abasement of England, and to open up commercial relations with the United States when independent.

The volumes which are to follow will be still more entertaining, containing details of the Revolution from a French point of view, derived from the correspondence of its Ministers Plenipotentiary in the United States, who reported weekly, sometimes even oftener, on the events of the day, and whose letters are now on file in the French archives.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

ON this topic two interesting books have recently appeared. The first, bearing the title of *Ænigma Vitæ*,* is from the veteran pen of John Wilson, and contains some very profound thought, expressed in a style of great beauty. The underlying concept of the book is the philosophical interpretation of Christianity as containing the only efficient antidote to the isolating individualism of the day. Only in unity with the universal does the individual ego realize its true being. Or, to express the same thought in terms of religion, only in its unity with Christ, only in absorption in him, can the individual soul realize its true and satisfying life. Christianity thus embodies the profoundest philosophy, since its central fact is the unity of the human and the divine in Christ. This gives it a power possessed by no other scheme of life to satisfy the deepest soul-needs of humanity. The author then proceeds to trace, in his fascinating way, the ideal progress of the ego from the first dawn of its conscious life, step by step through stages of isolation and self-assertion, up to the supreme moment when it finds its complete finite good in self-surrender to the infinite Christ.

The second work, entitled *The Gist of It*,† is the first literary venture of a young author, Rev. Thomas E. Barr, of Beloit, Wisconsin. It originated, he says in his preface, "in the author's efforts to find for himself sure footing in the shifting, conflicting phases of modern thought, and determine a satisfactory explanation and scheme of life-activity." The discussion falls into two parts, the first treating of the *facts* of life, the second of their

* *Ænigma Vitæ*. By John Wilson, M.A., pp. ix., 254. London, 1887: Hodder & Stoughton.

† *The Gist of It*. By Rev. Thomas E. Barr, B.A., pp. xxxiii., 350. New York, 1887: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

explanation. Under these heads the author presents a comprehensive array of the facts and considerations which bear on the life problem in its various aspects. The interpretation of the facts is treated all too briefly in the last fifty-seven pages of the volume. The various schemes which men ordinarily propose—happiness, wealth, fame, power, and self-culture—are passed in review, and their insufficiency to satisfy the needs of the soul briefly but forcibly pointed out. Only in Christianity can a satisfactory interpretation of the riddle of life be found. The book was not written for specialists, but rather for that large class of intelligent and thoughtful young men and women on whom the practical questions of life are pressing for solution. To these it can be commended as a book well worthy of their perusal; and others more advanced in living and thinking may find its discussions to be not without helpful suggestions.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

- ARMSTRONG.—*Five-Minute Sermons to Children*, pp. 203. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- BRADLEY.—*The Goths*, the Story of the Nations Series, pp. xxii., 376. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- BUCK.—*Law and Limitation of our Lord's Miracles*. New York: Phillips & Hunt.
- CLARK.—*Witnesses to Christ*, pp. 300. Chicago, 1888: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- CRANE.—*The Aeneid of Virgil*, translated literally, pp. xxviii., 258. New York, 1888: The Baker & Taylor Co.
- CURRY.—*The Book of Job*, pp. x., 302. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- DORCHESTER.—*Christianity in the United States*, pp. 795. New York, 1888: Phillips & Hunt.
- DYER.—*Six Sermons on Leading New Church Doctrines*, pp. 79. New York, 1887: 20 Cooper Union.
- HAMILL.—*New Science of Elocution*, pp. 382. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- HOLCOMBE.—*Condensed Thoughts about Christian Science*, pp. 53. Chicago, 1887: Purdy Publishing Co.
- INGE.—*Society in Rome under the Cæsars*, pp. viii., 276. New York, 1888: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- LADD.—*What is the Bible?* pp. xiv., 497. New York, 1888: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Lomb Prize Essays*, I., II., III., IV. New York: The American News Co.
- PEARSE.—*Some Aspects of the Blessed Life*, pp. 222. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- PHOEBUS.—*Young Folks' Nature Studies*, pp. v., 258. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- Lost on an Island*, pp. 216. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- PORTER.—*Self-Reliance Encouraged*, pp. 280. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1885-86*, pp. xxi., 792. Washington, 1887: The Government Printing Office.
- RICHMOND.—*Woman, First and Last*, 2 vols., pp. 271, 300. New York, 1887: Phillips & Hunt.
- STUCKENBERG.—*Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*, pp. ix., 422. New York, 1888: A. C. Armstrong & Son.
- SWEDENBORG.—*The Soul*, translated and edited by Frank Sewall, A.M., pp. xxvi., 388. New York, 1887: New Church Board of Publication.
- THOMPSON.—*The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind*, pp. viii., 176. London and New York, 1888: Longmans, Green & Co.
- TODD.—*The Story of the City of New York*, pp. xvi., 478. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- TUTTLE.—*History of Prussia under Frederic the Great*, 2 vols., pp. xxiv., 308; xii., 334. Boston and New York, 1888: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- VALDÉS.—*Maximina*, pp. 390. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
- WHITE.—*European Schools of History and Politics*, pp. 89. Baltimore, 1887: Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.
- WINN.—*Property in Land*, pp. 73. New York and London, 1889: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RECORD.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

DOMESTIC.

THE ADMINISTRATION.—The principal events in connection with THE ADMINISTRATION during the past six months have been the PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, with the discussion provoked by it, and the controversy over the nomination of the HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary of the Interior, to be an ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT of the United States. Mr. Cleveland's Message was the shortest sent to Congress for years, and, instead of reviewing the "state of the Union," was entirely devoted to a CONSIDERATION OF THE TARIFF AND THE SURPLUS REVENUE. An abstract of the message will be found under CONGRESS. The document at once started a lively political discussion, and really opened the Presidential canvass. By most of the Republican press it was denounced as a free-trade appeal, and it was generally accepted as fixing the issue on which the coming Presidential campaign is to be fought. The Democrats and Independents contended that the policy advocated by the President would be a wise and moderate step in the direction of needed tariff reform, and that an immediate reduction of the surplus was demanded.—On December 6 the President sent to the Senate the nominations of SECRETARY LAMAR to be ASSOCIATE JUSTICE, of POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS to be SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, and of DON M. DICKINSON of Michigan to be POSTMASTER-GENERAL. The nomination of Mr. Lamar aroused a storm of disapproval on the part of the opposition press. The Secretary was accused of being a "rebel," of having refused to give assent to the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Amendments to the Constitution, and of not having had sufficient experience as a lawyer to justify his elevation to a seat on the bench of our highest court. It was also alleged that he did not possess a judicial mind, and that once in a Mississippi court he lost his temper to such an extent that he made a personal attack on a United States marshal. The Senate was very slow in taking action upon the nomination. Before the matter came to a vote it was pretty well understood that enough Republican votes could be depended on to make the confirmation certain. Mr. LAMAR RESIGNED as Secretary of the Interior on January 7, and on

the same day a letter was written by Senator Stewart (Republican) of Nevada, setting forth his reasons for having decided to vote in favor of confirmation. Finally, on January 16, the Senate took up the case and Mr. LAMAR WAS CONFIRMED by a vote of 32 to 28, Messrs. Stewart and Stanford (Republicans) and Mr. Riddleberger (Independent) voting with the Democrats in the majority. Strong speeches against confirmation were made in secret session by Senators Edmunds, Hoar, Evarts, Sherman, and Hawley. There were no speeches on the Democratic side.—On the same day Messrs. VILAS and DICKINSON WERE ALSO CONFIRMED.—THE PRESIDENT, who set out, September 30, for a TOUR OF THE WEST AND SOUTH, returned to Washington, October 22, after visiting Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison (Wisconsin), St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Montgomery (Alabama), and Asheville (North Carolina). Everywhere he was greeted by large crowds; in Atlanta the enthusiasm was especially noticeable.—THE FRICTION BETWEEN SECRETARY LAMAR AND COMMISSIONER SPARKS, of the Land Office, came to an issue November 11, when Mr. Sparks wrote a letter to the Secretary criticising some of the latter's land decisions in a way offensive to Mr. Lamar. The Secretary in reply said that the President must either appoint a new Secretary of the Interior or a new Commissioner of the Land Office. Mr. Sparks, on November 15, PLACED HIS RESIGNATION in the hands of the President, and it was accepted two days later.—STROTHER M. STOCKSLAGER, of Indiana, was appointed Commissioner of the Land Office on March 20.—On November 18 GEORGE L. RIVES, of New York, was appointed First Assistant Secretary of State.—On January 12 Gen. EDWARD S. BRAGG, of Wisconsin, was appointed Minister to Mexico, to succeed the late Thomas C. Manning.—THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY showed the surplus in the Treasury to be \$55,258,701. The receipts were \$371,403,277, of which \$217,286,893 was from customs and \$118,823,391 from internal revenues. The expenses were \$315,835,428; the largest items being \$75,029,101 for pensions, \$38,561,025 for military expenses and rivers and harbors, \$47,741,577 for interest, and \$47,903,248 for the sink-

ing fund. The increase in receipts over the fiscal year 1886 was \$34,963,550. The increase in customs receipts was, in round numbers, \$240,000; from internal taxes, \$2,000,000; and from the sales of public lands and the profits on the coinage, \$3,000,000 each. The increase in expenditures was \$25,449,041, of which over \$11,000,000 was for pensions. The decrease in the interest on the public debt was nearly \$3,000,000. For the present fiscal year the revenues, actual and estimated, are \$383,000,000, and the total expenditures, including sinking fund, \$316,817,785; estimated surplus, \$66,182,214.—According to the REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR, the only armament on the entire Atlantic coastline of 2,870 miles and the northern frontier of 3,530 miles is 142 rifled guns, of which 116 are obsolete and of very low power. He approved the recommendation of GENERAL SHERIDAN that the General Government should extend all POSSIBLE AID TO THE NATIONAL GUARD in the several States.—SECRETARY WHITNEY OF THE NAVY, in his report, said that, with the exception of two cases, the Department had practically abandoned the idea of the unprotected torpedo-boat, but he recommended the continuance of experiments in submarine boats. He opposed any further appropriations for work on the single-turreted monitors. He advised the construction of five new ships: two armor-clad vessels, to cost, exclusive of armament, not more than \$6,000,000, one to be built by contract and one in the navy-yards, and three more fast cruisers of the highest type. In six years, he said, only four of the present cruising ships will remain serviceable, that is, the old navy will have disappeared. Encouragement of torpedo experiments was urged, and it was suggested that the course in the Naval Academy be reduced to four years.—Admiral Porter, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Navy, stated that the following IMPORTANT HARBORS ARE ENTIRELY DEFENCELESS against a single iron-clad: New York, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, Baltimore, Norfolk, Hampton Roads, Portland (Maine), Portsmouth (New Hampshire), Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, Galveston, Wilmington (North Carolina), and San Diego (California).—In the ANNUAL REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL it was stated that it might fairly be affirmed that from the beginning of the current fiscal year the postal service had again become substantially self-sustaining. It was also predicted that if the revenues were not further crippled, and only a similar ratio of increasing expenditure maintained, the next fiscal year would yield a surplus, which should, under the same conditions, annually increase; and that the time was not far distant when the rate of letter-postage could properly be reduced to one cent an ounce,

and some reduction made in the postage on merchandise and other matter.—The report of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General showed that the total postal revenue of the year was \$48,837,609 and the total expenditures \$53,133,252. The receipts were 11.1 per cent. greater than during the previous year; the increase of expenditure was at a ratio of only 3.4 per cent.—The President, on October 31, received a deputation from Great Britain who desired to secure his cooperation in securing a treaty between that country and the United States which shall provide for the AMICABLE SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES BY ARBITRATION. Mr. Cleveland expressed cordial sympathy with peaceful methods in the settlement of international disagreements.—The President went to Florida for a short visit on February 21. He visited Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palatka, and Charleston (South Carolina), and returned to Washington on the 26th.—A NEW TREATY WITH CHINA was signed on March 13. It prohibits the entrance of Chinese labor into this country for twenty years, but allows Chinese having families here, or property of the value of \$1,000 or more, to go to China and return hither on proof of the fact.—The INTER-STATE-COMMERCE COMMISSION, in its first report to the Secretary of the Interior, covering eight months, said that the operation of the Inter-State Act had in general been beneficial; "pooling" had come to an end, and many serious evils had ceased to exist.—Two reports were presented in December by the Commission which investigated the PACIFIC RAILROADS that received aid from the Government. Commissioners Andrews and Littler recommended an extension of the companies' obligations and presented bills effecting a settlement of the debts. That of the Union Pacific was placed at \$50,757,173 and that of the Central Pacific at \$71,792,525. Commissioner Pattison criticised the management of the companies in unmeasured terms, declared that they were bankrupt, and recommended that the Department of Justice begin suits to have them placed in the hands of receivers.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.—THE FIFTIETH CONGRESS met on December 5. The Senate was almost equally divided politically, Mr. Riddleberger of Virginia holding the balance of power. In the House of Representatives there were 168 Democrats, 153 Republicans, and 4 Independents.—The PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE was read in both Houses on December 6. It was entirely given up to a discussion of the SURPLUS AND THE TARIFF. The most significant sentence in it was this: "IT IS A CONDITION WHICH CONFRONTS US—NOT A THEORY." Mr. Cleveland pointed out that the surplus in the Treasury on December 1 was \$55,258,701.19, and that it was estimated that it would reach \$113,000,000 on June 30, 1888, which,

added to prior accumulations, would swell the surplus to \$140,000,000. He said further: "Our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable, and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be AT ONCE REVISED AND AMENDED. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties." He did not propose to relieve the country entirely of this taxation. In a readjustment of our tariff, he said, "the INTERESTS OF AMERICAN LABOR engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered, as well as the PRESERVATION OF OUR MANUFACTURES." The message opposed the reduction of taxation in such a way as to cause the loss of employment by the laboring man, or the reduction of his wages. Considerable space was devoted to an argument in favor of the REMOVAL OF THE DUTY ON WOOL. The President opposed any reduction in the internal-revenue taxes, because the articles taxed were not, strictly speaking, necessities. A radical reduction in, or the abolition of, duties on raw materials used in manufactures was recommended. — THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES was organized by the election of JOHN G. CARLISLE AS SPEAKER, in spite of the fact that his seat was the subject of a contest brought by Mr. Thobe. The Committee on Elections, under the circumstances, was selected by the House itself, and the Carlisle case was immediately taken up. The Speaker meanwhile began to make up the other committees. The work, however, made exceedingly slow progress, and it was not until January 4 that the committees were announced.—The Committee on Elections, on January 14, refused to reopen the case of Thobe vs. Carlisle, and, on January 20, the House, by a vote of 132 to 125, refused to order an investigation in the case; six Democrats voted in the minority. The majority report of the Committee was to the effect that Carlisle was entitled to his seat; but by absenting themselves, refusing to vote, and other mild forms of filibustering, the Republicans were able, on January 20 and 21, to prevent a quorum from voting, and it was not till the 23d that the report was finally adopted, by a vote of 164 to 7.—THE FIRST BILL PASSED by Congress became a law January 20; it amended the law relating to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, by giving the Commissioner a salary of \$5,000, and providing that he should devote all his time to his duties. The President appointed to this office MARSHALL McDONALD.—The Senate, on January 31, passed an AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION extending President Cleveland's term and the duration of the present Congress to April 30, 1889, after which that date was permanently to take the place of March 4 as the beginning and termination of the official term of the President, Vice-President, Senators, and

Representatives. The House, after a long wrangle, on February 20, defeated the proposition.—The Senate, on February 8, postponed the consideration of the TREATY WITH GREAT BRITAIN until the first Monday in next December.—The well-known BLAIR EDUCATIONAL BILL, appropriating \$79,000,000 to be distributed among the States in proportion to illiteracy, was passed by the Senate, after a prolonged debate, on February 15. The vote was 39 to 29, a decidedly smaller majority than the bill received on the occasion of either of its two previous passages through that body. In the House the bill was referred to a committee. There is no expectation of its passage.—On February 23 the Senate passed a bill to provide for an INTERNATIONAL MARINE CONFERENCE for securing greater safety for life and property at sea. It authorizes the President to invite each maritime nation to send delegates; the conference is to be held in Washington, October 1; the United States will be represented by five delegates; the sum of \$30,000 was appropriated to pay the expense.—An important amendment to the rules of the Senate was made on March 6, when it was decided that TREATIES SHALL BE DISCUSSED IN OPEN SESSION whenever a majority so desire.—On March 13 the Senate adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Hale in December for the appointment of a special committee to examine fully into the condition of the Civil Service.—A NEW DEPENDENT PENSION BILL was passed by the Senate on March 8. It differs from the bill passed in 1887, but vetoed by the President, mainly in requiring "total disability" on the part of the pensioner, while the vetoed bill set no definite limit to the amount of disability that would entitle one to a pension. The essential section of the present measure is as follows: "All persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now, or who may hereafter be, suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor, and who are without other adequate means of self-support, shall . . . be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive \$12 per month. . . ."—The number of UNION SOLDIERS SUPPORTED IN GOVERNMENT AND PRIVATE INSTITUTIONS in October, 1887, according to a report made by the Pension Commissioner to the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, was 36,953. Of these 15,152 were in soldiers' homes, and 21,801 in State and county institutions, or supported by charitable aid in towns. A large proportion of those in soldiers' homes are already pensioners.—Both houses of Congress have passed a bill authorizing the

President to ARRANGE A CONFERENCE between the United States and the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti and St. Domingo, and the Empire of Brazil; the conference is to be held at Washington, in April, 1889, and \$100,000 is appropriated for the expenses.—The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors has prepared a BILL APPROPRIATING NEARLY \$20,000,000 FOR RIVER AND HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS, by far the largest sum ever proposed for this purpose.—A bill giving the widows of General John A. Logan and General F. P. Blair pensions of \$2,000 each has become a law.

REVENUE REFORM.—Three measures intended to READJUST THE TARIFF AND INTERNAL-REVENUE SYSTEMS AND REDUCE THE SURPLUS in the Treasury have been prepared in the House of Representatives; but at the time this record closes, April 1, no action upon them has been taken. "A bill to reduce taxation and simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenue" was drawn up by the Democratic majority of the Committee on Ways and Means, of which Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, is chairman. It is known as the MILLS BILL, and was made public on March 1. It makes substantial additions to the free list, thus reducing the revenue on the basis of the importations for the fiscal year 1887 by about \$28,000,000. These include the repeal of the duties on wool, salt, lumber, flax, hemp, jute, and like fibres, and some of their manufactures; on a considerable number of chemicals, including boracic acid and vegetable dyeing substances; on copper ore, tin plates, cotton ties, paintings and statuary, books printed in foreign languages or published for free distribution, and on dates, plums, prunes, and currants. Many reductions are made in duties on other articles, it being estimated that the decrease in the revenue thereby accomplished would amount to about \$24,000,000.—Mr. Mills and his Democratic associates also drew up a bill affecting the INTERNAL-REVENUE TAXES. It repeals all the taxes on manufactured tobacco and snuff, and reduces the license fees of dealers in tobacco and of manufacturers of cigars. The estimated reduction in the internal revenue is some \$25,000,000 annually. THE ENTIRE REDUCTION IN THE GOVERNMENT'S INCOME from the operation of these two measures would be \$70,000,000 to \$75,000,000.—A BILL PREPARED BY MR. RANDALL (Protectionist Democrat) repeals the entire internal tax on tobacco and on fruit brandies, and also repeals the license tax on wholesale and retail liquor-dealers. It makes alcohol used in the arts free, and reduces the tax on whiskey from ninety cents to fifty cents a gallon. The bill makes what Mr. Randall calls a "careful and complete revision of the whole tariff system." Under this bill the ESTIMATED REDUCTION will be:

on internal taxation repealed. \$70,000,000; on tariff schedules, \$25,000,000.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.—The JOINT COMMISSION appointed by the governments of Great Britain and the United States to SETTLE THE DISPUTE ABOUT THE FISHERIES held its first meeting in Washington, November 21. This country was represented by the Hon. James B. Angell and the Hon. William L. Putnam, acting with Secretary of State Bayard; the British Government by Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., and Sir L. S. Sackville West, British Minister; and Canada by Sir Charles Tupper. The Commission continued its negotiations during several months. On the evening of February 15 a treaty was signed. It was transmitted to the Senate on February 21 by the President, who accompanied it with a message, urging that the treaty be ratified. The first eight articles of the treaty provide that a mixed commission, two members to be named by each Government, shall DELIMIT THE BRITISH WATERS, bays, creeks, and harbors of the coasts of Canada and Newfoundland within which the United States renounced by the treaty of 1818 the liberty to take, dry, or cure fish. Certain named bays are specified within which the right of fishing is not claimed by the United States. It is provided that the delimitation shall be marked on prescribed charts. The headland theory of measurement is abandoned, except as to bays less than ten miles in width. Article IX. provides for the free navigation by our fishing-vessels of the Strait of Canso. Articles X. to XIV. relate to the PRIVILEGES OF AMERICAN FISHING-VESSELS IN CANADIAN PORTS. Such vessels are not required to report, enter, or clear when putting into any bay or harbor for shelter or to repair damages; they may, when under stress of weather or under casualty, unload, reload, transship, or sell all fish on board, when such unloading, transshipment, or sale is made necessary as incidental to repairs; and may replenish outfits, provisions, and supplies damaged or lost by disaster; and in case of death or sickness shall be allowed all needful facilities, including the shipping of crews. Fishing-vessels of Canada and Newfoundland are to have on the Atlantic coast of the United States all the privileges secured by the treaty to our vessels in their waters. The XVth article provides that WHENEVER THE UNITED STATES SHALL REMOVE THE DUTY from fish oil, whale oil, seal oil, and fish of all kinds, except fish preserved in oil, being the produce of Canadian and Newfoundland fisheries, together with the duty on the ordinary coverings and packages, then our FISHERMEN SHALL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF ENTERING CANADIAN HARBORS for the purchase of provisions, bait, ice, seines, lines, and all other supplies and outfits, for the transshipment of their catch, and for the shipping of crews. The treaty

was accompanied by what is called a *MODUS VIVENDI*, which is a temporary arrangement for not more than two years, pending the ratification of the treaty. This provides that during the period mentioned the privileges described in the XVth article of the treaty may be enjoyed by United States fishing-vessels on the payment of a license fee of \$1.50 per ton annually. If during the continuance of this arrangement the duty on fish, fish oil, etc., shall be removed, these licenses are to be issued free of charge.—The President in his message said: "The treaty meets my approval, because I believe that it supplies a SATISFACTORY, PRACTICAL, AND FINAL ADJUSTMENT, upon a basis honorable and just to both parties, of the difficult and vexed question to which it relates." He recommended that the treaty and all messages and documents relating thereto should be at once made public. The President's suggestion was heeded, and the treaty was published throughout the country on February 22. It did not meet a favorable reception at the hands of Republicans in Congress, or of the Republican press. Senator Frye of Maine, who is supposed more than any one else to speak for the fishermen of the Atlantic coast, made a bitter attack on it in newspaper interviews, declaring that the United States would gain nothing by its ratification.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.—The most important matter concerning the Civil Service was the REVISION OF THE RULES which was promulgated on February 3. Before submitting the amended rules to President Cleveland, the Civil-Service Commission spent nearly a year in preparing the changes. Not one of the original rules was left untouched. The new rules are classified as General, Departmental, Customs, and Postal. A penalty is provided for the use of official authority to coerce political action in any way, and in no examination is any question to be allowed that shall, directly or indirectly, bring out the competitors' religious or political opinions. Compulsory examinations are required for promotions. Any appointing officer may object in writing to all persons certified to him as eligible for any given place, and, if his objections are approved by the Commission, new names may be certified. The new rules reduce the number of eligibles to be certified from four to three. The revision cuts out the maximum age-limit of 45 years in the departments, and raises the minimum age-limit from 18 to 20. The standard for admission to the eligible list is raised from 65 to 70 per cent., except in the case of Army and Navy veterans. The new postal rules prescribe examinations for clerks, carriers, and messengers, in addition to special and non-competitive examinations. The minimum age-limit for carriers is increased from 16 to 21 years, and the maximum from 35 to 40,

while in the general postal service the 45 years maximum limit is expunged, and the minimum raised from 16 to 18. The GENERAL EFFECT OF THE CHANGES is to make the rules more stringent. The only marked criticism to which the revision was subjected was the failure to incorporate a rule requiring the reasons for removals to be filed with the Department. Such a rule was recommended by the majority of the Commission, Mr. Edgerton alone opposing it; but the President refused to sanction it. The new rules went into effect March 1.—The President, on March 21, wrote to the Civil-Service Commission, recommending an EXTENSION OF THE LIMIT OF THE CLASSIFIED SERVICE. He wishes the classification made uniform in the various departments.—In the annual report of the War Department it was stated that the RESULTS OF THE CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATIONS for promotion had been SATISFACTORY. The total number of clerks examined was 1,014, of whom 963, or 95 per cent., passed; of this number 353, or 35 per cent., obtained an average above 90 per cent.; 51, or 5 per cent., failed to pass, their average being less than 75 per cent.—The EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, on October 5, unanimously adopted a resolution "heartily approving the letter of COMMISSIONER OBERLY to the Illinois Democratic Association in Washington for its VIGOROUS REBUKE OF SUCH PARTISAN ASSOCIATIONS among employees of the Government, as tending to lead to violation of the Civil-Service law and to promote the abuses which that law was intended to correct, and which the President has strongly condemned."—Just at the close of the year AN IMPORTANT CHANGE was made in the NEW YORK STATE CIVIL-SERVICE COMMISSION. Mr. Schoonmaker had retired from the Commission on being appointed an Inter-State-Commerce Commissioner, and Messrs. Jay and Richmond held their offices under the appointment made by Governor Cleveland. In June last GOVERNOR HILL requested Messrs. JAY AND RICHMOND to resign, but they refused, there being no limit to their terms fixed by law. On December 29 the Governor REMOVED THEM SUMMARILY, and formed a new Commission, consisting of General Daniel E. Sickles, James H. Manning, and G. H. Treadwell. Their first act was to remove the specially qualified and efficient Chief Examiner, William Potts, and to appoint in his place a political henchman of Smith M. Weed, a noted Democratic politician.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.—Mr. Cleveland's Message, as has been said, was generally accepted as OPENING THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS and as determining free trade or protection to be the cardinal issue. Whether so intended or not, the challenge was immediately taken up; notably by

the Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE, who was in Paris. A STRIKING INTERVIEW with him was sent by cable to the *New York Tribune* and published on December 8. Mr. Blaine favored the prompt repeal of the tobacco tax, but wished to retain the tax on whiskey, and would use the revenue thereby derived to provide coast defences. He seriously objected to the repeal of the duty on wool, but advised that some changes be made here and there in the tariff, not, however, to reduce protection. He thought that the effect of the message would be to bring about a full and fair contest on the question of protection.—THE RENOMINATION OF MR. BLAINE by the Republicans was looked upon as almost assured, and this feeling was increased by the publication of what came to be known as the "Paris Message." General surprise was, therefore, caused when, on February 13, there was printed throughout the country a letter written by Mr. Blaine to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, in which he said that HIS NAME WOULD NOT BE PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION. He was, he remarked, led to this decision by considerations entirely personal to himself. He predicted the success of the Republican party in the coming election. The form in which the withdrawal was made, it was thought by many people, DID NOT REMOVE MR. BLAINE from the possibility of becoming again the candidate of the Republican party.—About the middle of February GEORGE W. CHILDS of Philadelphia, who had been spoken of as a possible Republican candidate, made a statement in his paper POSITIVELY DECLINING THE HONOR.—On February 20 appeared an authorized interview with General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN affirming in unmistakable terms that he WOULD NOT ACCEPT A NOMINATION to the Presidency.—The REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE, on December 8, decided to hold the NATIONAL CONVENTION in CHICAGO ON JUNE 19. The call appealed to Republican electors "without regard to past political affiliations, differences, or action," and favored a protective tariff, coast defences, "a free and honest ballot and a fair count," etc.—THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE met, on February 22, in Washington, and voted to hold the NATIONAL CONVENTION ON JULY 3. Strong pressure was brought in favor of San Francisco as the place. On the following day ST. LOUIS was selected, and the DATE WAS CHANGED TO JUNE 5. The call was addressed to "all Democratic conservative citizens, irrespective of past political associations and differences, who can unite with us in the effort for pure, economical, and constitutional government."

COURT DECISIONS AND TRIALS.—THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, on October 27 and 28, heard arguments on the motion to grant a writ of error

in the case of the CONDEMNED CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. On November 2 the application was denied, the Court holding that the first ten amendments to the National Constitution are limitations upon Federal and not upon State action, that the jury law of Illinois is upon its face valid and constitutional, and that upon the record there was no evidence that one of the jurors complained of should have been declared incompetent. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon Governor Oglesby of Illinois to induce him to commute the sentences of the condemned men; but shortly before the day of execution, November 11, three of them, George Engel, Louis Lingg, and Adolph Fischer, wrote an open letter to the Governor refusing any commutation short of liberty, and declaring unabated faith in the principles of Anarchism. On the night of November 5 Engel tried to kill himself by drinking laudanum, but was resuscitated. The cells of all the Anarchists were searched the next day, and in Lingg's four dynamite bombs were found hidden under a mass of papers. The criminals were then forbidden to hold intercourse with their friends. Governor Oglesby COMMUTED THE SENTENCES of Michael Schwab and Samuel Fielden to imprisonment for life, on the ground that they were less directly concerned in the murders than the other five. On the morning of November 10 LINGG KILLED HIMSELF by means of an explosive placed in his mouth. ENGEL, FISCHER, AUGUST SPIES, AND A. R. PARSONS WERE HANGED on November 11 in the Chicago jail.—In the case of JACOB SHARP, CONVICTED OF BRIBERY, Chief-Judge Ruger of the New York Court of Appeals granted a stay of proceedings until the final decision of the Court should be made. The Court heard arguments on the appeal for a new trial, October 27-28, and on November 29 rendered a unanimous decision REVERSING THE JUDGMENT OF CONVICTION AND ORDERING A NEW TRIAL. The chief point of the decision was that error had been committed in the trial court in permitting the prisoner's testimony to be used against himself, such testimony having been obtained by a committee of the State Senate when investigating the charges of bribery. Sharp was released on December 1, on a bail bond of \$40,000.—THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, on October 12, granted writs of habeas-corpus in the cases of the three Virginia officials fined by Judge Bond in the coupon cases, and in December rendered a decision in their favor, declaring that a STATE, AS A POLITICAL SOVEREIGNTY, CANNOT BE SUED OR COERCED IN THE FEDERAL COURTS.—The Supreme Court of the United States, on November 14, rendered a decision adverse to the validity of the driven-well patent.—JOHN MOST, the leader of the New York Anarchists, was arrested on November 17 for using in a speech language INCITING

TO VIOLENCE AND MURDER. He was found guilty by a jury, and was sentenced, on December 18, to one year in the penitentiary. On an appeal and application for a new trial he was released on bail.—A decision in the long-pending TELEPHONE CASES was rendered by the UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT on March 19. It was IN FAVOR OF THE BELL COMPANY on all points and in all the five cases. Three of the Justices—Bradley, Field, and Harlan—gave dissenting opinions, sustaining the claim that Drawbaugh was the first to invent a speaking telephone, although he imperfectly understood what he had done and made no effort to introduce it into general use. On all other points the Justices were of one mind. This telephone litigation has been going on for ten years, and this decision is considered the MOST IMPORTANT YET GIVEN AS TO THE OWNERSHIP OF PATENTS.

LABOR TROUBLES.—THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR, at Minneapolis, on October 12, adopted the report of a committee appointed to recommend the legislation that the order favored. The report approved the Blair Educational Bill, the eight-hour day for mail-carriers, and the Foran Bill relating to homesteads; it also favored Government control of telegraphs and telephones. The anti-Powderly element in the convention later issued an address to "the rank and file of the order," making twenty charges against the Powderly management; it alleged that for more than a year there had been a conspiracy for holding the salaried offices, elective and appointive, in and under the General Assembly.—THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR, an organization of trade-unions, and the principal rival of the Knights of Labor, held its annual convention in Baltimore about the middle of December. Samuel E. Gompers was reelected president and his salary fixed at \$1,200. The *per-capita* tax on members was reduced from one-half to one-quarter of a cent a month; but a proposition to assess each member five cents a week, to start a fund to support strikes, was adopted, subject to the approval of the local unions. A good deal of antagonism to the Knights was manifested during the convention.—CHIEF ENGINEER ARTHUR, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in his address to the convention of the Brotherhood in Chicago, October 19, said that there had been times when STRIKES were the only court of appeals for working-men, and that the evil lay IN THE ABUSE, NOT IN THE USE, of them.—THE PRINCIPAL STRIKE of the period under consideration took place in the COAL REGION and on the line of the READING RAILROAD COMPANY, in Pennsylvania. The trouble began on the railroad on December 24, when some employees refused to handle several car-loads of flour consigned to a firm which employed non-union men. They

were discharged, and some 2,500 men went on strike. On January 1 the MINERS IN THE SCHUYLKILL REGION struck—about 20,000 in number—because the company refused to continue the eight per cent. advance on the \$2.50 basis of wages which had prevailed for several months. The agreement to continue the advance extended only till that date. Probably the compelling motive of the miners' strike was a desire to help the railroad hands. Both strikes were approved by the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor on February 7, but soon afterward overtures were made to the company for a settlement. The company refused to have any dealings with the railroad men, but consented to take the miners back, leaving the question of wages for future consideration. On February 14 most of the miners returned to work, although a feeling of dissatisfaction with the leaders of the strike prevailed for some time. During the strike of the miners there were some OUTBREAKS OF VIOLENCE on the part of Poles and Hungarians; but as a rule good order prevailed. An investigation of the strikes was ordered by the House of Representatives, on February 1, and considerable testimony had been taken when the trouble terminated.—On February 3 THE MINERS IN THE WYOMING AND LACKAWANNA regions in Pennsylvania made a DEMAND FOR AN INCREASE OF 15 per cent. in their wages. It was a request rather than a demand, and was not accompanied with any threat to strike in case of refusal.—The strike of the Reading Railroad employees was finally declared "off," on March 14, and permission was given to the men to apply for their old places as individuals.—A STRIKE OF THE ENGINEERS ON THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD SYSTEM occurred on February 27. The main reason was the refusal of the company to grant a demand for uniform wages, whether for experienced or inexperienced men. The company succeeded in filling the strikers' places, and in a few days resumed the regular running of trains. The strikers belonged to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and that body talked about "stopping every wheel" in the country. There was an outburst of indignation at this wild threat. Some trouble occurred from other roads REFUSING TO HANDLE THE BURLINGTON'S FREIGHT; the United States Courts were appealed to, and decided that the companies could not refuse to haul Burlington cars, and that any interference with traffic would be illegal. The principal decision was rendered by Judge Gresham.—On March 15 the engineers and firemen on the ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FÉ RAILROAD quit work. This was purely a sympathetic strike, as they had no grievances to complain of. The strike only lasted till the 18th, when the men were ordered back to work.—At the end of March the

affairs of the western railroads wore a threatening aspect, and there was a prospect of strikes on all the roads radiating from Chicago.—On March 29th there was made public a long manifesto from MASTER-WORKMAN POWDERLY to the KNIGHTS OF LABOR, in which he urgently requested that STRIKES BE ENTIRELY DONE AWAY WITH, and that education be made the future work of the order.

THE INDIANS.—Gen. F. M. Armstrong, Indian Inspector, who made an investigation of the trouble on the CROW RESERVATION, made a report which BROUGHT ABOUT THE RESIGNATION OF HENRY E. WILLIAMSON, THE AGENT THERE. Williamson was charged with disobeying the Secretary's orders, and with making a contract in regard to cutting hay on the reservation, out of which the contractors made \$15,000 a year. Williamson was an uncle of Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs Upshaw.—Early in February a statement of Herbert Welsh, corresponding secretary and practical manager of the Indian Rights Association, was published, in which he declared that the MOST IMPORTANT REFORM NEEDED was one that would do away with PARTISAN APPOINTMENTS AND REMOVALS in the Indian service. He said that, since the present Administration came in, 51 of the 59 agents had been changed. "Men in every way well fitted for their work have been removed, and in most cases the new appointees have no personal fitness for the positions that have been given to them. The changes have had the effect of paralyzing the good work that was being done among the Indians."—An important bill concerning the EDUCATION OF INDIAN CHILDREN was passed by the Senate on February 29. It makes it the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to establish an industrial boarding-school on every Indian reservation upon which there may be located any Indian tribe numbering five hundred or more adult Indians.

TEMPERANCE REFORM.—A PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF OREGON was defeated, on November 8, by a majority of 7,685.—An exciting election was held on November 26, in ATLANTA (Georgia), to determine whether the sale of liquor should be prohibited in that city. The majority against prohibition was 1,128.—The majority against the proposed PROHIBITION AMENDMENT IN TENNESSEE was 27,693.—A very important decision was rendered by the UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, on December 5, in the KANSAS PROHIBITION CASES. The Court sustained the right of a State, under its "police power," TO SUPPRESS THE MANUFACTURE OF LIQUOR AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC within its limits, without compensation to the distiller or liquor-dealer for the value of the property destroyed by such action. THE RIGHT OF A STATE TO PASS PROHIBITORY LAWS IS THUS FULLY UPHOLD.—Internal-Revenue Commissioner Miller ren-

dered in December a decision of importance in prohibition States, holding that the lists of liquor-dealers who have paid internal-revenue taxes are PUBLIC PROPERTY, and can be inspected or copied at any time in the offices of the local collectors.—A HIGH-LICENSE AND LOCAL-OPTION LAW WAS PASSED BY THE NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE early in March, after having been vetoed by the Governor. The license-fees vary from \$100 to \$250, and in any county, on the petition of one-tenth of the voters, an election on the question of license or no license is to be ordered by the Circuit Court. A vote against license is not to prohibit the manufacture of liquors in such county. The penalties for violating the law are very strict.—A HIGH-LICENSE BILL WAS PASSED BY THE ASSEMBLY OF THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE, on March 29, by a vote of 66 to 61. Only one Democrat voted for it; six Republicans voted in the negative. The bill fixes the minimum full liquor license fee at \$300 and the maximum at \$1,000; for beer licenses the minimum fee is \$100 and the maximum \$400. It is optional for boards of excise to fix three grades of licenses within these limits. The passage of the bill by the Senate is not certain.—On March 19 the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Iowa law forbidding the carrying of liquor into the State by any railroad company was invalid, as being an UNAUTHORIZED INTERFERENCE WITH INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

ELECTIONS.—Elections were held throughout the country on November 8. In NEW YORK the Democratic State ticket was elected by an increased plurality, the head of the ticket receiving a plurality of 17,077 votes. The Republicans retained their majority in both the Senate and Assembly. The Prohibition vote was 41,850, a slight increase. The entire Labor vote was 70,055, whereas in the previous year Henry George received in New York city over 68,000 votes for Mayor. The vote for George for Secretary of State in New York city was only 37,377 in 1887. The special interest in the NEW YORK CITY ELECTION centred in the contest for District Attorney; Nicoll was supported by the Republicans and the Independents, but he was defeated by Fellows by 22,242 votes. In Brooklyn, Chapin (Democrat) was elected Mayor by the narrow plurality of 882.—In MASSACHUSETTS Ames (Republican) was reelected Governor by a plurality of 17,606 against 9,463 in 1886. The Prohibitionists made a gain of 2,695.—In OHIO Foraker (Republican) was reelected Governor by an increased plurality of 5,868.—The Democrats of VIRGINIA retained control of the Legislature, although their total plurality in the election of Assemblymen was only 486. On December 20 JOHN S. BARBOUR was elected SENATOR, to succeed Riddleberger; Mahone received 48 votes to 87 for Barbour.—Governor Larra-

bee (Republican) was reelected in Iowa by 16,160 against 6,979 in 1885.—The NEW JERSEY REPUBLICANS elected a majority of both branches of the Legislature. The Prohibitionist vote showed a small falling-off.—In PENNSYLVANIA the Republican State ticket was elected by an increased plurality of nearly 2,000.—There was a vote in DELAWARE in November, on the question of calling a Constitutional Convention. The effort to have a convention was defeated, there being 14,431 yeas and 398 nays, while 15,640, a majority of the highest vote since 1880, were required.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Rev. FRANCIS L. PATTON, D.D., was elected President of PRINCETON COLLEGE on February 9, President McCosh having resigned; Doctor Patton has since then signified his acceptance. The Rev. Dr. THOMAS S. HASTINGS was elected President of the UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, New York, on February 7, but declined the honor. The cornerstone of the first building of CLARK UNIVERSITY, at Worcester, Mass., founded by Jonas G. Clark, was laid October 22.—A commission appointed in 1886, consisting of Elbridge T. Gerry, Alfred P. Southwick, and Matthew Hale, reported to the New York Legislature, on January 16, in favor of ELECTRICITY INSTEAD OF HANGING in the execution of criminals.—A careful estimate of the POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES made on January 1 placed it at 62,500,000.—A SEVERE "BLIZZARD" occurred in Dakota and the North-west about the middle of January; 235 persons were reported to have lost their lives. New York city was visited by an ALMOST UNPRECEDENTED SNOW-STORM on March 12; all means of communication, except the elevated railroads, were suspended for several days. The storm extended over most of the Middle and Eastern States, and railway travel was seriously interrupted during the greater part of a week.—The MERCED CANAL in California, the LARGEST IRRIGATION WORK ever constructed in this country, representing five years of time and \$1,500,000 of expenditure, was opened on February 1.—Thomas N. Newbold, President of the New York State Board of Health, made a report to Governor Hill in December, severely criticising the CONDITION OF THE QUARANTINE STATION in New York Bay. He said that the health of the State and the country was seriously jeopardized by the inadequate facilities for the prevention and extinction of epidemics.

OBITUARY.—The following persons, each of whom had been prominent in public life, have died during the last six months: ELIHU B. WASHBURN, ex-Minister to France, October 22, aged 71; Rear-Admiral J. W. A. NICHOLSON, October 28, aged 66; Brevet Brigadier-General RANDOLPH B. MARCY, November 22, aged 76; ELIAS WARNER LEAVENWORTH, formerly Repre-

sentative in Congress and Secretary of State of New York, November 25, aged 84; ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, a prominent New York lawyer, December 4, aged 60; Governor JOSEPH R. BODWELL of Maine, December 15, aged 70; ex-Secretary of the Treasury DANIEL MANNING, December 24, aged 56; ASA GRAY, botanist, January 30, aged 77; W. W. CORCORAN, philanthropist, February 24, aged 89; A. BRONSON ALCOTT, March 4, aged 88; HENRY BERGH, friend of animals, March 12, aged 65; ex-Governor HORACE FAIRBANKS of Vermont, March 17, aged 68; ex-United States Senator JOHN P. KING of Georgia, March 19, aged 88; MORRISON R. WAITE, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, March 23, aged 71; ex-Governor JOHN T. HOFFMAN of New York, March 24, aged 60; Commodore ROBERT B. HITCHCOCK, March 24, aged 84; ex-Lieutenant-Governor WILLIAM DORSHEIMER of New York, March 26, aged 56.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Until after the meeting of Parliament in February THE CRIMES ACT WAS ENFORCED IN IRELAND WITH GREAT SEVERITY by Chief Secretary Balfour. THE APPEAL OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN against the sentence to three months' imprisonment for using seditious language at Mitchelstown was refused on October 31, and the finding of the lower court confirmed. An attempt was made to rescue the prisoner forcibly, and bloodshed was threatened. O'Brien was hurried off to jail; he made an address, in which he said that he gladly went to prison in such a cause. After his incarceration he promised to resist to the death any attempt to subject him to the treatment of a common criminal, especially in wearing the criminal costume, and the governor of the jail asked the advice of the Prisons Board as to the course he should pursue. On November 2 O'Brien was quietly removed from the jail at Cork to the Tullamore jail, fifty miles from Dublin. The Prisons Board directed that he should WEAR THE PRISON UNIFORM and be treated in every way like a COMMON PRISONER. He refused to put on the uniform, and was put on a diet of bread and water as a punishment. A crowd of 8,000 persons gathered in front of the jail, on November 7, and made a demonstration. The next day O'Brien was removed to the infirmary on a physician's order. Subsequently his clothes were taken away from him while he was asleep, with the intention of forcing him to put on the prison garb. O'Brien would not yield, however, but remained in bed until another suit of clothes was smuggled in to him by a friendly jailer. He was released from jail January 20. It was reported on January 28

that another warrant had been issued for O'Brien's arrest. He went to the South of Europe two days later, ostensibly for the benefit of his health. He appeared in Parliament for the first time on February 15. The same day it was announced that the Government had abandoned for the present the further prosecution of O'Brien.—After O'Brien's arrest the one that attracted the greatest attention was that of WILFRID BLUNT, a prominent, but rather erratic, Englishman and a well-known philanthropist. An indignation meeting called at Woodford, Ireland, October 23, by the British Home Rule Union, was proclaimed. Mr. Blunt was to preside. WHEN HE AND OTHERS MOUNTED THE PLATFORM A MAGISTRATE FORBADE THE MEETING. A conflict with the police ensued, Mr. Blunt was violently arrested, and more than thirty persons were hurt. Mr. Blunt, on the 27th, was found guilty of violating the Crimes Act, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. He appealed and was released on bail. Early in January his sentence was affirmed and he went to jail, THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN INCARCERATED UNDER THE CRIMES ACT. He put on the prison garb under protest; subsequently he refused to wear it any longer. The justices ordered that he be placed in a better room, but at the end of January he was still confined in a cell. Mr. Blunt brought an action against Police-Magistrate Byrne, of Loughrea, for \$25,000 damages for false imprisonment; this was tried in Dublin, beginning February 11 and lasting a week; the jury disagreed.—THE SECOND TRIAL OF T. D. SULLIVAN, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, for PRINTING IN HIS PAPER reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League, took place on December 2, and resulted in his conviction. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, without labor. He refused to appeal, saying that he would "suffer his punishment proudly."—Other prominent men punished under the Crimes Act were the following: Mr. Sheehy, M. P., Edward Harrington, M. P., Timothy Harrington, M. P., Father Matthew Ryan, William J. Lane, M. P., Thomas Byrne, John Hayden, Joseph R. Cox, M. P., Father McFadden, and Mr. Blane, M. P. Patrick O'Brien, M. P., was sentenced on February 8 to three months' imprisonment by the Kilkenney court, for advising tenants not to pay rent. He was released on appeal. On February 10 he was arrested just OUTSIDE THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, being mistaken for Mr. Gilhooly, M. P., for whom the police were looking. The arrest caused great excitement. J. D. Pyne, M. P., was arrested at the same time, taken to Ireland, and sentenced for three months. He had long eluded the police, and at one time barricaded himself in Lisfinney Castle and defied arrest. On March 6 Mr. Gilhooly was convicted under the Crimes Act, and sentenced to two months'

imprisonment; he was released on appeal, but was at once rearrested for having assaulted an inspector.—Inspector Brownrigg and other constables were found guilty of murder by a coroner's jury at MITCHELSTOWN. This was in October. The Court of Queen's Bench at Dublin, however, granted a writ to quash the verdict.—A jury at Dublin, on December 7, rendered a verdict of acquittal in the case of O'Leary, one of the men charged with complicity in the murder of Constable Whelehan at Lisdoonvarna. The Attorney General announced that he would not proceed with a capital charge against any of the seven prisoners arrested for connection with the murder, but would have them all indicted for a misdemeanor.—Speaking at Rathkeale, County Limerick, January 29, MICHAEL DAVITT said that the cardinal object of Irish agitation was the TOTAL UPROOTING OF THE LANDLORDS from the soil.—On February 1 the MARQUIS OF RIPON and MR. JOHN MORLEY visited Dublin. They were received with great enthusiasm and spoke in furtherance of the Home-Rule cause.—A large meeting was held at Loughrea on February 10; an address was presented to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who said that he and his friends were ready to go to jail in order to vindicate a great public right. He denounced the arrest of Mr. Blunt as one of the most unjust things ever done.—Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde and Arthur O'Connor, members of Parliament, arrived in New York early in October and made a tour of the country, speaking in behalf of the Irish cause.—At a meeting of the National League in Dublin, on March 13, it was stated that since the last meeting £5,000 HAD BEEN RECEIVED FROM AMERICA for the benefit of evicted tenants. The contributions received during the previous fortnight had been THREE TIMES GREATER than those for the same period in 1887.—Reductions of judicial rents were ordered by a Government Land Commission in December; at League meetings throughout Ireland these reductions were declared to be insufficient.—CONSIDERABLE APPREHENSION WAS FELT IN LONDON during the autumn on account of the demonstrations of the so-called "unemployed." A number of homeless people slept in Trafalgar Square, but there seems to have been a large element of Socialists and Anarchists who fomented the troubles. On October 8 200 persons paraded in a body through the principal streets of the West End and afterward held a meeting in the square. Another procession took place on October 14, when the crowd marched to the Mansion House and sought an interview with the Lord Mayor, and another on the 17th; on both days there were some ENCOUNTERS WITH THE POLICE. Other more or less riotous demonstrations followed. On Sunday, October 23, several thousands, following a leader with a red

flag, marched to Westminster Abbey, and 1,200 of them entered the building. They interrupted the meeting with cheers and groans and laughter. A GREAT RIOT OCCURRED on Sunday, November 13, growing out of an attempt to hold a public meeting in TRAFALGAR SQUARE. The meeting was forbidden on the ground that the square was Crown property. Four thousand policemen took possession of the approaches to the square at an early hour, and attacked and dispersed each group of paraders as it arrived in the vicinity. The paraders were headed by bands of music and carried banners and mottoes. Fierce fights took place in the Strand, Northumberland Avenue, Whitehall, Pall Mall, and adjacent streets. One of the parading societies succeeded in entering the square, but was repulsed after a bloody fight, in which R. Cunningham Graham, M. P., was seriously injured. Mr. Graham was subsequently arrested for attacking the police. At 4.30 P. M. the crowd in the neighborhood of the square, it was estimated, numbered 100,000. Cavalry and infantry were summoned to the assistance of the police, but no charge was made, as the people began to disperse at dusk. A large number of policemen and others were WOUNDED DURING THE RIOT, most of them slightly. Mr. Graham and John Burns, a Socialist leader, who was also arrested, were tried on January 18, were found guilty of taking part in an unlawful assembly, and were each sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, without hard labor.—The Trafalgar Square matter was subsequently taken up in the HOUSE OF COMMONS. Sir Charles Russell moved for the appointment of a committee to inquire as to the right of the Government to interfere with meetings there. Mr. Bradlaugh proposed an amendment directing attention especially to the conduct of the police on November 13. Both were rejected.—At the Congress of the NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION at Nottingham, October 18, MR. GLADSTONE REVIEWED THE SITUATION IN IRELAND. He advocated a statutory parliament in Dublin, subject to imperial control, and said that only one word—impertinence—could describe the existing system of Irish government. He admitted having used the words "Remember Mitchelstown!" He expressed entire confidence that, if a general election should be held at once, it would result in the return of a Parliament resolved to do JUSTICE TO IRELAND.—The yearly report of the Federation predicted the early triumph of the Gladstonian cause and policy, approved the alliance between the English and Irish members of Parliament, and declared that most excellent moral results had been produced upon the Irish people by the conviction that they no longer stood alone, but that their political relations were being settled on a basis of justice, equality, and peace. The Congress

resolved that, when the Irish question is settled, the DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH IN WALES shall be made the leading point in the policy of the Liberal party.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN made a tour of Ireland, beginning October 11. In his speech at Belfast he said that he did not intend to submit Ulster to a Dublin Parliament, which, he remarked, would be simply a Dublin Tammany-Hall ring.—SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made a speech at Bristol, on January 17, which was regarded as significant. He said that the Irish should have AS GREAT A VOICE IN SETTLING THEIR OWN AFFAIRS as the Scotch now have, and that "we must hand over to the local authorities everything possible that is consistent with the interests of the United Kingdom."—It was officially announced on February 15 that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had been appointed President of the Board of Trade in the place of Lord Stanley of Preston.—PARLIAMENT REASSEMBLED on February 9. THE QUEEN'S SPEECH said: "The measures which you passed last session for the BENEFIT OF IRELAND have been CAREFULLY CARRIED INTO EFFECT during the period since elapsed. The result of this legislation, so far as tested by this short experience, is satisfactory. Agrarian crime has diminished, and the power of coercive conspiracies has sensibly abated."—The same evening MR. GLADSTONE MADE A SPEECH in which he said that where the Queen's Address spoke of the careful administration of the Crimes Act, he would substitute for "careful" some very different word. He could not pass over the assertion that the Irish people under coercion had become more reconciled to law. He demanded OFFICIAL DATA in support of the alleged decrease of offences. He promised that the Opposition would assist in forwarding the Local Government Bill and other measures.—On February 10 MR. BALFOUR, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, answering Mr. Gladstone, stated that the NUMBER OF PERSONS TRIED UNDER THE CRIMES ACT had been 659, of whom 229 were acquitted. In 1886 the number of agrarian offences reached a total of 2,196, while in 1887 the total was only 1,837. The total number of cases of ordinary crime reached 1,963 in 1886; in 1887 it was 1,663. The number of agrarian offences for the six months ending January, 1887, was 455; for the same period ending January, 1888, it was 364—A DECREASE OF 30 PER CENT. The number of persons being boycotted at the end of July, 1887, was 870, whereas now it was only 208. He declared that the CONDITION OF IRELAND was GREATLY IMPROVED, and that the figures given justified coercion and proved the success of the Government's policy.—JOHN MORLEY replied that the period showing a decrease of crime included the six months' calm during which eviction notices could

not be executed. The diminution of boycotting was due, not to coercion, but to an entirely CHANGED STATE OF FEELING, and a deeper sense of responsibility toward the Liberal members who were working to obtain justice for Ireland.—MR. PARNELL spoke on February 13. He asserted that his party had a special interest in facilitating business, and were prepared to go further than the Government in rules for expediting legislation. They confidently expected a BETTER GOVERNMENT FOR IRELAND IN THE NEAR FUTURE. He moved this AMENDMENT to the address in reply to the Queen's Speech: "Humbly to represent to Her Majesty that only the remedial portion of the last session's Irish legislation tended to diminish crime, whereas the repressive measures had done much to alienate the sympathy and respect of Her Majesty's Irish subjects for the law, and that the ADMINISTRATION OF THE CRIMES ACT, as well as much of the general action of the executive, had been HARSH AND PARTIAL."—At this time a report on boycotting in Ireland was presented to Parliament. It showed that in July, 1887, and January, 1888, the number of cases of boycotting was 768 and 362 respectively, and the number of persons boycotted 4,835 and 2,075 respectively.—AT A CABINET COUNCIL held on February 14, it was decided to instruct the Irish executive to CEASE PROSECUTING NEWSPAPERS for publishing reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the League.—WILLIAM O'BRIEN spoke in the House of Commons on February 16. THE CRIMES ACT, he said, was one of the most HORRIBLE MEASURES ever directed against human liberties. It had not stamped out a single village club, and the Plan of Campaign was uncrushed. Mr. Balfour had failed to destroy the Irish organization, to weaken the spirit of the Irish people, or to degrade them in the eyes of the world.—The House, on February 22, negatived an amendment to the address in reply to the Queen proposing the creation of a tribunal on judicial rents in Scotland. The report on the address was adopted on February 23.—The next matter taken up was the revision of the RULES OF PROCEDURE, in which IMPORTANT CHANGES were made. It was decided to meet at 3 P. M., and adjourn at 1 A. M., closing opposed business at midnight. THE MAJORITY NECESSARY TO ENFORCE CLOSURE was reduced from 200 to 100. The Speaker was empowered to suspend for the sitting grossly disorderly members, and at his discretion to take the vote of the House by a simple rising of the members.—Efforts were made in March to REFORM ENGLAND'S MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE. Lord Randolph Churchill urged the appointment of a Royal Commission to recommend army reform, and Lord Charles Beresford insisted on an entire change in the management of

the navy. Both propositions were negatived.—On March 9 Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, submitted a proposal to CONVERT THE NATIONAL DEBT into securities bearing 2½ per cent. interest for 15 years, and after that time 2½ per cent.—A LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL FOR ENGLAND AND WALES was introduced on March 19. It establishes county councils (to be elected directly by the rate-payers) to control the county police and to wield the powers now exercised by the local authorities over gas- and water-works, artisans' dwellings, the sale of food and drugs, sanitary conditions, etc. An important feature is the division of the whole country into urban and rural districts, London being created, a county by itself under a Lord-Lieutenant. MR. GLADSTONE called attention to the absence of any reference to Ireland in the bill, and said that on his side it would be treated in a BROAD AND CANDID SPIRIT.—An attempt by Lord Roseberry to have a committee appointed to inquire into the CONSTITUTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, with a view to amending it, was rejected by that body, on March 19, 97 to 50.—On March 21 the House of Commons refused, 328 to 243, to order to a second reading MR. PARNELL'S ARREARS OF RENT BILL, which empowered the courts to order a reduction of arrears and costs of tenants under some circumstances, and contained other favorable provisions.—MR. GOSCHEN INTRODUCED THE BUDGET on March 26. The total expenditure for the current year, he said, had been £87,427,000, showing a saving of £423,000 on the budget estimate. The total revenue was £89,589,000, £1,454,000 more than the estimate. For the coming year it was calculated that the total expenditure would be £86,910,000; the estimated revenue would be £89,287,000. It was the plan, said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to TAKE A PENNY FROM THE INCOME TAX; and to make this good they proposed to lay various minor taxes. MR. GOSCHEN'S financial statement was pronounced admirable and GREATLY ENHANCED HIS REPUTATION.—The most important of the BYE-ELECTIONS have been those held in the West Division of Southwark, February 17, in Doncaster, February 24, in Deptford, February 29, and in the Gower division of Glamorganshire, March 28. In Southwark a Liberal was again elected, but by a largely increased majority. In Doncaster, which had been represented by a Liberal, the Government won a SURPRISING VICTORY; the Liberal majority of 268 was wiped out, and a Liberal-Unionist returned by a majority of 211. INTENSE INTEREST was aroused by the contest in Deptford, where WILFRID BLUNT was the Liberal candidate. He was defeated by 275 votes; at the previous election the Conservative candidate was elected by over 600 majority. In Gower the Liberal forces

were divided, and the Liberal majority was reduced from 3,457 to only 606.—THE CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND REGARDING THE SUEZ CANAL, signed October 24, provides that the CANAL SHALL BE KEPT OPEN IN TIME OF WAR; that no act of hostility shall be permitted at either of its approaches, or on its banks within a zone to be determined by an international commission; that belligerent Powers shall neither embark nor disembark troops or war materials on the canal, or in the ports of access.—At the same time a convention about the NEW HEBRIDES was signed, providing for the withdrawal of the French troops. The evacuation of the islands took place in March.—The following prominent Englishmen have died: A. J. BERESFORD-HOPE, M. P. for Cambridge University and proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, October 20; LORD LYONS, long Minister at Paris, December 5; Sir HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE, the well-known political writer, February 4. The Most Rev. DANIEL McGETTIGAN, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, died December 3. The Parnellite party lost a valuable member by the death of EDMUND DWYER GRAY, M. P., on March 27.

CANADA.—A conference of leading men from five of the important provinces of Canada was held in Quebec in November, and a resolution was unanimously adopted favoring UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY OF TRADE between the United States and Canada.—On February 8 it was announced that LORD LANSDOWNE would succeed LORD DUFFERIN as Governor General of India, and that LORD STANLEY OF PRESTON would become Governor General of Canada.—There has been no little trouble in Manitoba. The HARRISON MINISTRY resigned on January 13, after an existence of barely six weeks, and the Liberals under Greenway's leadership assumed the reins of power. Various defalcations were discovered by Prime-Minister Greenway; these at first were reported to amount to \$500,000, but later the sum was placed at \$125,000.—The SECOND SESSION OF THE SIXTH PARLIAMENT of Canada was opened by the Governor General on February 23. In his speech he referred to the FISHERIES TREATY, and hoped that it would be considered as HONORABLE AND SATISFACTORY to both nations. He said that it was proposed to make the larger portion of the modern laws of England applicable to Manitoba and the North-west Territories.

EUROPEAN WAR-CLOUDS.—There have been SEVERAL WAR PANICS in Europe, and each Power is apparently ready for hostilities at a moment's notice. Russia made a movement which was regarded by Austria as threatening, by MASSING TROOPS ON THE AUSTRIAN AND RUMANIAN FRONTIER. Trouble between Germany and Russia

seemed at one time imminent. An alliance between Russia and France was said in February to be in a forward condition, and something in the nature of an understanding was believed to exist between England and Italy. Bulgaria has continued to be a bone of contention.—Russia's menaces were looked on as so serious that several WAR CONFERENCES were held in Vienna, in December, to take measures for defence. Soon after an article appeared in the *Military Gazette* (official) of St. Petersburg, declaring that Germany and Austria had made a greater increase in their frontier forces and fortifications than Russia, and that the movements of Russian troops had been merely protective. Members of the Austrian reserve who were in other countries were ordered to be in readiness to return and join their commands by January 1.—On February 3 the AUSTRO-GERMAN TREATY of October 7, 1879, was made public. The treaty stipulated that, should either of the two countries be attacked by Russia, each is pledged to ASSIST THE OTHER WITH ITS ENTIRE MILITARY FORCE. Should either be attacked by any other Power, the other is to remain neutral, unless Russia assists the aggressor. The publication of this treaty of alliance was regarded as a WARNING TO RUSSIA.—A TREATY BETWEEN ITALY AND GERMANY, it was announced, stipulated that, if France attacks either country, the other shall send 300,000 men to the French frontier.—BISMARCK'S GREAT SPEECH in the Reichstag, on February 6, in the debate on the Military Loan Bill, had an important bearing on the situation. He had no immediate apprehension of war, but he strongly urged Germany to be prepared. He considered the concentration of Russian troops on the frontier as threatening, but he SAW NO PRETEXT for a Russian or a EUROPEAN WAR. He said: "The warlike tendencies of France and Russia drive us to defence; the pike in France and Russia compel us to become carp." "If we are attacked, then the *furor Teutonicus* will flame out." He made no reference to the relations between Austria and Russia.—Russia's dissatisfaction with the SITUATION IN BULGARIA has steadily manifested itself, and negotiations have been going on with the other Powers for a readjustment. Russia has never ceased to regard PRINCE FERDINAND as an intruder, and early in March, in accordance with the demands of Russia, to which several of the other Powers consented, THE PORTE informed Ferdinand that his position in Bulgaria is ILLEGAL. ENGLAND REFUSED TO ADVISE THE SULTAN to take steps for the removal of Ferdinand before satisfactory measures were taken for the settlement of Bulgaria's future after his removal.—The Council of Bulgarian Ministers DECIDED NOT TO REPLY to the Porte's despatch declaring Ferdinand's position illegal.—The Bulgarian Sobrane was

opened October 27. Prince Ferdinand made an address, saying that the Government was working for the prosperity and greatness of Bulgaria, and that order, tranquillity, and security had been restored. M. Tutcheff was elected president of the Sobranie, which unanimously voted an address in reply to the Prince's speech, assuring him of the support of the army and the people.—It was stated on good authority in London, about the middle of February, that there was an arrangement whereby, if Italy was attacked, an ENGLISH FLEET WOULD PROTECT THE ITALIAN COAST. Questioned in the House of Commons, on February 22, Sir James Fergusson, Under Foreign Secretary, denied that any engagement had been entered into that was not known to Parliament.—The appointment of Lord Dufferin as Ambassador to Rome was regarded as having a SIGNIFICANT BEARING ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ITALY.—On January 4 it was made known that President Carnot of France had given assurances to Emperor William that while he remains at the head of the republic no French Government will be permitted to ADOPT A WARLIKE POLICY.—The SUCCESSION OF FREDERICK TO THE THRONE OF GERMANY is generally regarded as conserving the general peace of Europe, especially in view of the disposition which he manifested toward the Emperor of Austria and the President of France in writing them autograph letters. His uncertain health, however, renders the future extremely doubtful.

FRANCE.—A great MILITARY AND SOCIAL SCANDAL was caused in Paris, October 7, when General CAFFAREL was suspended as Chief of the War Department staff, and sent to a military prison to be tried by a council of war for SELLING CIVIL DECORATIONS. Two women, Madame Limousin and Madame Ratazzi, and General d'Andlau were also involved in the affair; and in the house of Madame Limousin were found some 300 letters to M. DANIEL WILSON, SON-IN-LAW OF PRESIDENT GRÉVY, which put Wilson in a bad light. General Caffarel was pronounced guilty of "habitual dishonorable conduct," and placed on the retired list. General BOULANGER having declared that the prosecution of Caffarel was aimed at him (Boulanger), General Ferron, Minister of War, placed him under arrest, October 13, for thirty days, for giving improper information to reporters.—The FRENCH CHAMBERS REASSEMBLED October 25. M. d'Ornano, Bonapartist, moved that a committee be appointed to investigate the Caffarel-Wilson scandals, and this was carried, 379 to 155.—The same day there was a turbulent meeting at Tours, which was represented in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Wilson, and a resolution was adopted by a small majority, declaring that he had BETRAYED HIS TRUST AND MUST

RESIGN.—PRESIDENT GRÉVY, on October 28, declared that he would be unable to remain in the Elysée with a broken-up family, and expressed an INTENTION TO RESIGN. He was, however, persuaded to reconsider the subject.—On November 19, in the Chamber of Deputies, the Extreme Left moved an interpellation of the Government on the question of its domestic policy. A motion by the Ministry to postpone the debate was rejected, 328 to 242. Prime-Minister ROUVIER immediately announced the RESIGNATION OF THE CABINET.—PRESIDENT GRÉVY, on the evening of November 24, handed his resignation to M. Rouvier, after having abandoned his attempts to form a Cabinet. The resignation was not announced, however. Finally, on December 2, M. GRÉVY DID RESIGN. The ELECTION OF HIS SUCCESSOR took place on Saturday, December 3, after and amid great excitement, during which an outbreak of the mob was feared at any moment. The Republicans held a caucus at Versailles that morning, in which Ferry had the lead. The fear of a riot in case he was elected probably led the factions to unite upon M. SADI-CARNOT, who was elected. The balloting for the election of President began at 2.15 P.M. at Versailles. The result of the first ballot, total vote 849, was: SADI-CARNOT, 303; FERRY, 212; SAUSSIER, 148; DE FREYCINET, 76; APPERT, 72; BRISSON, 26; FLOQUET, 5; other candidates, 7. Before the second ballot the members of the Left groups held a meeting. Ferry announced his resolution to WITHDRAW IN FAVOR OF CARNOT, and De Freycinet did likewise. The second and last ballot resulted thus: CARNOT, 616; SAUSSIER, 186; FERRY, 11; DE FREYCINET, 5; APPERT, 5; PYAT, 1.—Excitement was renewed in Paris just a week after the election, by an ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE M. FERRY in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, by a man who called himself Aubertin. He fired three shots at M. Ferry, two of which wounded him slightly. Aubertin said that he belonged to a band of revolutionists.—There was some DIFFICULTY IN FORMING A MINISTRY, but at length one was organized by M. TIRARD, as follows: M. TIRARD, PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF FINANCE; M. FLOURENS, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. FALLIÈRES, Minister of Justice; M. SARRIEN, Minister of the Interior; General LOGEROT, Minister of War; M. DE MAHY, Minister of Marine; M. LOUBAT, Minister of Public Works; M. DAUTRESME, Minister of Commerce; M. VIETTE, Minister of Agriculture; M. FAYE, Minister of Public Instruction.—PRESIDENT CARNOT'S MESSAGE TO PARLIAMENT expressed the hope that a spirit of conciliation would continue to pervade both houses. The part relating to the FOREIGN POLICY OF France was couched in the MOST PACIFIC TERMS.—THE DECLARATION OF THE MINIS-

TERS, read in the Chamber of Deputies, December 15, stated that the Cabinet's sole ambition was to CONTINUE THE WORK OF CONCORD. It demanded the united Republican vote upon the Ministerial scheme of military legislation. The appropriations asked by the Government were voted, 521 to 13.—About the middle of December the Court of Arraignment at Paris pronounced that NO CASE HAD BEEN MADE OUT AGAINST M. WILSON; but later another inquiry showed that a manufacturer had bought a decoration of the Legion of Honor for 60,000 francs, and that Wilson and his accomplices shared the spoils. Wilson was put on trial before the Correctional Tribunal on February 16. He was CONVICTED on March 1, and SENTENCED TO TWO YEARS' IMPRISONMENT, to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, and to be deprived of his civil rights for five years. Three others charged with similar offences were sentenced for eight months, four months, and one month respectively. Madame Ratazzi was acquitted. Wilson appealed from the decision, and, on March 26, the Court of Appeal reversed it and acquitted him, on the ground that there had been NO VIOLATION OF EXISTING LAWS.—General Caffarel and Madame Limousin were sentenced on March 20, the former to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, and the latter to six months' imprisonment.—The TRIENNIAL ELECTIONS FOR SENATORS took place January 5. The returns showed the election of 57 Republicans and 21 Conservatives.—The Chambers reassembled January 10. M. Floquet was reelected President of the Chamber of Deputies. In the Senate M. Carnot, father of President Carnot (who has since died), as the senior member, took the chair; M. Leroyer was reelected President.—In spite of M. Tirard's protests, the Chamber, on February 16, resolved to consider an amendment reducing the interest on the floating debt by 3,000,000 francs. Despite the appeal of the Government, it also voted to consider a measure providing for reductions in the salaries of treasury paymasters. Premier Tirard thereupon THREATENED TO RESIGN.—On February 23 M. Tirard said in the Chamber that he would regard the vote on the clause in the budget relating to the secret service as a question of confidence in the Ministry. The clause was adopted, 248 to 220.—A crisis occurred on March 30, when the Chamber, 267 to 237, despite the Government's opposition, voted for urgency for the Extreme Left's bill providing for the REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION. THE MINISTRY IMMEDIATELY RESIGNED. M. FLOQUET was summoned to form a Cabinet.—In the elections held on February 26 to fill vacancies in the Chamber some 54,000 votes were cast in various departments for General BOULANGER. The matter was taken up in the Council of Ministers, when the General

denied that he had anything to do with it. A few days later he wrote a letter to the Minister of War, expressing a wish that his friends would not WASTE THEIR VOTES in attempting to elect him to an office which he could not accept. On March 15 General BOULANGER WAS DEPRIVED OF HIS COMMAND on the ground that he had visited Paris three times without permission; on two of these occasions he was said to have been in disguise, wearing spectacles and pretending to be lame. The General claimed that he had only gone to Paris to visit his sick wife, and that he had been harshly treated. His friends proposed at once to make him a CANDIDATE IN ALL ELECTIONS, as a national protest. The Court of Inquiry in the Boulanger case decided against the General, and, on March 26, President Carnot signed a decree placing him on the RETIRED LIST OF THE ARMY. General Boulanger at once became a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies in the Department du Nord.

GERMANY.—WILLIAM I., EMPEROR OF GERMANY, died in Berlin on the morning of March 9, after a brief illness. He lacked but a few days of being 91 years old, and the excitement attending his death was diminished by his advanced age. There was great concern, however, on account of the PRECARIOUS HEALTH OF THE CROWN PRINCE, who had passed the winter in San Remo, Italy, where, on February 9, he had undergone the operation of TRACHEOTOMY. His illness is believed to be CANCEROUS IN ITS NATURE, but no positive evidence of cancer has been discovered. The six physicians in charge of the case, on March 6, united in an official statement, in which they denied that any serious differences of opinion existed among them, and said that a DANGEROUS TURN IN THE MALADY WAS NOT IMMINENT. Two days before this statement was made, it was announced that the Crown Prince's eldest son, PRINCE WILLIAM, had been empowered to SIGN ROYAL DECREES AND ORDINANCES, should occasion therefor arise. The death of the Emperor was expected on March 8, and on that day an IMPERIAL DECREE, dated November 17, 1887, was promulgated, declaring Prince William to be the REPRESENTATIVE OF THE EMPEROR IN STATE AFFAIRS. The last official act of the Emperor was, on the day before his death, to sign the order proroguing the Reichstag. The CROWN PRINCE SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE as Frederick I. of Germany and Frederick III., King of Prussia. On March 12 the new Emperor addressed a proclamation to his people, in which he said: "I shall make it my whole endeavor to CONTINUE THE FABRIC in the spirit in which it was founded—to MAKE GERMANY THE CENTRE OF PEACE and to foster her welfare." At the same time appeared a letter written by him to PRINCE BISMARCK, setting forth the principles on which he would direct the Gov-

ernment. He desired the unabated maintenance of the army and navy, and pledged himself to maintain religious toleration, and to advance financial reform. THE EMPEROR'S HEALTH SEEMED TO IMPROVE under the exertion made necessary by his accession to power, and, contrary to expectation, no ill effects followed his long journey from San Remo to Berlin and his exchanging the climate of Italy for the rigors of winter in Germany. The funeral of the dead Emperor took place on March 16, and was a splendid pageant. On March 19 messages from Emperor Frederick to the various legislative bodies of the Empire were made public. They breathed the same spirit as his proclamation of the 12th. A decree was signed on March 21, AUTHORIZING CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM TO REPRESENT THE EMPEROR IN THE TRANSACTION OF OFFICIAL BUSINESS in case the Emperor should be unable to act for himself.—Aside from the anxiety caused by the condition of the Crown Prince and the illness and death of the Emperor, and the part which Germany has played in the more or less warlike relations of the Great Powers, not a great deal of importance has occurred in the German Empire in the past six months.—The REICHSTAG RE-ASSEMBLED on November 24, and received a message from the Emperor in reference to the Crown Prince's ailment.—A bill was introduced on December 15, authorizing the EXPULSION OF ALL SOCIALISTS who have incurred penalties for violations of the Anti-Socialist law or by belonging to secret societies, and permitting the punishment of any one taking part in a Socialist Congress. Under this bill most of the Socialist members of the Reichstag could be expelled from Germany. The bill gave rise to an animated controversy, and various amendments were proposed. The Government's STRINGENT PROPOSALS for expatriation and the like were finally STRICKEN OUT, and the existing laws on the subject were continued in operation for two years longer.—The MILITARY LOAN BILL, which increased the army 700,000 men and authorized an expenditure for the purpose of about \$70,000,000, was passed on February 8.—The Prussian budget for 1886-7 showed a surplus of 16,000,000 marks, while the budget for 1887-8 left an available surplus of 28,000,000 marks.—A statement given out in the fall showed that, for the first half of the current financial year, there was in the REVENUE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE an increase from customs duties of 10,300,000 marks, from the Post-office 4,000,000, from State railways 1,250,000, and a decrease from the sugar tax of 500,000 and from the spirit tax of 2,000,000 marks.

RUSSIA.—It was reported early in October that M. Delianoff, Minister of Public Instruction, had been dismissed because of his rigorous exercise of power over students in the gymnasia, which caused general dis-

content among the people.—The Chief Press Censor at St. Petersburg was dismissed in October for exacting money for FAVORABLE JUDGMENTS ON PUBLICATIONS offered for censorship.—On November 3 it was reported that ANOTHER NIHILIST PLOT had been discovered and the conspirators arrested. At the same time came reports of great commercial distress.—THE TSAR AND TSARINA VISITED BERLIN, on November 18, and an improvement in the relations between Russia and Germany resulted from the visit. Certain letters which had exasperated the Tsar were pronounced by Prince Bismarck to be FORGERIES. The popular welcome to the distinguished guests in Berlin was hearty.—On January 2 EIGHT NIHILISTS, including the Cossack, Tschernoff, who were condemned to death for making an attempt on the life of the Tsar during his visit to the Don Cossack country, WERE HANGED at St. Petersburg. There were five men and three women.—ANOTHER PLOT, said to have been of UNUSUAL MAGNITUDE, as regards both the number and the position of the persons implicated, was made known on January 10, when it was announced that the Tsar would make a shorter stay in St. Petersburg than was intended at the time of the New-Year's reception. Several army officers were among those arrested.—General Gresser, Prefect of St. Petersburg, on the night of January 12, ordered that numerous houses in the city be searched. The result was the arrest of 887 persons.—On January 30 the *St. James's Gazette* (London) printed a remarkable story to the effect that an army officer in St. Petersburg, who had been taken to a hospital mortally wounded, admitted that he had shot himself in order to avoid the NECESSITY OF SHOOTING THE TSAR. He said that he was a member of a secret society, which had balloted to decide who should assassinate the Tsar, and that the lot had fallen on him. Great efforts were made by the authorities to keep the matter secret.—The Russian Senate, in special session for the consideration of State crimes, in January, CONDEMNED TO DEATH seven prisoners who were accused of belonging to a secret society having in its possession bombs and a secret printing-press. The SENTENCES WERE AFTERWARD COMMUTED to long terms of imprisonment.—In February M. Vishnegradski, Minister of Finance, submitted to the Council of the Empire a law to establish a METALLIC STANDARD preparatory to the CONSOLIDATION OF THE RUSSIAN MONETARY CURRENCY. The object of it was to bring gold and silver into circulation and prepare the way for a compulsory metal standard.

ITALY.—Signor Magliani, Minister of Finance, presented the budget in the Chamber of Deputies on December 17. The ESTIMATES for the ensuing year showed a DEFICIT of \$2,660,000. This, the Minister explained, was due to the expedition to Mas-

sowah. The vote of the Chamber, he said, had already met a part of the additional expense, and the remainder would be covered by means at the disposal of the Treasury.—THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE POPE, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, was celebrated on January 1. There was an immense crowd in St. Peter's. The Pope received numerous and costly presents from all parts of the world.—On February 11 the Senate rejected, by a vote of 60 to 32, a bill empowering the Government to reorganize the central administration. PRIME-MINISTER CRISPI had announced that he would accept the passage of this bill as a vote of confidence; but the expected resignation of the Ministry did not follow.—The Italian forces in Abyssinia have been increased, until there is an army of about 25,000 men there. Several skirmishes have occurred with the forces of King John, but there has been NO DECISIVE BATTLE. The Abyssinians have refused all overtures looking toward arbitration, and it is estimated that they can raise an army of 100,000 men. Some of the allies of the Italians have deserted to the enemy, taking with them the arms and equipments with which the Italians had supplied them. At the end of March, King John made overtures for peace.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.—The Military Council at Vienna decided, on December 19, to grant the Minister of War a credit of 15,000,000 florins. The smallness of the grant was held to be proof that Austria did not intend to take aggressive measures.—A REVISION OF THE MILITARY-SERVICE LAW was announced in January. The age of liability to military duty was raised from 20 to 21, and other changes were made.—The Minister of War told the Budget Committee, on February 6, that an increase of the *Landwehr* staff officers was absolutely necessary, and he asked an extra credit of \$250,000 for that purpose. It was also necessary that the number of *Landwehr* recruits in training should be temporarily raised.—In the lower house of the Reichsrath, on February 7, the Minister of Commerce asked for a supplemental credit of 1,240,000 florins for the construction of State railways.—The AUSTRO-ITALIAN TREATY OF COMMERCE was approved in February, as was also the bill to prolong the treaty of commerce with Germany.—The lower house of the Hungarian Diet, on February 20, adopted the budget by a large majority and passed a vote of confidence in the Government. The convention delimiting the frontier between Hungary and Rumania was approved about the end of February.—On February 29 it was stated that the Government were arranging for a CONSIDERABLE INCREASE IN THE ARMY. The present military law, which expires in 1889, fixes the strength of the army at 600,000 men, exclusive of the *Landwehr*.

SPAIN.—It was stated in January that EX-QUEEN ISABELLA was to be exiled from Spain; later it was announced that she would be allowed to live in Seville.—The Spanish floating debt of \$33,000,000 has been refunded for five years at 3 per cent.—In the Chamber of Deputies, on February 7, Señor Romero censured the Government for permitting military interference at Rio Tinto and for the resulting bloodshed. After an exciting debate, his proposal of censure was rejected by a vote of 176 to 19.—On January 31 the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared that the Government had no thought of making fresh conquests, but only wished to maintain the integrity of Morocco.—An attempt to censure the Minister of Foreign Affairs for his action in connection with American claims for losses sustained during the Cuban insurrection, was defeated, on February 24, by 170 to 48.—The Senate, on February 27, approved a bill ESTABLISHING TRIAL BY JURY.—The health of the infant King is not good, epilepsy having manifested itself.—The Spanish Government has decided to celebrate the FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

OTHER EUROPEAN STATES.—The election for members of the RUMANIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, in February, resulted in the return of 179 supporters of the Government, 48 Opposition members, and 5 Independents. The members of the Cabinet tendered their RESIGNATIONS early in March, and M. Ghika undertook to form a Ministry. He failed, and M. Cogalniceanu undertook the task. Subsequently the CABINET WAS REFORMED without change in its personnel.—The BELGIAN PREMIER announced to the Chamber of Deputies, in December, that 49 foreign governments had agreed to take part in a conference to establish an office for the TRANSLATION AND EXCHANGE of legislative documents. The Belgian Minister of Finance stated, on February 24, that the budget for 1889 showed an estimated surplus of 9,000,000 francs.—A PROTECTIONIST MINISTRY was formed in SWEDEN, in February, with M. BILDT as President.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—COUNT DE LESSEPS announced to the French Academy of Sciences, on November 1, that the PANAMA CANAL WOULD BE OPENED on February 3, 1890. The work would not be completed, but passage would be free for twenty ships a day. His son, Victor de Lesseps, in a letter published on November 9, REPEATED THIS PROMISE, and said that no further loan would be required.—A few weeks later there was made public the REPORT OF SEÑOR TANGO ARMERO, agent of the Colombian Government, who had officially inspected the canal. He said that the total excavation necessary to open the canal amounted to 161,000,000 cubic metres; the quantity taken out at the end of last August, accord-

ing to the company's figures, was 33,925,230 metres, leaving 127,074,770 metres to be removed. The estimated cost of completing the canal was \$600,000,000. To the claims of the company that 15,000 men are employed on the work, and that the effective force of the men and machinery was equivalent to 615,000 men, Señor Armero said he firmly believed that there had never been more than 5,000 men employed. The truth was that the greater number of the working-sections were ALMOST DESERTED.—M. de Lesseps attempted to obtain from the French Cabinet authority to ISSUE LOTTERY LOANS, but, at a meeting on January 20, the Ministers unanimously refused their consent. De Lesseps accordingly issued a circular, saying that he was prepared to APPEAL DIRECTLY TO THE PUBLIC with a class of bonds giving fullest guarantees. He urged shareholders to request the Deputies to bring the matter before the Chamber for a full public inquiry.—On February 4 it was stated that agents of the company were negotiating with the Deputies of the Right for a bill permitting the issue of a lottery loan of 775,000,000 francs.—At a meeting of the Canal Company in Paris, March 1, it was made known that the directors had consented to the CONSTRUCTION OF LOCKS, by means of which vessels may traverse the canal in 1890. After the canal shall have been thus opened, the work of excavation will be prosecuted. De Lesseps expressed ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE IN THE COMPLETION OF THE CANAL.—A bill was brought into the Chamber of Deputies on March 5, authorizing a lottery loan of 24,000,000 francs. The Committee of Initiative agreed to consider a proposal to authorize a lottery loan of 340,000,000 francs, and, on March 26, the Chamber, 290 to 170, decided to take the proposal into consideration.

MEXICO.—AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION permitting the election of the same person to the Presidency for two consecutive terms, having been ratified by both houses of Congress, was officially promulgated on October 23.—A loan of £10,500,000, which Congress authorized President Diaz to negotiate, was consummated in January through the German financier, Herr Bleichroeder.

AFRICA.—No definite news in regard to HENRY M. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION for the relief of Emin Bey has been received. It is not thought, however, that he has met with any misfortune.—In Egypt, Ismail Pacha's claims have been settled, he receiving the palaces formerly belonging to him, property in Stamboul valued at \$2,500,000, the commutation of his civil allowances at fourteen years' purchase, and \$500,000 in cash for crops.—SUAKIM was attacked by a large force of rebels on March 4. The attacking party was defeated after four hours' fighting. The attack is said to have been led by Osman Digna.—News of the death of the SULTAN

OF ZANZIBAR, BARGASH BIN SAID, reached London on March 27. He was about fifty-five years of age, and succeeded his brother in 1870. SAID KHALIF succeeded to the throne.

SOUTH AMERICA.—There was a BLOODLESS REVOLUTION IN COLOMBIA in December. PRESIDENT NUNEZ was succeeded by GENERAL PAYAN, a lawyer, who has occupied important posts in the judiciary and in the army. He has been President of both houses of the Congress, and was Minister of War under Nunez. He is regarded as possessing sound judgment, self-possession, and valor. He at once issued a decree announcing the full liberty of the press, and, on January 1, granted liberty to expatriated citizens to return to their country and their homes.—All EXPORT DUTIES imposed by the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC were abolished on January 1.—GREAT BRITAIN is reported to have seized a valuable gold-mining tract in VENEZUELA. There has long been a dispute about the boundary between this country and British Guiana.—In URUGUAY, Señor Feresedo Torres has been elected President of the Senate, and Señor Magarinos President of the Chamber of Deputies.—BRAZILIAN PLANTERS owning 2,500 slaves agreed in December to SET ALL THEIR SLAVES FREE, and took steps for the GENERAL EMANCIPATION of all the slaves in their province not later than the end of 1890.—THE BRAZILIAN MINISTRY announced in March, is as follows: Premier and Minister of Finance, Señor Alfredo; Foreign Affairs, Señor Prado; Marine, Señor Vierra; War, Señor Coelho-Almeida; Justice, Señor Vianna; Agriculture, Señor Silva; Interior, Señor Costa Pereira.—ECUADOR has elected a new President, GENERAL FLORES, now Minister-Resident at Paris. He will take office about July 1. He has been in the public service twenty years.

ASIA.—A SWEEPING IMPERIAL RESCRIPT, dated December 25, was published in JAPAN on the following day. It laid a ban on all secret societies and assemblies, and authorized the police to put a stop to open-air meetings. With the sanction of the Minister of Home Affairs they were to warn away, deport, or imprison all suspected persons living within eight miles of the palace; and to the Cabinet were given full powers to "PROCLAIM DISTRICTS imperilled by popular excitement," and practically to put the whole body of the people therein under MARTIAL LAW. Within a few days several hundred persons—children, boys, and men—were summarily removed from Tokio or cast into prison for not obeying the police. The ostensible cause of this policy was the DISCOVERY OF A PLOT TO MURDER COUNT ITO, the Minister-President of State. As a matter of fact, it followed immediately on the arrival in the capital of a deputation of people who petitioned for redress from excessive taxation.—CHINA has been visited by

TWO AWFUL CALAMITIES. The Yellow River overflowed on September 28, in the province of Ho-Nan, inundating a dozen or more populous cities, 7,000 square miles of rich plain being turned into an immense lake. The Imperial Commissioner who investigated the affair, reported that the total number of persons drowned was over 100,000 and that the number made destitute was 1,800,000. A severe earthquake occurred in the province of Yunnan, on December 15, and the mortality was frightful. In one town 5,000 persons were reported killed, and in another 10,000; elsewhere accurate estimates were impossible.—The KING of COREA decided in the autumn to despatch ministers to England, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States. China consented to this arrangement with great reluctance. It was believed that Russian agents instigated the King's action.—An English syndicate has obtained a concession from the KING of SIAM for the construction of a RAILWAY from Bangkok to Zimme.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—The newly elected Legislature CUT DOWN THE SALARIES of all State officials and materially reduced the King's salary. This was in the autumn. In December the Legislature adopted resolutions denying the King's veto right. The matter was taken up by the Supreme Court, which finally decided that under the constitution of 1887 the King's veto right is a personal one, and that he is not required to consult his Cabinet in exercising that right.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—The celebration of the CENTENARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES occurred on January 24, the anniversary of the landing of the first governor of the colony. A statue of Queen Victoria was unveiled in the presence of the governors of all the Australian colonies. The ceremonies extended over a week, and included the dedication of Centennial Park and the opening of the Agricultural Society's exhibition.

LITERATURE.

RECENT BOOKS.—Among the more noteworthy books of the last half year biographical and historical works predominate. Mr. J. E. Cabot, Emerson's chosen literary executor, in his *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 2 vols. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), gives a biography which from its completeness and its sober spirit is adequate and satisfactory. *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, 2 vols. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), by his son, Francis Darwin, is so edited as to be essentially an autobiography of the great scientist. Professor Huxley contributes a valuable chapter. (Reviewed in NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for March.)

Mr. J. A. Symonds has made a new translation, in two volumes, of the autobiography of *Benvenuto Cellini*. This translation is superior to the current one, Roscoe's un-

improved revision of Nugent (1771). Mr. Symonds in his introduction undertakes to defend Cellini's veracity—a large task.

Two delightful volumes of personal reminiscence are *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, by W. P. Frith, R. A., covering fifty years of life as an artist, and *What I Remember*, by T. Adolphus Trollope, writing at seventy-seven; full of anecdotes of literary people (New York: Harper & Brothers).

The Life of William Barnes by his daughter, Lucy Baxter, is a well-executed memorial of a poet whose poems in the Dorset dialect have a naturalness and pathos not unlike those of Burns, and deserve to be more widely known, as they certainly entitle their author to a worthy place among the poets of the Victorian era.

We have further, *Robert Southey*: the story of his life written in his letters, edited by John Dennis (D. Lothrop & Co.); *Life of Leo XIII.*: from an authentic memoir furnished by his order, by Bernard O'Reilly (Sampson Low), and a number of volumes continuing well-known series: *Patrick Henry*, by Moses Coit Tyler, "American Statesmen" series; *Benjamin Franklin*, by J. B. McMaster, "American Men of Letters" series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); *D. G. Rossetti*, by Joseph Knight; *Keats*, by W. Rossetti; *Shelley*, by W. Sharp; *Goldsmith*, by Austin Dobson; *Walter Scott*, by C. D. Yonge; *Burns*, by John Stuart Blackie,—these last in the "Great Writers" series (Scott).

Mr. George Saintsbury's *History of Elizabethan Literature* is the first part to be issued, though the second in order, of a new general history of English literature, to which Mr. Stopford Brooke contributes the earlier part, and Mr. Gosse and Mr. Dowden the later periods.

Mr. E. C. Stedman, in a thirteenth edition of his *Victorian Poets*, has revised the work and added a chapter, bringing his survey down to the Jubilee year. Few books of literary criticism have been so deservedly popular.

In *Modern Italian Poets: Essays and Versions*, Mr. W. D. Howells writes appreciatively and attractively of the poets and poetry of the last century. His versions are less happy.—Mr. Horace E. Scudder, in *Men and Letters*, gathers up a number of magazine articles containing much delightful reminiscence.

Dr. William Smith, with Henry Wace, D.D., has continued his "Dictionary of the Bible," by editing a *Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines during the First Eight Centuries*, 4 vols. (London: John Murray). The work is written from a conservative theological and critical stand-point. The contributors are many and of varying distinction as scholars. While the work, therefore, will not be authoritative in every part, it constitutes an excellent encyclopædia.

Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography*, in Volume XIII. reaches DAMER.

The most important recent historical work is the long-delayed completion of Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan*, Vols. VII. and VIII. (V. and VI. of the American edition, Harper & Brothers). Mr. Kinglake has not the judicial impartiality of a great historian—his work indeed was designed to defend the military reputation of Lord Raglan, with whose death it closes. The work has not an ideal unity and balance of parts; the style is not always in the best taste, yet it is everywhere vividly written and has much of that brilliancy which made it popular in its beginning (1863).

Another important work is Mr. H. C. Lea's *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, 3 vols. (Harper & Brothers). It is marked by calmness of tone, scholarly thoroughness, and philosophical method. The principle of persecution for religious dissent is carefully traced from its germination to its later developments.

Mr. E. B. Washburne's *Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-1877*, 2 vols. (Charles Scribner's Sons), gives the experiences of one who had exceptional opportunities for observation of men and things at an exciting epoch in recent French affairs.

A Sketch of Universal History, in 3 vols.: Ancient History by Professor Rawlinson, Mediæval History by Professor Stokes, Modern History by Professor Paton, makes a useful compendium, though its limits preclude the grace of style or completeness obtained in special treatises.

Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, in *Greek Life and Thought, from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest*, supplements his works on the literature and social life of the earlier periods, and gives in his usual bright style an exposition of the characteristics of this too little studied Hellenistic period. The same versatile writer has brought out a novel work in another field, *The Principles of the Art of Conversation*.

Professor Fisher has published in one volume a comprehensive *History of the Christian Church* (Charles Scribner's Sons).

The "Story of the Nations" series (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has added *Hungary*, by Arminius Vambéry, and *The Saracens*, by Arthur Gilman.

J. R. Green's admirable *Short History of the English People*, the sale of which has reached some 129,000 copies, has been revised by the widow of the author on the basis of the larger work, aided also by certain eminent friends.

Of books of travel the most interesting is Sir Henry Layard's *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia*, including a residence among the Bakhtiari and other wild tribes before the discovery of Nineveh.

These explorations were undertaken more than forty years ago under great difficulties, in a region which continues to be a wonderland, even as in the days of Herodotus.

Mr. J. A. Froude's *The English in the West Indies; or the Bow of Ulysses*, is in a sense the counterpart of his *Oceana*, his experiences in Australia and the East; it is also as pessimistic regarding colonial prospects as the other work was rose-colored. It is a rhetorician's book rather than the careful study of an economist.

Dr. O. W. Holmes' *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, and Mr. S. S. Cox's *The Isles of the Princes; or the Pleasures of Prinkipo*, experiences had while United States Minister to Turkey, are pleasant books having mainly a personal interest.

POETRY.—The most considerable recent poetical work is Swinburne's *Lochnie: a Tragedy*. His theme is wifely jealousy, hate, and revenge, the plot of the *Agamemnon* reversed. The baseless myth from which the plot is taken, the conquest of Britain by Trojan Brutus, has little interest in itself. The treatment shows a Greek simplicity of development, but the choral odes of *Atalanta* are wanting. The rhythm has that well-known mellifluous quality, which, though it sometimes palls on the reader, is rarely matched in modern poetry. The verse is decasyllabic, but rhymed, a part in couplets, other portions in sonnet sequences and various intricate metrical forms.

Prince Lucifer, by Alfred Austen, is a long, ambitious poem in dramatic form, but lacking in dramatic action and art. The lyric portions are more successful than the dialogue. Its apparent thesis is repellant, marriage a human convention, necessary, as things are, but not so in an ideal society.

Mr. Lowell has issued, under the title *Heartsease and Rue*, a volume of poems containing most of the pieces which have appeared during the last dozen years, together with some earlier poems not before given a place in his published collections.

Other volumes containing much graceful verse are, R. L. Stevenson's *Underwoods*, Edwin Arnold's *Lotus and Jewel*, Joaquin Miller's *Songs of the Mexican Seas*, and *Poems* by the late E. R. Sill.

Mr. H. F. Randolph's *Fifty Years of English Song*, 4 vols. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is a conveniently classified and acceptable anthology of the poetry of Victoria's reign (reviewed in NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for March).

The second volume of Dean Plumptre's *Dante* contains the translation of the *Paradiso* and of the *Canzoniere*, and a number of "Studies," "The Growth and Genesis of the *Commedia*," "Estimates of Dante," "Dante as an Observer and Traveller," "Portraits of Dante."

Mr. William Morris has completed his translation of the *Odyssey* of Homer in the

metre of *Sigurd*, the first part of which, Books I.-XII., was previously noticed.

Vergil finds a new translator in Sir Charles Bowen, *Eclogues and Æneid, I.-VI.* The metre is a novel one, a rhymed catalectic hexameter, the last syllable being dropped to avoid the feminine rhymes, difficult to manage in English and not suited to the dignity of serious verse.

Among works of a more technical nature may be noticed the following: Lang's *Myth, Ritual and Religion* is in the same line as his *Custom and Myth*, supporting what may be roughly called totemism as the basis of mythology, against the more generally accepted poetico-meteorological theory.

Prof. Max Müller, besides his weightier work, *The Science of Thought* (reviewed in the NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for March), has gathered together a number of essays in *Biographies of Words and the Home of the Aryas*. Professor Müller invests philological matters with a charm even for general readers. He writes from a conservative stand-point, especially in viewing the tendency to fix upon a European habitat for the original Aryan stock.

Doctor Furnivall has edited in the "Rolls Series" *The Story of England by Robert Manning of Brunne, A. D. 1338*, being, however, only the first part, never published hitherto. The work has a linguistic value to students of early English, but not much historical value, as it is itself mainly a translation of Wace.

An exhaustive *Dictionary of the Welsh Language* is being prepared by Rev. D. S. Evans. Part I. takes in letter A only.

Mr. E. S. Roberts has produced a scholarly work in *An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy*: Part I, the archaic inscriptions and the Greek alphabet.

Professor August Fick has applied his theories of the origin and construction of the Homeric poems to *Hesiod*. He essays to dissect out a primitive Aeolic core, afterward Ionized, and enlarged by interpolations and accretions.

The Cambridge University Press is issuing, under the editorship of Dr. H. B. Swete, *The Old Testament in Greek according to the Septuagint*. Vol. I. Genesis—Kings. The Vatican MS. (B) is taken, as far as complete, as presumably containing the oldest text; but the work is meant not to furnish but to prepare the way for a final critical text, which is a thing much desired from the increased importance now attached to the Septuagint.

Bagster also publishes a new *Handy Concordance of the Septuagint*, in which accuracy is especially sought.

MISCELLANEOUS. — Mr. Henry Irving, with Mr. F. A. Marshall, is editing *The Henry Irving Shakspeare* (Blackie), to be in eight small quarto volumes, with many illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne. Two

volumes are already issued. Unique features are Mr. Irving's introductory essay on Shakspeare as a practical playwright, the stage history of each play prefixed to it, and the marginal indications of omissions in each play to furnish a proper acting edition.

Chapman & Hall, the original publishers of *Pickwick* fifty years ago, have brought out a limited memorial "Victoria" edition, designed to be in every way complete. The original drawings are reproduced in facsimile, with a number which were not used.

The London Times celebrated its hundredth birthday, January 1. It had existed under another name from 1785.

A library of Roman Catholic books published in England during Victoria's reign was sent as a Jubilee offering to the Pope. It numbers some fifteen hundred volumes, unimportant works being excluded. Among the authors are Cardinals Manning and Newman in theology, Mr. Coventry Patmore and Mr. Aubrey de Vere in poetry, Doctor Mivart in science.

The centenary of Byron's birth, January 22, passed without any significant celebration in England or America.

Prof. Max Müller has been appointed to the new lectureship on natural theology in Glasgow University on the Gifford foundation.

Alfred Domett, immortalized as Waring in Mr. Browning's poem of that name, died last November at seventy-six. Among Domett's own poems his Christmas hymn with the refrain, "In the silent midnight," is widely known and prized.

SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.—Mr. Norman Lockyer communicated to the Royal Society, on October 4, a note containing the results of his observations on the SPECTRA OF METEORITES. An abstract of this paper appears in *Nature*, November 17 and 24, 1887. The investigation proceeded upon a study of the spectra of many carbon compounds, and of the various metals at a comparatively low temperature, with special reference to the changes which occur in them with changes of temperature. The sources of heat used were the Bunsen burner, and the oxy-coal-gas flame. In every case the spectrum of the body under examination was more complex in the oxy-coal-gas flame than in the cooler Bunsen flame, though in no case was the number of lines or bands seen large. The spectrum of the glow of sodium and magnesium obtained by the passage of an electrical discharge through a vacuum tube was also examined. As the metals were heated the spectrum of the gas in the tube showed two of the prominent hydrogen lines. When the tube was heated still further, these lines became dim and the structural spectrum of hydrogen appeared. In the case of magnesium another characteristic line was observed.

The results of these researches were compared with those of similar ones made upon fragments of meteorites. In the oxy-hydrogen flame these specimens gave only about a dozen lines of magnesium, iron, sodium, lithium, and potassium, with indications also of manganese. In the spark spectrum given by the induction coil, about twenty lines were observed of magnesium, sodium, iron, strontium, calcium, barium, chromium, zinc, bismuth, and nickel. When the current was passed over a piece of iron meteorite in the vacuum tube, and heat was applied, the first spectrum observed was that of hydrogen; on further heating, the line which appeared when magnesium was similarly treated became evident. Indications of carbon were also present. The conclusion is reached that only the lowest temperature lines of the metals are seen in meteorites under the various conditions. By a comparison of these results with the recorded spectra of luminous meteors, Mr. Lockyer is led to believe that the temperature of the luminous meteors is higher than that of the Bunsen flame.

From the fact that, when the meteoric fragment was strongly heated in the vacuum tube while the current was passing, the whole tube gave the spectrum of carbon, Mr. Lockyer argues that as this spectrum is similar to that given out by a comet throughout a large extent of the immense space filled by it, the illumination of the comet is probably electrical, and connected with the electric repulsion from the sun of the vapors composing it. The spectra of certain stars, especially of some "Novas" or temporary stars, have shown the bright flutings of carbon and absorption flutings of magnesium and zinc. Mr. Lockyer concludes that the carbon spectrum is due to electrical action on the vapors expelled from the meteorites as in the case of comets, and that the absorption spectra are produced by the vapor surrounding the meteorites, which have been made intensely hot by collision. These stars then, in his view, are "clouds of incandescent stones."

The spectrum of a nebula is very similar to that obtained from a meteorite glowing gently in an atmosphere given off by itself. As, further, a similar spectrum is given by comets at a distance from the sun, it is argued that the nebula are composed of meteoric swarms similar to those which are supposed to form comets.

The general conclusions reached by Mr. Lockyer are stated by him, in part, as follows:

All self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites, or masses of meteoric vapor brought about by condensation of meteor swarms due to gravity.

The spectra of all these bodies depend upon the heat of the meteorites, produced by collisions, and the average space between the meteorites in the swarm, or, in the case of consolidated swarms, upon the time which has elapsed since complete vaporization.

The temperature of the vapors in nebulae, some stars, and in comets away from perihelion, is about that of the Bunsen flame.

The brilliancy of these aggregations at each (increasing) temperature, depends on the number of meteorites in the swarm, that is, the difference depends on the quantity, not the intensity, of the light. The main factor in the various spectra produced is the ratio of the interspaces between the meteorites to their incandescent surface. When the interspace is very great, the tenuity of the gases given off by collisions will be so great that no luminous spectrum will be produced. When the interspace is less, the tenuity of the gases will be reduced, and the vapors occupying the interspaces will give us bright lines or flutings. When the interspace is relatively small, and the temperature of the individual meteorites, therefore, higher, the preponderance of the bright lines or flutings in the spectrum of the interspaces will diminish, and the incandescent vapor surrounding each meteorite will indicate its presence by absorbing the continuous-spectrum-giving light of the meteorites themselves.

New stars are produced by the clash of meteor swarms, and variable stars are uncondensed meteor swarms, or stars in which a central more or less condensed mass exists.

Professor Trowbridge and Mr. Hutchins laid before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a paper discussing the existence of OXYGEN AND CARBON IN THE SUN. To test the view of Dr. Henry Draper, who had thought that there were bright lines in the spectrum corresponding to the spectrum of oxygen, they made a large number of photographs of the solar spectrum, upon which they could not fix with any certainty upon any line that was brighter than its neighbors. They were also able to decide that the lines in the sun's spectrum supposed by Prof. J. C. Draper to be due to oxygen are not really coincident with the lines in the spectrum of oxygen. In both cases the error of the earlier observers was due to lack of sufficient instrumental power.

The authors hold the view that "the fluted spectrum of carbon is an example of the reversal of the lines of a vapor in its own vapor." They find remarkable coincidences between the spaces separating the fine bright lines of the flutings and dark lines in the solar spectrum. They therefore conclude the existence of carbon in the sun, and believe that at the part of the sun's atmosphere where the reversal just described is occasioned, the temperature is about that of the electric arc.

M. Cruls communicated to the French Academy, on January 16, the results of the observations on the last TRANSIT OF VENUS made by the Brazilian expeditions. The principal telescope used by each of the three expeditions had an aperture of 6.3 inches,

and other smaller telescopes were also employed. The resulting solar parallax from the internal contacts is 8."808. This is smaller than the results obtained by the British expeditions as given in the *SCIENCE RECORD*, November, 1887, and agrees with the value of the parallax deduced from Michelson's measurements of the velocity of light.

Subsequent observations have confirmed the statement made in the *SCIENCE RECORD*, November, 1887, that the comet discovered by Mr. Brooks on August 24 is Olbers' comet of 1815.

At the Vienna Observatory, Palisa discovered, on September 21, minor planet No. 269.

At Clinton, N. Y., Professor Peters discovered, on October 13, minor planet No. 270.

At Berlin, Doctor Knorre discovered, on October 13, minor planet No. 271.

At Nice, M. Charlois discovered, on February 4, minor planet No. 272.

PHYSICS.—At the meeting of the British Association of 1887, Professor Ewing presented the results of his experiments on the LIMIT OF MAGNETIZATION of iron. By using a thin neck of iron between two large pole-pieces, values of magnetic induction were obtained higher than any previously known. Determinations of the strength of the magnetic field near the neck yielded results, however, which indicate a final limit of intensity of magnetization. Professor Ewing also reported on the CHANGE IN MAGNETIC PERMEABILITY of an iron bar when it is cut in two and the halves placed in contact. After the bar was cut the permeability fell off very considerably, and was not increased by forming the surfaces of separation truly plane; when, however, compression was applied and the plane surfaces forced together, the permeability rose to that of the solid bar. Professor Ewing ascribes these facts to the effect of a layer of air between the two surfaces.

Professor Nichols and Mr. Franklin published, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, December, 1887, an account of their experiments showing a change in the CHEMICAL RELATIONS OF IRON when brought into a magnetic field. Powdered iron was immersed in strong nitric acid, in which it remained perfectly passive until the temperature was raised to 89°C, when a violent chemical action began. When the experiment was repeated in a powerful magnetic field, the chemical action began at once, and became violent at 51°C. The temperature at which the passive condition of the iron is lost seems to be lowered by the presence of the magnetic field. The experiment was then tried of immersing two iron bars parallel to the lines of force in any liquid that can attack iron, and so arranging the system that the ends of one bar and the middle of the other were in contact with the liquid. In this case the bar with its ends in contact became positive to the other, so that when

the bars were joined by wires a permanent current flowed through the wires from the bar with its middle part in contact with the liquid to the other. The authors believe that local action will be set up in the powdered iron between the magnetic poles induced in its granules and their intermediate parts, and that this fact explains the loss of passivity in the magnetic field.

In connection with this should be mentioned an experiment reported to the British Association by Professor Rowland. Following up an observation of Professor Remsen, he showed that if, in a magnetic field, two pieces of iron, so covered that one exposed a pointed end and the other a plane surface, were immersed in a liquid that would act on iron, the pointed end was protected from the action of the liquid, and a current flowed from it through a wire connecting it with the other piece of iron.

H. Ebert published, in the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, No. 11, 1887, an investigation undertaken to determine whether the WAVE-LENGTH OF LIGHT, and therefore its velocity of propagation, is dependent on its INTENSITY. He used the method of interferences in thick plates, and obtained interference bands with a difference in path of the interfering rays amounting in some cases to fifty thousand wave-lengths. The changes in intensity were brought about by the use of absorbing media. His results show a constancy in the velocity of light with variable intensity almost to a millionth of its whole amount. Indeed, no indications of any change of velocity were observed.

In the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, No. 8 b., 1887, H. Hertz called attention to the fact that the readiness with which an ELECTRIC SPARK will pass between two electrodes, is much increased when the ULTRAVIOLET RAYS of the spectrum are allowed to fall upon the region in which the discharge occurs. His investigations have been extended by Prof. E. Wiedemann and H. Ebert, and the results of their researches appeared in the same journal, No. 2, 1888.

In continuation of his work mentioned in the *SCIENCE RECORD*, May, 1887, F. Himstedt presents, in the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, No. 1, 1888, a new DETERMINATION OF THE QUANTITY v , the ratio between the electrostatic and the electromagnetic units. The method was one given by Maxwell. The value obtained was 30.081×10^9 , which is in close agreement with the result of his earlier work.

CHEMISTRY.—A full account has been published, in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, December, 1887, of the successful ISOLATION OF THE ELEMENT FLUORINE, by M. Henri Moissan. His first essays were made upon the fluorides of phosphorus and arsenic, and attempts were made to break them up by passing induction sparks through them, with the result that, while some indica-

tions were obtained of the presence of free fluorine, yet it could not be kept from recombination. Another experiment, in which use was made of a property of platinum of absorbing phosphorus from the fluoride, was somewhat more successful, in that free fluorine in an excess of trifluoride of phosphorus was obtained. M. Moissan then turned his attention to the electrolysis of the liquid fluoride of arsenic, and met with partial success, in that indications of free fluorine were again observed. The high specific resistance of the electrolyte, however, and the formation of a non-conducting coat of arsenic on the negative pole prevented full success. At last pure anhydrous hydrofluoric acid, itself a non-conductor, was rendered conducting by dissolving in it a few crystals of the double fluoride of hydrogen and potassium; the eudiometer was immersed in a freezing mixture to prevent the evolution of vapor of hydrofluoric acid; and on the passage of the current an active evolution of hydrogen began at the negative electrode and free fluorine was liberated at the positive electrode. Great difficulty was found in constructing the eudiometer so that the fluorine could be obtained for experiment, on account of its intense activity in attacking any material used for stoppers in the tube. At last stoppers of fluor spar were employed with success. The activity of fluorine in entering into combination is very great. Sulphur and selenium placed in it at once melted and inflamed. Phosphorus, arsenic, and antimony took fire. Crystalline silicon also became incandescent and burnt with great brilliancy. When hydrogen and fluorine are brought in contact, even in the dark, they combine with a violent explosion. The metals, and also all organic substances, are attacked by the free fluorine.

Three determinations of the ATOMIC WEIGHT OF OXYGEN have been lately made, with a view to again test Prout's law and to put the experimental knowledge of this important constant on a more secure foundation. Doctor Keiser published an account of his method in the *Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft*. He used the method in which hydrogen is made to combine with the oxygen of copper oxide to form water. Besides weighing the oxygen from the loss of weight of the copper oxide, and weighing the water, Doctor Keiser further checked his results by weighing the hydrogen employed. To do this he used the property possessed by palladium of absorbing large quantities of hydrogen, which may be slowly driven off by heating. The amount of hydrogen thus expelled was determined by weighing the palladium before and after heating. Doctor Keiser's result is that the atomic weight of oxygen is probably near 15.87.—In the *Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, Vol. XXIII., Professor Cooke and Mr. Richards present their work on the

same subject. Their method was to weigh the hydrogen used and the water obtained. From a series of very concordant results they obtain the value 15.953 for the atomic weight desired.—Lord Rayleigh presented to the Royal Society, on February 9, the results obtained by him, by direct weighings after Regnault's method, of the relative densities of oxygen and hydrogen. He finds that previous determinations have been in error in not taking into account the difference in volume of the glass globes employed when full and empty. The correction which he introduces for this difference reduces the value of the atomic weight of oxygen deduced from his observations. The value for this constant obtained is 15.912.

Doctors Fischer and Tafel have issued two communications in the *Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft*, giving accounts of their ARTIFICIAL PREPARATION OF GLUCOSE. They at first used acrolein as a starting point, converted it into its dibromide, and then removed the bromine by treatment with baryta water, leaving the glucose in solution. Afterward they reduced glycerine directly to its aldehyde, and the solution thus formed gradually polymerized into glucose. The glucose, when isolated, is a sirupy substance, in every respect like the sugars. It has, however, the peculiar property that it does not rotate the plane of polarization of a polarized beam passed through it.

Prof. Lothar Meyer published, in the same journal, a paper containing the results of his investigation of the action of certain salts in solution in serving, as he terms it, as "OXYGEN CARRIERS." His experiments consisted in passing through solutions of different salts simultaneous currents of oxygen and sulphur dioxide, expelling the sulphur dioxide remaining in the solution at the end of the experiment, and determining the sulphuric acid formed. He thus found that certain salts in solution greatly facilitate the union of the oxygen with the sulphur dioxide. In some cases the amount of sulphuric acid thus synthesized was four or five times that originally contained in the salt. Professor Meyer considers these results to be due to alternate oxidations and reductions.

Gerhard Krüss reports the discovery, in the mineral euxenite, of small quantities of the new element GERMANIUM. The supply of the original mineral argyrodite, in which germanium was first discovered by Winkler, is exhausted, and it is interesting to recognize the existence of another source of supply for this rare element.

There has lately appeared a very important book by Professor Van't Hoff, discussing and explaining the system of TRIDIMENSIONAL FORMULÆ which were introduced into organic chemistry by himself and Le Bel. Van't Hoff proceeds on the view that the four affinities of carbon are arranged about the carbon atom on the four

angles of a tetrahedron. In any molecule in which these affinities are satisfied by different monad atoms or groups, it is always possible to arrange these monad atoms in two ways so as to produce two different tetrahedra, one of which is the image of the other. The carbon atom thus viewed is termed asymmetric. Such compounds, when formed, will be identical in chemical constitution, and will differ only in certain physical properties. They all exhibit the optical property of rotating the plane of polarization, those possessing one arrangement of the atoms rotating the plane to the right and the others rotating it to the left. The two arrangements crystallize in forms which are the images of each other, and the crystals exhibit opposite pyro-electricities. When such a carbon compound is artificially prepared it is always optically inactive, the explanation being that on the average equal numbers of molecules of opposite optical properties are formed. The separation of the molecules of opposite character has in many cases been effected. The subject has received great extension in a recent memoir of Professor Wislicenus, presented to the Royal Academy of Saxony.

THE NATURAL SCIENCES.—At the Vienna Meeting of the International Congress of Hygiene an important discussion was held on the value of PASTEUR'S METHOD OF INOCULATION as a preventative against hydrophobia. Doctor Chamberland, representing Doctor Pasteur, stated that their observations had demonstrated that those of their patients who had died of rabies were not infected with it by the inoculation, thus answering a charge that has often been made against Pasteur's method; and stated that the percentage of mortality among their patients was much lower than that commonly accepted as the mortality among bitten persons who were not treated by the method. Several other physicians who had used the method gave testimony to the great success with which they had met. Cases were cited where, of several people bitten by the same rabid dog, those who were inoculated remained healthy, while those not inoculated died of hydrophobia. While some opposition to a full acceptance of Pasteur's views and method was made, yet the current of opinion was all in their favor.

Professor Trowbridge read a paper before the National Academy of Sciences, giving an account of a discovery made by his son, of a peculiar formation of the WINGS OF CERTAIN BIRDS, especially the birds of prey. These birds, it is found, have the power to lock securely the parts of the wing which hold the long feathers, so that the wing may be kept spread without any muscular action. This fact is applied to explain the behavior of birds while soaring.

Mr. John Murray published, in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, January, 1888,

his investigation of the various elevations of the EARTH'S SURFACE. He estimates the mean height of the land as 2,252 feet, and the mean depth of the ocean as 14,640 feet. Between sea level and a height of 6,000 feet is found 84 per cent. of the land, while only 42 per cent. of the ocean bed is at a less depth than 6,000 feet. The land area is 55,000,000 square miles, and the ocean area 137,000,000 square miles. The volume of land above sea level is 23,450,000 cubic miles, and the volume of the ocean is 323,800,000 cubic miles. There are 3.7 cubic miles of matter carried down to the sea each year by rivers from the land. The total volume of the earth is estimated at 259,850,117,778 cubic miles.

On February 9, 1888, there was presented to the Royal Society a paper by Mr. E. B. Poulton announcing the discovery of TRUE TEETH IN THE YOUNG ORNITHORHYNCHUS. The adult animal exhibits no teeth, and performs mastication by means of horny plates in the jaws. In the young specimens examined true teeth were found developing under these horny plates. There are three teeth on each side in the upper jaw, and two in the lower. The anterior tooth of the upper jaw was the one most completely developed. The manner of development seems to be the same as that in the higher mammals.

Professor Milne presented to the Royal Meteorological Society, on December 21, the results of his comparison of the Tokio records of EARTH TREMORS and of the weather records for Japan. He finds remarkable coincidences of these tremors with high winds, and believes that nearly 80 per cent. of the tremors can be accounted for on the hypothesis that they are the effects of winds.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Municipal Council of Paris has founded a new professorship connected with the Sorbonne, especially intended to allow of the advocacy and teaching of Darwinism. The appointment is given to M. Giard, for a long time professor of Zoölogy at Lille, and now at Paris.

The first number of the *Journal of Morphology* has appeared. It is edited by Mr. Whitman, and published by Ginn & Co. at Boston.

The first numbers of the *American Journal of Psychology*, edited by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, and published by N. Murray at Baltimore, have been issued.

A new journal, the *American Geologist*, has been founded.

Two new periodicals dealing with Anthropology have just appeared: *The Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie*, edited by Doctor Schmeltz of the Museum of Ethnography at Leyden; and *The American Anthropologist*, published by the Anthropological Society of Washington.

Among the distinguished men of science who have recently died, may be mentioned

Dr. Gustav Kirchhoff of Berlin, the discoverer, with Bunsen, of spectrum analysis, and the author of important papers in theoretical physics; Prof. Balfour Stewart of Manchester, well known for his researches in radiance; and Dr. Asa Gray of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the eminent American botanist.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The work of the EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION FUND is being continued with unabated interest, M. Naville having left England to complete the excavations at Boubastis. Mr. Petrie, conducting private excavations at Biahmu in the Fayoum for the exceptional pyramids which Herodotus describes as crowned with statues, found fragments of two seated colossi which, with their bases and pedestals, would have reached 60 feet in height. Each pedestal was surrounded by an open court with sloping walls nearly as high as the pedestal. From a distance the colossi would appear as if seated on the top of pyramids. Mr. Petrie will now turn his attention to the discovery of the Labyrinth. In recognition of the large subscription to the fund sent from America, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has been presented with an heroic seated statue of Rameses II., a black granite sphinx of the Hyksos period, a XIIIth Dynasty statue from Boubastis, and a selection of Greek vases from Naukratis. The casts made by Mr. Petrie, of 150 portraits of foreign races represented on Egyptian monuments have been photographed. The photographs may be had of Mr. Brown-Hogg, Bromley, Kent, England.

In INDIA a new investigation has been made by Mr. Rea of the prehistoric antiquities of Perianattam, revealing four classes of remains: (1) Stone circles with dolmens in the centre, (2) circles without dolmens, (3) dolmens without circles, and (4) pottery sarcophagi without stone enclosures. The dolmens excavated by Dr. M. W. Taylor at Wynaad show a remarkable resemblance to the British examples, and contained terracotta idols analogous to those found at Troy and Mykenæ.—The PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND furnishes us with a greatly improved map of the Golan district and records the discovery of the walls of Herod's Tiberias, of Jewish and Christian tombs in Galilee, and of a rock-cut tomb to the east of Bethlehem.—At Magnesia in ASIA MINOR have been recovered eleven slabs of the fine frieze of the temple of Artemis, large portions of which are already in the Louvre. The frieze represents the combats of Greeks and Amazons. To the east of Magnesia, near the Niobe, have been found the ruins of a temple and a number of early sculptures, amongst which the most noteworthy are a statue of Aphrodite and one of Kybele. New excavations in CYPRUS have been un-

dertaken by the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, for which purpose there has been organized a Cyprus Exploration Fund. Mr. Ernest A. Gardner is to have the general superintendence of the excavations; zoölogy, and natural science in general, is consigned to Doctor Guillaumard, and architecture to R. Elsey Smith. In February Mr. Gardner began digging on the site of an old Phœnician fortress at Leondari, near Nikosia.

In GREECE the excavations on the Acropolis at Athens continue to reveal important information. The exact site of the circular Ionic temple of Rome and Augustus has been determined at twenty-five metres to the east of the Parthenon in a line with its entrance. Beneath its foundations have been recovered additional fragments of the archaic pedimental composition (the earliest known), of porous stone in low relief, representing the contests of Herakles with the Hydra and with a Triton. Here also has been found a porous stone head of an old man, carefully worked and painted, the oldest known Attic sculpture in the round. A Pelasgic entrance to the citadel has been discovered to the east of the Erechtheion, and in the same quarter a marble head bearing a striking resemblance to the head of the Apollo on the west pediment of the temple of Zeus at Olympia; a male bearded bronze head of archaic style, and inscriptions bearing the names of two famous artists, Archermos of Chios and Onatas of Ægina. Owing to the large number of recent discoveries, it has become necessary to build a second museum on the Acropolis. Outside of the Acropolis, excavations have begun for clearing the theatre of Herod, the Asklepæion, and the theatre of Dionysos. The excavation of the temple of Asklepæios at Epidaurus, under Cavvadias, and the excavation of the very interesting theatre at Oropos, under Lionardos, have been resumed. The French excavations at Mantinea have resulted in freeing the plan of the theatre, determining the site of the Agora and of a temple of Hera, in the recovery of Doric capitals of different periods, and of some interesting sculptures. Of special importance are three slabs representing a contest of Apollo and Marsyas in the presence of the Muses, thought to be the pedestal of the Praxitelean group of Leto and her children mentioned by Pausanias. A work by Praxiteles himself is recognized by Benndorf and Reinach in the marble head found at Eleusis in 1835, representing Eubouleus, known to have been honored at Eleusis as a god or hero. The German excavations at Thespæ, now in progress under Dörpfeld, have revealed the walls of the sanctuary of the Cabeiri, some architectural fragments, and a large number of animal votive offerings in terracotta, bronze, and lead of primitive workmanship. At Mykenæ, in the Acropolis, a series of walls, recalling

by their arrangement and decoration the palace at Tiryns, have been found. Tiryns has been revisited by Mr. Penrose, who now withdraws his objections to the antiquity of the palace remains and adopts the view advocated by Schliemann and Dörpfeld. Important for the history of the pre-Mykenæ period have been the discoveries of rude sculptures and gold and bronze objects on the island of Crete. An important inscription found at Ledda, the ancient Lebena, records the wonderful cures effected at the temple of Asklepios. Doctor Schliemann's excavations at Kerigo, the ancient Kythera, resulted only in the recovery of a portion of the wall of what was probably the Phœnician temple of Aphrodite. The American excavations at Sikyon have been renewed, and resulted in the recovery of a figure of the feminine type of Apollo, and of a female head. Four necropoleis found on the slope of the hill-side promise interesting results.

In ITALY the spade continues to unearth treasures from the ancient world. To the east of the Capitoline hill, in Rome, have been found parts of a very early wall; near the Via Genova, the house of Æmilia Paulina Asiatica; in the Via Merulana, a fine statue of Fortuna, nearly perfect in preservation; in the Villa Ludovisi, a fine Augustan relief of a woman playing the double flute; near the Porta Maggiore, an early Christian sarcophagus with the very rare representation of the Betrayal by Judas; and, at the Church of San' Agnese, an important sarcophagus of the fifth century on which is figured the bearded Christ. The excavations on the banks of the Tiber have brought to light numerous inscriptions. Two of these are noted by Lanciani as of special importance to the topography of ancient Rome. One reveals the name of Ripa Veientiana as designating the right bank of the Tiber during the reign of Vespasian; the other mentions the Bridge of Agrippa, which Lanciani identifies with the present Ponte Sisto. In Pompeii the finest fountain mosaic ever found has been discovered. It represents Venus issuing from a sea-shell, holding a cupid by the hand. Beneath are a number of boys with dolphins; on the shore four female figures in amazement. In another house was discovered a whole table service of silver objects, including jugs, drinking cups, egg cups, and fragments of spoons. Three *libelli* or family documents give the names of Decidia Margaritis and of Poppæa Note. From the neighborhood of Perugia have been recovered a number of interesting objects, among which special mention may be made of two new examples of the *kottabos*, each of which is provided with its statuette. These throw new light upon the old Greek soldiers' game. From another tomb comes the entire apparatus of an inveterate gambler. This consisted of 16 tesserae in bone, 33 marbles elliptic in shape,

816 glass hemispheres of three colors—yellow, blue, and white—and 50 glass spheres of different colors.—In FRANCE important acquisitions are reported by the Louvre, Paris, especially in the departments of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, Mediæval and Renaissance sculpture. The Musée des Gobelins has acquired a fine series of ancient Coptic textiles, discovered in the Fayoum in 1884. The churches at Courcône, Bonpère, of S. Léger at Saint Maixent, at Parthenay-le-Vieux, and the early Norman church at Breteuil are being restored. The Château of Dijon is to lose one of its towers. The Gothic church of Hermes, with its fine Romanesque bell tower, is being demolished; the famous Hôtel at Sens, one of the most interesting specimens of mediæval civil architecture in France, is to be sold, and its destruction is possible. When will this vandalism cease? In ENGLAND the British Museum has received from the Egyptian Exploration Fund several fine pieces of sculpture and some thirty Greek-painted vases from Naukratis, and has added numerous specimens to its rich collection of Greek and Etruscan bronzes, terracottas, and vases. The changes which have been recently made in the arrangement, especially of the Greek and Roman antiquities, will render them more useful to students. The South Kensington Museum has added to its collection of tapestries a collection of early Coptic textiles from the Fayoum. At the Grosvenor Gallery an instructive exhibition of a century of British art, 1737–1837, has brought to light the merits of many minor masters of the end of the last century and the beginning of this, who are poorly represented in the national galleries. Mr. Whistler has been endeavoring to increase the repute of lithography by publishing a hundred sets of artistic lithographs, which have highly commended themselves to admirers of his talent. Mr. Watts has begun a new version of his "Love and Death," to depict the violent struggle of mortal love with its conqueror death. A new decorative art, called *cloisonnée-mosaic*, has been invented by Mr. Clement Heaton.

The new year witnesses the establishment of several new archaeological reviews: (1) *Archivio storico dell' Arte*, edited by Count Gnoli; (2) *Revue des Études grecques*, by Théodore Reinach; (3) *Le Moyen Age*, published by Picart; (4) *Revista archeologica e storica*, Lisbon; and (5) *A Monthly Review of Anthropology, Archeology, History, and Literature*, by G. Lawrence Gomme, London.

NECROLOGY.—During the last four months death has taken Robert Herdman, one of the most accomplished painters of the Royal Scottish Academy; Daniel Ramée, architect, and author of the well-known *Histoire de l'Architecture*; Louis Gallait, a once very popular historical painter; and Philippe Rousseau, a distinguished landscape and genre painter.

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